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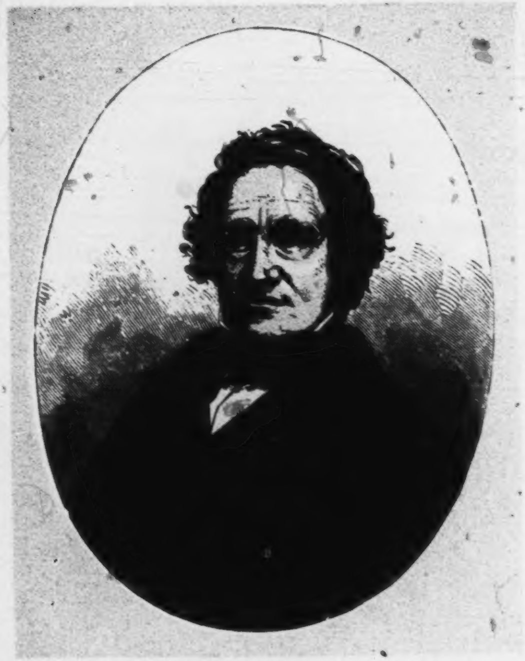

THE AUTHOR.

2179

THE
NEW PURCHASE;

OR,

Early Years in the Far West.

BY

ROBERT CARLTON, ESQ.

Hall, Baynard Rush

"ALTER ET IDEM."
"—— PER MULTAS ADITUM SIBI SÆPE FIGURAS REPPERIT ——"

ILLUSTRATED BY MOMBERGER.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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03-31-25 MRS

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The Rev. C. Clarence having removed from Somwhersburg to Somwherelse, and R. Carlton, Esq., having, at the same time, eschewed authorship, the writer of this Preface, who has been guilty of doing, "Frank Freeman,"—"Teaching a Science,"—"A *New* Latin Grammar,"—and, indeed, "Something for Everybody;" and, who, when authors become scarce, may do more in the writing line, is induced, "for a consideration," to introduce the New Purchase to——New Purchasers.

From complete knowledge of all matters, and from personal acquaintance with the *Dramatis Personæ*—expressed or implied—quadrupedal or bipedalic—the writer being a competent witness, now averreth the substantial and not rarely the literal truth of this Book in its many individualities and genericals.

Although published near the noon of the Yellow Literature Day, the First Edition of the Work was all immediately sold and at a high price; but the "Patrons" of Native American Authors with or without a genius, being few, and the Mass-men resolving to devour only a

Penneth of Book at a time, or at most a York-Shilling worth, the *good* books were withheld from the market. But, now, the Writer having repeatedly assured inquirers that the Book would, in time, be re-published, "takes this method of informing Mr. Carlton's friends," who keep on wondering "where on earth the Purchase is to be found," stores and stalls having been rummaged in vain, that it can be obtained *at* New Albany, Louisville, Cincinnati, "Woodville," and "Timberopolis," *out there;* and *in* New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, *in here;* and, indeed, *at*, *in*, and *near* all intermediate and out of the way places, of Booksellers——particularly and generally.

Moreover, as the New Purchase is improved and hath "picters to match," or in Uncle Tommy's language, is "illusterated;" and is cheaper and *therefore* better, it is now—(handsomely dressed in cloth)—*bound*—to sell. But still the Book is essentially the same, and, indeed—*a little more so.*

Mr. Clarence wishes the Dead Language on the Title Page to be waked up; but Mr. Carlton has misgivings whether it would even then talk any better; and whether it would be prudent to unlock secret doors to the privacy of Colonel Wilmar, Bishop Shrub, Harwood, Uncle Tommy, Sylvan, Allheart, and others. And he fears, if folks are cautioned about the traps set to snare them into goodness, lest they step so dextrously through the Volume as to evade them all. The clerical influence over Mr. Carlton inclined him ever to wish well to his readers; so that while willing these should "laugh and grow fat," he hoped also, they would be merry and become wise.

However, by way of compromise, the readers of the common school are informed that—"*Alter et idem*" means, —"*pretty much of a muchness*," or in better Saxon—"*Six of one and half a dozen of the other*." The other lines may be *rendered*—"*Being crafty he catches with guile!*" And these are the *freest* translations we are at liberty to give.

In time, perhaps, a Key may be *forged* for the Lock. It is hoped, however, none but Masters will ever get in, or *advanced* Students afflicted with *Cacoethes Scribendi*; as such only will understand how out-of-the-way matters can be turned to good account, and how a Man may use a liberty without abusing it.

B. R. HALL,
AUTHOR, *Pro. Tem.*

BROOKLYN, 1855.

[illegible]

THE NEW PURCHASE.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY.

"Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the—WEST."

To persons of tender sensibilities and ardent enthusiasm, the West is a land of beautiful visions; while its gorgeous clouds, like drapery around the golden sunsets, is a curtain veiling other and more distant glories. Such persons are not insensible to worldly advantages, yet they abandon not the East from the love of gain: but are rather evoked by a potent, if an imaginary spirit, resident in that world of hoary wilds. From the prairie spreading its grassy and flowery plains to meet the dim horizon; from the river rolling a flood across half a continent; from the forest dark and venerable with the growth of many centuries, come, with every passing cloud and wind, the words of resistless invitation; till the enchanted, concealing the true causes, or pretending others, depart for the West. They are weary of a prosaic life; they go to find a poetic one.

To much of this day-dreaming spirit is the world indebted for the author's sojourn of seven and a half years in a part of what was, at the time of this journey, the Far West. In early boyhood, Mr. Carlton was no ordinary dreamer: nay, in the sunshine, as by moonlight, shadows of branching antlers and flint-headed arrows fell across his path, as visionary deer bounded away before the visionary hunter. At school, a boy of kindred soul occupied the adjacent seat; and this boy's father had left him, as was then believed, countless acres of rough mountains and woods undesecrated by civilized feet. How far away this sylvan territory may have been, was never asked, it being any where near enough and easy of access to day-dreamers; for we had actually devised a plan to steal off secretly at some favourable moment and find a joyous life in that forest elysium. Before the external eye lay, indeed, Dilworth, his columns of spelling in dreadful array of single, double, and treble files, and surrounded by dog-ears curling up from the four corners of the dirt-stained page; but the inner eye saw them not. And if our lips moved, it was not to call over the names of the detested words; no, it was in mysterious whispers:—we were wrapt in a vision, and talked of bark huts and bows and arrows, and were setting dead-falls and snares, and arranging the most feasible plans for the woods and the mountains.

Such talks would, indeed, begin, and for a while, continue, so like the inarticulate buzz and hum of an old-fashioned school-boy "getting by heart," as to awaken no suspicion in Master Strap. As enthusiasm, however, kindled, tones became better defined and words more articulate. Then ensued, first a very ominous and death-like stillness in all parts of the school-room except ours, and then—the sudden touch of a wand that broke a deep spell, and alas! alas! awoke us to our *spelling!* Poor children! we cried then for pain and disappointment. The hour came when we shed more bitter tears at sorer disappointments, and in a severer school! Even as I write there is a thrill of boyhood in my soul; and in despite of philosophy tears are trembling in my eyes—as if the *man* wept for the crushed hopes of the *boy!*

Experience may curb our yearning towards the earth; yet even amidst the longings after the things that eye hath not seen, there do remain hungerings and thirstings after a possible and more perfect earthly state. At the dawn, therefore, of manhood, Mr. Carlton still hoped to meet in the Far West visions embodied, although pictured in softer lights and graver colours. Shortly, then, after our marriage, in the first quarter of the present century, after the honey-moon, indeed, but still within the "love and cottage" period, Mrs. Carlton was persuaded to exchange the tasteless and crowded solitude of Philadelphia, for the entrancing loneliness of the wilds, and the promenade of dead brick for the living carpet of the natural meadow.

Having no immoveables, and our moveables being easily transmuted into baggage, preparation was speedily made; and then hands were grasped and cheeks kissed, alas! for a long adieu:—for when we returned with sober views and chastened spirits, these, our first and best loved friends, were sought, but

"They were not."

CHAPTER II.

"Who goes there?—A friend."

The stages of that day wore no boots. In place of that leathern convenience, was a cross-barred ornament projecting from the rear to receive the baggage. This receptacle was called the "Rack." From its wonderful adaptation for the utter demolition of what it received, it was originally named "Wreck;" and this word, in passing through the ordeal of vulgar pronunciation, being called "Wrack," having lost its "W," remained, what indeed it so much resembled—the Rack. In binding Mrs. Carlton's trunk to this curious engine of torture, the porter broke the rope; and the trunk falling down, the articles within, in spite of an old lock and a rotten strap, burst from their confinement and were scattered over the street. The porter was very prompt in gathering the articles and securing the lid, and as some compensation for his blunder and its consequences, refused the usual fee of the wheel-barrow service. Of course he received thanks for his generosity instead of rebukes for negligence: but on inspecting afterwards our trunk, the absence of a purse containing seven dollars, and of a silver cup worth twice as much, awakened suspicions of less honourable cause for the porter's conduct.

Here then were, at the outset, treachery and theft; but there was present a believing spirit mingling sweetness with the wormwood. Were we not actually on our way to the land of vision! Surely no such baseness there! The sanctity of that Far West is inviolate!

Our stage was most judiciously filled with three tiers. The lower tier was composed of saddle-bags, valises, small trunks and carpet-bags; the second, of human beings supported upright by an equal squeeze on all sides; and then, on the condensed laps of the living tier, rested the third tier, made up of extra cloaks, band-boxes and work-baskets, several spare hats in pasteboard cases, half a dozen canes and umbrellas, and one fowling-piece done up in green baize. Notwithstanding the great felicity of this arrangement, the inquietude of the upper and lower tiers when the stage started, occasioned in the sentient tier some inarticulate growling and a little half-smothered cursing; which crusty symptoms, however, presently yielded to a good-natured laugh at the perseverance with which Mr. Brown remained on a French gentleman's foot, through a misapprehension of a very polite and indirect request not to stand there—a laugh in which the parties themselves joined.

Our driver had given the signal, when away dashed the horses; and then commenced the inconsiderate restlessness of the internal baggage and the ill-concealed growling of the passengers. But at the end of a few squares the stage stopped at a hotel; when the door of the vehicle being instantly opened, the space was filled with the head and shoulders of Mr. Brown, who began as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, you seem to be full in here, I suppose it is no use to be looking for my seat in the dark—"

"Sare"—responded, evidently by the accent, a Frenchman, and in a most complaisant and supplicatory tone—"Sare, do not you *know* my *foote* is under yours?"

"No, sir,"—replied Mr. Brown, standing up as well as he could in the stage, and feeling about for some space.

"Sare, do *not* you know my *foote* is under yours?"—voice higher and quicker.

"No, sir, I don't,"—surprised, but not budging.

"Sare, *do* you not know my *foote* is under yours?"—on the octave, and getting higher and more emphatic.

"O! I beg your pardon, sir,—do you mane I'm raelly treading on your '*fut?*'"—without, however, moving off, but considerately waiting for information.

"Yes! sare! I do!"

"Oh! I beg pardon, sir—raelly I thought I was standing on a carpet-bag"—and then, satisfied he was wrong in his conjecture, and that *it* was "raelly the fut," Mr. Brown instantly removed the aggravating pressure.

Our friends thus introduced by the "*foote*" and the "*fut*" as the gentleman from France and the gentleman from Ireland, were welcomed by no inaudible laughter; in which they also participated, while at the moment the door was violently slammed, and that instantly followed by a startling crack of the impatient whip. This was of great advantage to Mr. Brown, as it helped him to a seat somewhere; although from some peevish expressions, he must have alighted on other *quarters* as well as his own. All outcries and growlings, however, occasioned by hats and bonnets innocently dashed into neighbouring faces, or by small trunks unable to keep their gravity, and elastic sticks and umbrellas that rubbed angrily against tender ancles or poked smartly into defenceless backs, all were drowned in the rattling thunder of the rolling wheels; and the tiers, rather loosely packed at first, were soon, by the ferocious and determined jerking and plunging of the vehicle, shaken into one compact quiescent and democratical mass.

Unsuccessful attempts then came to sustain a general talk on the weather, the time of reaching the breakfast, the hour of the night, and the like novel and interesting topics; the questions being commonly put, and the replies hazarded by six or eight voices together, and in as many intervals of pitch, from the grumbled bass to the most tremulous and piteous treble. To these succeeded equally abortive efforts to sustain duos and trios, till the whole performance became a solo. The performer, when day peeped in upon us, proved to be a middle-aged and corpulent lady, who sang out in a very peculiar and most penetrating tone; herself both asking and answering, often categorically, but for the most part in the "guess and may be" style of recitativo. Encouraged by the silence of the company, the lady at length in the same lofty strains sang out portions of her own history, introducing the pleasing variations of "may-be-it-would" and "may-be-it-wouldn't"—"I guessed and he guessed"—and "says I and says he," etc. The burden, however, of the piece was this:—it was her first trip to the city, although from a little girl she had lived within thirty miles—but her mother could never spare her—and when she married Jacob, *her* and *him* could never leave home together, and Jacob, he would never let her go alone by herself, being "right down sarten she'd never come back again alive or without some of her bones broken."

Soon, however, we began to go "slowly and sadly" over the Schuylkill bridge; when something not unlike snoring admonished the lady of our seeming inattention, and her musical narrative suddenly ceased, like the sudden holding up of a hard rain: and then all were quickly either practising sleep at random, or with troubled thoughts wandering to the absent or indulging fitful dreams of the future.

Morning revealed by degrees the *incumbents*, and in very *imposing* attitudes. For instance, there was the Frenchman—his head on the Irishman's shoulder, and keeping pretty tolerable time to the music of the jolting carriage; while the Irishman, revived now and then by a desperate lurch extra, as in atonement for his fault, made no attempt to be rid of his burden, but slowly closing his eyes, nodded away with his own head in the direction of our solo. But *all* noddings in this book will be indulged by the classic reader, who knows well enough:

"Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus."
"The excellent Homer takes a nap now and then."

Fronting myself was a person with hands holding to a strap pendent from the roof, his head inclined towards his breast, and his hat fallen off, but intercepted by Colonel Wilmar, his sleeping neighbour. This person, on several elevations of his head, presented a countenance that set me to recalling past scenes and associates, and I was in a fair way of making some discovery, when all were fiercely jerked into wakefulness by a most unnatural and savage plunge of the stage, followed on the instant, like severe lightning, by an explosion; the tiers becoming all vocal with "bless my soul's"—"my goodnesses!"—and vulgar "ouches!" Above all, however, sounded this pathetic remonstrance in our talking lady's inimitable style:—"La! Mister! if you aint nodded agin this here right bran new bonnit of mine, till I vow if it aint as good as spiled!" To this no reply was permitted as the horses suddenly halted, and a venerable and decent landlord having opened the door of the carriage, requested us to alight, adding that "the *stage* breakfasts here."

The *live* stock accordingly was unpacked and extricated from the *dead*, no important damage being visible, except in "the bran new bonnit;" and sure enough, it was curiously sloped contrary to nature, with an irregular concave in the front and suitable enlargements sideways. Sceptics like Hume would doubtless have raised a query, if the width was entirely owing to the noddings of the Irish gentleman, or the very ample rotundity of the cherry-cheeked and good-humoured face expanded within the bonnet; but Mr. Brown himself at once admitted his inconsiderate butting as the cause, and with every appearance of concern busied himself with assisting the matron to alight and looking after her baskets and boxes. This so won on her, that when at the first opportunity Mr. Brown attempted an apology and condolence, he was interrupted by her saying—"Oh! never mind it, Mister, it aint no odds no how, and I guess we can soon *fix* it."

During our ablutions I caught the eye of the stranger already named, fixed with an inquiring look on my face; and then we both, towel in hand, gradually advanced, yet embarrassed and hesitating as if both recollected the incident, "you thought it was me and I thought it was you, and faith it's nather of us," till, arrived at a proper distance, he extended his hand and hazarded the affirmative inquiry:

"If I mistake not this is Robert Carlton!"

My reply showed it *was* each of us:

"Clarence! Charles Clarence!—is it possible—is this you?"

Reader, this Charles Clarence was the identical boy of the adjacent seat, whose enthusiasm for bark cabins and forest life, like my own, had beguiled us of many a hateful lesson, and gained for us many a *smart* application of birch and leather in parts left defenceless by scant patterns of primitive roundabouts!

Shortly after this, in the parlour of the Warren tavern, a general introduction took place among the Pittsburg travellers: viz., Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith, Colonel Wilmar and Miss Wilmar, Mr. Clarence and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton; who all, in due season, shall be more particularly introduced to our readers, as the Party. At present we must obey the signal for breakfast; that meal being really prepared for the *passengers*, although, by metonomy, it was in old times said to be for the *stage*.

CHAPTER III.

"Hominem pagina nostra sapit."
"Our page describes some gentlemen."

When summoned to the stage by the driver's horn, it seemed we had lost some way-passengers, room being thus obtained for the lady of the bonnet; who, however, appeared wearing the old article, having, with a corrected judgment, consigned the damaged one to the band-box. So, also, greater space was found for the French gentleman's foot, who had, from apprehension of cold or from gout, so encased his pedalic appendages in socks of carpet-stuff as to lead a careless observer, even by daylight, to mistake his feet for two of the many travelling bags on the floor. Opportunity also was afforded of a more judicious disposal of various rubbing, poking and punching articles; so that, aided by a good breakfast and a morning cold but bright, we were soon engaged in a conversation, general, easy and animated.

And now we may properly proceed to introduce the gentlemen of the party. Please then, reader, notice first that pleasant-looking personage bowing so profoundly, and evidently anxious to win your favour. That is—hem!—that is Robert Carlton, Esq. He takes the opportunity of soliciting your company not only for the journey but—all the way through his two volumes in one. He would also say, it is his purpose to imitate Julius Cæsar occasionally, and use the third instead of the first person singular; and to adopt now and then, too, the regal style, in employing nominative *we*, possessive *our* or *ours*, objective *us*. These imitations, it is supposed, will give a very pleasing variety to the book; enable the author to utter complimentary things about Mr. Carlton and his lady with greater freedom; and not run so hard upon capital I's, or, in technical phrase, not exhaust the printer's *sorts*.

This next gentleman is my friend Mr. Smith. Like so many of the name, he was in all respects a worthy man, and honoured, at the time, with a high station in the magistracy of Pittsburg. Our party shared his liberal hospitality there; and since that hour we have been quite partial to the Smiths, and their relatives the Smythes. Happy partiality this; for if all classed and sorted under that grand-common-proper-noun take a corresponding liking for our author, where will be the limit to the number of copies and editions?

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Brown. He was an Irish *gentleman*, had travelled extensively in Europe, and had the manners of the best society. At present he was at the commencement of a tour over the United States. Among his oddities, not the least was his odd person, entitling him to Noah Webster's word, *lengthy*,—he appearing alternately all body, when one looked up, and all legs, when one looked down:—a peculiarity I am led the more to notice, as I found his elongation very unfavourable to skiff navigation on the Ohio river; indeed it put us in jeopardy, if not of life, yet of immersion. In spite of all his reading—Mr. Boz, however, had not then published his American Notes—Mr. Brown was remarkably ignorant of our country, expressing unfeigned surprise that our road, only twenty miles from Philadelphia, in place of leading into dark forests filled with wild beasts and naked savages, did really run amid open farms and smiling scenery, abounding with domestic animals and civilized agriculturalists. Pittsburg was his *ultima Thule*, beyond which he expected to find *no place*. Distinguished, however, for his agreeable manners and frank disposition, cheerfully confessing and laughing at his own mistakes, he became of course a universal favourite.

Colonel Wilmar was, however, my beau ideal of a gentleman. To a manly beauty, he had added the qualities of good education and the grace of many accomplishments. He was courteous, brave and chivalrous; his attention to others resulting from benevolence and not from prudence. Ladies under his care—and that, from a knowledge of his character, was often the case—were regarded by him more as sisters having claims on a brother's attentions, than as strangers committed to his trust. With pleasure we thought such a specimen of our citizens could be contemplated by Mr. Brown; and Mr. Carlton rejoiced that he knew one worthy to live in the land of poetry and dreams: for the colonel was an inhabitant of the West.

But hark!—some one hails our driver, and the stage stops—

"Law! bless my senses, if there aint Jacob in his cart come out for me at the end of our road!"—was the immediate exclamation that burst from Mrs. Bonnet. The unexpected sight of her husband and the thoughts of home—where we learned she expected to see "little Peggy"—were too powerful for the prudent resolves or secret awe that had, for the last hour, kept our dame silent; and thus out rushed nature's feelings. Nor did the torrent exhaust itself at one gushing—it paused and then continued:

"I vow I thought he'd a met one at the tavern in Dowington—but Jacob's so monstrous afeard of a body's gittin hurt, that he's staid out here—I do wonder how he left them all at home?"

In the meantime, Mr. Brown, pleased with her self-satisfaction, good nature, and forgiving temper, had got out and stood receiving first the band-box containing the pummelled bonnet, and then aiding its owner to alight; for which he received a cordial "thankee, sir," and a pressing invitation to call and see her and Jacob if ever he should be travelling that way again.

All that could be heard of the conjugal dialogue was—"Well I vow, Jacob, who'd a thought of seeing you at our road!"—to which was answered—"And so, Peggy,"—the rest being lost in the renewed thunder of our wheels. Jacob was evidently pleased to receive Peggy safe; and his calm quaker-like dress and countenance seemed to look and say, he was by no means the Mercury or chief speaker in the domestic circle.

Charles Clarence my new found friend was an orphan. His parents both had died, he being scarcely three years old, leaving him, however, heir nominally to large and valuable tracts of land. But he succeeded to nothing at last, more valuable than a very large mass of useless papers; unless we except some trinkets indicative of an ancient and wealthy family: and even these the sole mementos of departed parents were sacrificed to supply the urgent necessities of Clarence, when he found himself a deserted boy. Some relatives did not then know of his existence—and some only found it out when he did not need either recognition or assistance. A maternal uncle, however, in the far South, prevented by sudden death from adopting my friend as a son, had left him a legacy: and from this he had been liberally educated, with many interruptions, however, and many distressing inconveniences, owing to the interception of his small dividends on some occasions by dishonest agents.

Still the apparent neglect of some relatives, the want of a guardian, and other seeming evils had been of service to Clarence in giving stamina to his character, wanting, naturally, in bone and sinew. Even the interruption of his studies had led to several voyages and journeys with peril indeed, to life and health, but with advantage to his mind and manners. His fondness, too, for adventure was indulged, and he was rendered thus a more interesting and instructive companion and friend. Sobered, it is true, by disappointment and grief, my friend was, yet I found him now sufficiently sanguine and confident to venture on enterprises considered praiseworthy, if one succeed, but not so, if he be unsuccessful. Indeed, but lately had he returned from a visit to the Falls of Niagara; in which, from want of money, he had been induced to use the vulgar mare that required only rest and no oats—in other words, with a knapsack on his back he had, in company with two associates, made a tour of three hundred miles on foot. He had also travelled many thousand miles in various directions and in various capacities, so that he abounded in anecdotes and incidents, which he could so relate as to make himself a companion for a journey by no means undesirable.*

At this very time Clarence was going to Kentucky on a very grand adventure:—he was on his way to be married. When only sixteen years of age he became affianced to a maiden, whose family shortly after emigrating to the West, had separated the lovers. But now at the end of seven years, during which the parties had never met, Clarence was going, as he pretended, to see the family; but in reality, reader, to marry his sweetheart. Ladies! will you please note this as an offset to instances of faithlessness in our sex? And were not these specimens of long cherished love and unbroken faith worthy the poetical land?

——But what lights in the distance? Oh! that is Lancaster, and there we eat supper and change stages: excuse me, then, reader, we have no time to introduce our ladies.

* * * * * * *

Excepting monsieur, we had before stopping let out all our way passengers; but fortunately on attempting to get into a new stage, a size less, we discovered enough new way passengers not only to take the seats of the former ones, but our seats also—so remarkably accommodating were the old-fashioned *accommodation* stages and stage owners! Alas! for us that night! It was before the era of caoutchouc or gum elastic!—stage-bodies of that could have so easily become a size larger and a size less as passengers got in or out! Oh! the cramming—the jamming—the bumping about of that night! How we practised the indirect style of discontent and cowardice in giving it to the intruders over the shoulders of stage owners, and agents, and drivers, and horses! And how that crazy, rattling, rickety, old machine rolled and pitched and flapped its curtains, and walloped us for the abuse, till we were all quashed, bruised, and mellowed into a quaking lump of passive, untalking, sullen victims!

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* A book, or at least a lecture, we learn, is threatened, founded on that peregrination.

CHAPTER IV.

"Pshaw!"

Dashed away from the hotel the stage with such vengeance and mischief in the speed that the shops ran backward in alarm and lights streamed mere ribbons of fire, as when urchins whirl an ignited stick! Discontent, therefore, found a present alleviation in the belief that such driving, by landing us in Harrisburg speedily, would soon terminate our discomforts. But the winged horses, once beyond Lancaster, turned again into hoofy quadrupeds moving nearly three miles per hour! And then the watering places!—the warming places!—the letting out places!—the letting in places!—the grog stations!—and above all! the post-offices!—and oh! the marvellous multiplication of extra drivers!—and extra drivers' friends!—and hostlers!—it was like the sudden increase of bugs that wait for the darkness before they take wing! And then the flavour of the stable considerately tempered with the smell of ginsling and apple whiskey!—both odours occasionally overpowered by the fragrance of cigars bought six for a penny!

At first, so decided a growl arose from the imprisoned travellers whenever a cigar was lighted, that the smoking tobacco was at once cast away; but the rising of the numberless other gases soon taught us "of two evils to bear the least," and the cigars were finally tolerated to the last puff.

And then the talk on the driver's seat!—how interesting and refreshing!—For instance, the colloquies about Jake! and Ike! and Nance! and Poll! The talk, too, first *about* the horses, and then the talk *with* the horses; on which latter occasions the four legged people were kindly addressed by their Christian names and complimented with an encomiastic flourish and cut of the lash. To these favours the answer was commonly an audible and impatient swing of horse tails; sometimes, however, it came in form of a sudden and malicious, dislocating jerk of the stage; and sometimes, I am sorry to add, the answer was altogether *disrespectful.*

Within the den, the ominous pop, at irregular intervals—but not like angels' visits in number and length—and the smell of fresh brandy, intimated dealings with evil spirits, and that some carried bacchanalian pocket pistols—more fatal than the powder and bullet machines used in other murders and suicides. Olfactories were regaled also with essence of peppermint, spicy gingerbread, and unctuous cold sausage; such and other delicacies being used by different inmates to beguile hunger and tedium.

At length a jew pedlar, with a design of selling the article as well as gratifying a musical penchant, exhibited—not to our eyes—it being Egyptian night within—but to our ears, a musical snuff box, if not enchanting yet certainly enchanted, as it possessed the art of self-winding, to judge from the endless and merciless repetitions and alterations of the Copenhagen Waltz and Yankee Doodle. Its tinkling, however, was ultimately drowned by a more powerful musician on the driver's seat. This was an extra driver, so wrought up by the pedlar's box, that his feelings could be no longer controlled, but suddenly exploded with the most startling effect in the following exquisite lyric or ballad. Perhaps the words were not extempore; yet from the variations of the wondrous hum-drum fitted to them, and the prolongation and shortening of notes, and a peculiar *slurry* way to bring in several syllables to one note, it may be supposed our songster chose not to halt or stump from any defect of memory.

The Extra-Driver's Song.

"Come all ye young people, I'm going for to sing,
Consarnin Molly Edwards, and her lovyer Peter King
How this young woman did break her lovyer's heart,
And when he went and hung hisself how hern did in her smart.

"This Molly Edwards she did keep the turnpike gate,
And travilyers allowed her the most puttiest in our state,
But Peter for a livin he did foller the drovyer's life,
And Molly she did promise him she'd go and be his wife.

"So Peter he to Molly goes as he cums through the gate,
And says, says he, oh! Molly, why do you make me wait,
I'm done a drovin hossis and come a courtin you,
Why do you sarve me so, as I'm your lovyer true?

"Then Molly she toss'd up her nose and tuk the drovyer's toll,
But Pete he goes and hangs hisself that night unto a pole,
And Molly said, says she, I wish I'd been his wife,
And Pete he comes and hanted her the rest of all her life."

The performance, rapturously encored *ex animo* by the drivers and some cognate spirits within, but mischievously, it is to be feared, by Mr. Carlton, Colonel Wilmar and the gentlemen of the party, was handsomely repeated, and then succeeded by other poems and tunes equally affecting, but which we shall not record.

So passed that memorable night, till at long, very long last we reached the suburbs of Harrisburg. Here, whether the horses smelled oats, or the road was better, or the driver would eradicate doubts about his team, expressed by us every half mile lately, here we commenced going not *like* thunder but certainly *in* thunder and earthquake, till in a few moments the carriage stopped at the hotel. And this was where the *stage* was to sleep—but, alas! it lacked only one hour of the time when we must proceed on our journey anew! The vehicle, however, disgorged its cramming over the pavement; and then, how all the people, with countless bags, boxes, cloaks, sticks, umbrellas, baskets, bandboxes, hatboxes, valises, etc., etc., had been or could be again stowed in that humming-bird's nest of a stage, seemed to require a nice geometrical calculation. Pack the inhabitants of our globe stage-fashion by means of dishonest agents and greedy owners, and be assured, a less number of acres would serve for our accommodation than is generally supposed.

It was arranged now that our two ladies should share one bed at twenty-five cents, and take each twelve and a half cents' worth of sleep in an hour, the gentlemen to snooze gratuitously on the settees in the bar-room; and it is wonderful how much sleep can be accomplished in a short time if it be done by the job! Oh! it seemed cruelty to summon us from that deep repose to renew the journey; yet, as all our innumerable way passengers but one had swarmed off, we had more room, and so were able to nurse the ladies during the day into some uneasy slumbers and to sleep off hand ourselves, or in other words, without a *rest*.

"Pshaw!"

Pshaw?!

"Yes—sir—*Pshaw*."

CHAPTER V.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

We left Chambersburg, ourselves sole occupants of the stage; and by a rare chance we remained sole occupants during the remainder of our journey. And "though *we* say it that hadn't oughter," never was a more agreeable party in all respects than ours—the present company, viz., the reader and the author, excepted. Among other excellencies, none of the party chewed tobacco, smoked tobacco, spit tobacco, drank alcoholic liquors, or used profane language—evils that may be separated, but which are often united. Of course no one took snuff, all being then greatly too young for powdered tobacco: that very appropriately belongs to "the sere and yellow leaf" time.

Not long after sun-rise we were at the ascent of the grand mountain—a frowning rampart, by its rocky wall shutting from the east that world beyond! From the base to the apex the road here ascends about four miles; which ascent the gentlemen resolved to walk up:—a feat usually achieved at the first mountain, especially if the first one was ever seen. To be sure people afterwards *will* walk when politely requested by a good natured driver, out of pity to the poor brute horses: but—shame on his poetry and romance—Mr. Carlton having in subsequent years passed and repassed the mountains twenty-four times, used to remain in the stage and *sleep* up the ascents! Yet not unfrequently would he be musing on the past, and recalling with smiles and tears, that delightful party and that delightful walk on that sweet morning, and all the glorious visions and castle buildings of that entrancing day!—gone, gone, "like the baseless fabric of a dream!"

The time of the present journey was late in April, the nights being often very cold, but the days only moderately cool, and sometimes even warm. Snow lay in spots near the summit of the mountains; although in places lying towards the south and east vegetation was in rapid progress: so that nothing could be more in unison with our feelings than the renovated world amid the Alleghanies. Hope was springing so fresh and green from the decaying hope of boyhood! and nature so budding forth from the deadness of winter! But sad! sad! if buds and flowers burst forth, they die again and soon! And renovated hope is renewed only for blighting.

We stood now on the pinnacle of the great Cove mountain and were gazing on the mingled grandeur and beauty of the scene. Few are unmoved by the view from that top; as for myself I was ———! Was I not on the dividing ridge between two worlds—the worn and faded East, the new and magic West? And yet I felt, and painfully felt, that we were bidding adieu to home and entering on the untried: still, hope was superior to fear, and I was eager to pass those other peaks

—some near as if they might be touched, and glorious with the new sunbeams, and some sinking down away off till the dim outline of the farthest visible tops melted into hazy distance! Years after I stood on that pinnacle alone and the two worlds were seen again—but no hopes swelled then into visions of glory, at sight of the dim peaks; no consolations awaited me in my native valleys of the East! Death had made East and West alike—a wilderness! Poor Clarence! did he ever stand again, where I noticed him standing that morning? How buoyant his heart! and so melting with tender thoughts, so raptured with imaginings! Could it be?—after years of separation—is he now hastening to one dearer to him than the whole world beside! Will they know one another? Both have changed from childhood to maturity—but why so speak? Our lovers ever thought each the other unchanged in size, in look, in voice; and when they did meet at last, they shed tears; for while both were in all respects improved, both were altered, and they were no more to love as boy and girl, but as man and woman! Clarence saw no dark spectres in the bright visions of that morning! * * * * * *

Upon Smith, long ago the scenes of that other life opened; and doubtless they were of an undying glory, for——

But here comes the stage to hurry us onward; and so the bustle of life interrupts serious meditations with the whirl of cares and enterprises.

We were all once more seated in the vehicle, which instantly darted upon the descent with a velocity alarming, and yet exhilarating to persons unused to the style of a mountain driver. The danger is with due care less, indeed, than the appearance; although the sight of places where wagons and stages are said to have tumbled gigantic somersets over miniature precipices, will force one involuntarily to say in a supplicatory tone to Jehu,—"Take care, driver, here's where that stage went over, and poor Mr. Bounce was killed!" To which caution Jehu replies—"Oh! no danger—besides he wan't killed—he only smashed his ribs 'gin that rock there, and got his arm broke:" and then to quiet our fears, he sends forth his endless lash to play a curve or two around the ears of the prancing leaders, and with a pistol-like crack that kindles the fire of the team to fury; and away they all bound making the log crowning the rampart of wall tremble and start from its place as the wheels spin round within eight inches of the dreaded brink!

Thundering down thus, our stage dashed up the small stones as if they leaped from a volcano, and awaked the echoes of the grim rocks and the woody caverns: while ill-stifled "Oh! my's!" and a tendency of the ladies to counteract, by opposite motions, the natural bias of the stage body for the sideway declivity, were consoled with the usual asseverations—"O don't be afraid—no danger!" But when the horses, on approaching a sudden turn of the road, seemed, in order to secure a good offing, to shy off towards the deep valley, and nothing could be seen over the tips of their erect and quivering ears, save blue sky, and points of tall trees, then the ladies, spite of rebukes and consolations—and one at least of the gentlemen—*would* stand tip-toeish, labouring, indeed, to keep a kind of smile on the lips, but with an irrepressible "good gracious—me!" look out of the eyes. And—

—But oh! what a beautiful village below us! How neat and regular the houses! See! there's one spun and woven—like a Dutch woman's petticoat! "Petticoat!! Mr. Carlton?" Yes, petticoat is the word—only the stripes of the petticoat do not run horizontally, and those of the house do. I declare if there are not brick houses! and stone ones!—and how the smoke curls up to us—we can smell breakfast! What noiseless streets! what green meadows! Did you ever see anything so picture-like—so like patchwork? It would be so pleasant to live in that nice, quiet, snug, picturesque village! "Mr. Smith, what place *is* it?" Mr. Smith smiling, replied—"McConnel's-town." McConnel's town! oh! what a beauty—there it is hid—no—there—look through there—where?—there—no, 'tis gone!

We soon had reached the valley three miles below the point of descent; and, as Jehu said it was done at the rate of twelve miles to the hour, the reader being skilled in the modern knowledges, can calculate our time for himself. "There is the town," said Mr. Smith. Yes! there it was sure enough, as it had never budged since we had first spied it; but—

> "Quantum mutatus ab illo!"
> "What a fall was there, my countrymen!"

Is that jumble of curious frame, brick, log, and stone habitations our picture town? Ay! truly, there is the petticoat-house, with a petticoat as a curtain before the door, and an old hat or so in the glassless sash, and fire light gleaming between the logs. There! the door opens to see us pass—just see the children!!—one, two, three—nine at least, and one in very deed at the breast!—but how dirty and uncombed! Did you ever see such a set as the scamps lounging about that tavern?—and one reeling off drunk, the morning so fresh! See! that duck puddle and swine wallow full of vile looking mud and water—certainly it must be sickly here. "Driver, what noise is that?" "Dogs fighting." "Dreadful!—Mr. Smith what are you laughing at?" "Oh, nothing—only I should not like to live here as well as some ladies and gentlemen." And yet, reader, while a near view had dispelled the illusion of a distant prospect, good and excellent, and even very learned and talented people lived there, and yet live in McConnel'stown.

At all events we shall have a good breakfast at this fine looking stage house. But whether we had arrived too soon, or the folks usually began preparation after counting the number of mouths, or the wood was green, or we most vulgarly hungry and sharp set, very long was it, very long indeed, before we were summoned. And then the breakfast! Perhaps it was all accidental, but the coffee (?) was a libel on diluted soot, made by nurses to cure a baby's colic: the tea (?)—for we had representatives of both beverages—the tea was a perfect imitation of a decoction of clover hay, with which in boyhood we nursed the tender little calves, prematurely abstracted from the dams, the silly innocents believing all the while that the finger in the mouth was a teat! Eggs, too!—it may have been unlike Chesterfield—but it certainly was not without hazard to put them in the mouth before putting them to the nose:—the oval delicacies mostly remained this morning to feast such as prefer eggs ripe. Ay! but look, here comes a monster of a sausage coiled up like a great greasy eel! Such often in spite of being over-grown or over-stuffed are palatable: this rascal, however, had rebelled against the cook, and salamander-like, had passed the fiery ordeal unscorched. Hot rolls came, a novelty then, but much like biscuits in parts of the Far West, viz., a composition of oak bark on the outside, and hot putty within—the true article for invalids and dyspeptics. We had also bread and butter, and cold cabbage, and potatoes, like oysters, some fried and some in the shell; and green pickles so bountifully supplied with salt as to have refused vinegar—and beets—and saltsellers in the shape of glass hats—and a mustard pot like a salve-box, with a bone spoon glued in by a potent cement of a red-brown-yellow colour—and a light green bottle of vinegar dammed up by a strong twisted wadding of brown paper.

Reader, what more could we wish?

"Nothing."

Let us go then to a new chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

"Fee! faw! fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!"
"Is that a dagger that I see before me?"

In ancient Greek style, we have shown specimen bricks, in giving *bits* of roads, drivers, and so forth, to stand for wholes: but fearing the impatience of our numerous (?) readers uneasy to go-a-head in this steam age, we cannot venture to tell how, once upon a time, Colonel Wilmar came very near shooting a man "just at that very turn of the road before us!"—nor how Mr. Smith related how once upon another time, he was saved from being murdered in his room away off in Tennessee, by "dashing his dirk through the robber's hand and pinning him to the door-cheek" as he tried to force his way into the chamber—nor how Mr. Clarence related his escape from two slave dealers, that he thought wanted his money and meant to commit him, with a stone around his person, to the river—and overheard them talk about "cutting the fellow's throat?"——

"All right, Mr. Carlton—we'll skip them, with your permission."

Well!—we can work these morceaux up in other hashes. But the interruption of the reader was so like Mr. Brown's interruption of Mr. Clarence, when he was saying to Miss Wilmar as follows:

"This, Miss Wilmar, is, I confess, not a very tragic conclusion: but I prefer being here to tell the story for my self, to having Carlton tell it in some book as it *might* have been"—

"How was that, Mr. Clarence?" inquired Miss Wilmar.

But before Clarence could reply, Mr. Brown hurriedly exclaimed—

"Look there! Look!—there!—there!"

All eyes were instantly turned; and below in the meadows of the Juniata, was a hunted deer bounding away for life! The timid creature ere long leaped into the water, swam some hundred feet down the stream, and emerging speeded away to the mountain. No pursuers were in sight, and from appearances the poor creature escaped for that time: it certainly had our wishes in its favour. This incident naturally introduced stories about hunting and Indians, with numberless episodial remarks on dogs, rifles, shot guns, tomahawks and the like; so that when the shadows of the mountain began, at the decline of day, to darken the valleys, and silence and thoughtfulness pervaded the party, fancy easily brought back the red-man to his ancient haunts and made robbers crouch in ambush in every thicket and behind every tree. Yet we reached our lodging place in safety, where, late at night, we severally retired to bed; and then, if the day had brought Mr. Carlton and his amiable wife no danger, they were destined to find a somewhat curious adventure at night. And this we shall contribute to the chapter as our share of its accidents.

Our sleeping room was on the first floor, and opened by three windows into a piazza; which circumstances, together with the stories just narrated to the reader and other matters of the sort, inclined us to examine the fastenings before going to bed. The bolts were faultless, but the shutters or slappers were so warped and swollen that no efforts could induce them to come together and be bolted; hence, our only course was to jump into bed, and if any thing happened, to do like children—put our heads under the covers. In about an hour I was cautiously awakened by Mrs. Carlton, who whispered in a low and agitated voice:—

"Oh! my dear!—what's that?—listen!"

Instead of pulling up the bed-clothes, I sat up to listen; and strange—a solemn and peculiar and thrilling note was filling the room, swelling and dying away, and changing now to one spot and then to another! What *could* it be? The sound resembled nothing I had ever heard except once, and that was in a theatrical scene, in which a huge iron wheel turned at the touch of a magician and slowly raised the heavy trap door of an enchanted cavern. I sprang out of bed and began a search—yet all in vain—I felt along the walls, crawled under the bed, poked my head up the chimney, and even ventured into the closets—and all the while that mysterious noise playing as wild and frightful as ever! At last I pushed open the shutters and looked into the piazza; still nothing was visible either there or within the room, while the strange tones swelled louder than ever!

Puzzled, but less alarmed, we at last retreated to bed—I say we, for Mrs. C. had been trotting after me during the whole search, being too cowardly to stay in bed alone even with the covers over her head,—we retreated to bed, and after a while I, at least, fell asleep; but soon I was suddenly and violently awakened by my good lady, who in attempting to leap away from something on her side, had in extra activity accomplished too much, and landed clear over me and out of bed entirely on the floor!

"Why, Eliza!—Eliza!—what?—what *is* the matter?!"

"Oh! Robert!—listen!" said my wife; in bed again, however, and be assured, on the safe side.

A basin of water we knew stood near Mrs. Carlton's side of the bed, and on a small table:—and now into that basin, drop by drop, something was trickling! *Could* it be blood from some crack in the floor over us! With Mrs. C. clinging to me, I went to the table, and seizing the basin, carried it hastily to a window, and pushing open its shutter, we plainly perceived by the dim light that blood it really *was*—not.

"Well, what *was* it, then?"

Reader, it was a little mouse dead enough now, but which, having by accident tumbled into the water, had, by its struggles for life, caused what to us then seemed like the trickling down of some liquid or fluid substance.

Day now dawning, and Mrs. C. being willing to stay alone, I went into the yard to discover the cause of the mysterious music, satisfied that it lay there somewhere; and no sooner did I reach the corner of the house than I was fortunate enough to catch the very ghost in the act of performing on the extraordinary instrument that had puzzled us with its strange noise. Against the house had been nailed part of an iron hoop to support a wooden spout; but the spout had rotted away and fallen down, and the projecting hoop was alone. This iron had on it some saline substance pleasant to the taste of a quiet old cow; and there stood the matron-like quadruped licking away with very correct time at the hoop, and whenever her tongue finished a stroke, and according to its intensity, the instrument vibrated, and thus discoursed the wondrous music of the enchanter's wheel and trap! Indeed, I even tried the performance myself —not with my tongue—and succeeded, my wife says, and she is a judge of music, succeeded as well as the cow herself. And so, dear reader, if this is not a "cock and bull story"—it most certainly is—a mouse and a cow one.

Adventures, like misfortunes, are sometimes in clusters. The next morning after the descent from some mountain, as our stage was entering a small village, we were met by a noble-looking young man, mounted on a spirited horse, scarcely broken, and certainly not "bridle-wise"—and met exactly on the middle of a bridge. This bridge crossed a stream not ordinarily wide or deep, but swollen by melting snows it was now foaming and thundering along almost a river: it was truly formidable.

The horse, as we met, stopped, and with ears erect and pointed, with nostrils dilated, and eyes fierce and staring, he answered every effort to urge him forward with trembling only and fitful starting; while the horseman himself sat indifferent to consequences, and with ease and grace. The man and horse were one. At length the rider, unable to compel the creature to pass us, attempted to wheel—when, instead of obeying the bridle, the spirited animal reared, and at one superb bound cleared the barrier of the bridge, and both rider and horse in an instant disappeared under the foaming waters. But scarcely had fright among us uttered its exclamations, when up rose that horse, and up rose, too, seated on his back, that rider!—ay—seated as though he had never moved and the whole performance had been done expressly for exhibition! In a few moments the horseman landed below the bridge, then galloping across the meadow he passed the fence at a flying leap, and advancing to the stage now beyond the bridge, this matchless rider, taking off his hat and bowing to the party, asked, as if the affair had not been purely accidental:

"Gentlemen! which of you can do that?"

We most heartily congratulated him on his miraculous preservation, and, as he rode gallantly off, gave him three loud cheers for his unsurpassed coolness and intrepidity.

Reader! it is yet a long way to Pittsburg, and I cannot get you properly there without telling my own robber story—a pet adventure;—or without we skip—but I *should* like to tell the story—

"Well, Mr. Carlton, we should very much like to hear the story—but, perhaps, just now we had better—skip."

Skip it is, then, and all the way to—PITTSBURG.

CHAPTER VII.

* * alii ventosis follibus auras
"Accipiunt redduntque: alii stridentia tingunt
Aera lacu: gemit impositis incudibus antrum.
Illi inter sese multâ vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam."

And be assured, reader, it is not "all smoke" you now see—there is some fire here too. This black place reminds us of the iron age—of Jupiter too, and Vulcan and Mount Ætna. Virgil would here have found Cyclops and pounders of red-hot thunderbolts sonorous enough to set at work in his musical hexameters. And some here make tubes of iron, with alternate and spiral "lands and furrows," better by far to shoot than Milton's grand and unpatent blunderbusses; into which his heroic devils put unscientifically more powder than probably all burned. But that was before the Lyceum age.

Whenever that soot-cloud is driven before a wind, long streets are revealed lined with well-built and commodious dwellings, with here and there a stately mansion, or dusky palace belonging to some lord of coal-pits and ore-beds.

Hark! how enterprise and industry are raging away!—while steam and water-power shake the hills to their very foundation!—and every spot is in a ferment with innumerable workmen as busy, and as dingy too, as the pragmatical insects in Virgil's poetic ant-hill! Every breeze is redolent with nameless odours of factories and work-shops; and the ear is stunned by the ceaseless uproar from clatter and clang of cog and wheel—the harsh grating of countless rasps and files—the ringing of a thousand anvils—the spiteful clickings of enormous shears biting rods of iron into nails—the sissing of hot tongs in water—and the deep earthquaking bass of forge-hammers teaching rude masses how to assume the first forms of organic and civilized metal!

Mr. Brown said he was not yet fully awake, but that he was in a dream amid scenes at Birmingham and Sheffield; and that instead of astonishing the natives, the natives had surprised and astonished him!

Why do some speak disparagingly of Pittsburg complexion! *Is* it ordinarily seen? The citizens move enveloped in cloud—like Æneas entering Carthage—and hence are known rather by the voice than the face. Their voice is immutable, but their face changes hourly: hence if people here are loud talkers, it arises from the fact just alluded to, and because loud talking is necessary to cry down the din of a myriad mingled noises.

In *very* civilized districts, ladies owe their sweet looks to what is *put on* their faces; in this Cyclopean city, sweet looks are owing to what is *taken off* their faces. Instead, therefore, of advising bachelors before popping the question, to catch the inamorata "in the suds," we advise to catch her in the soot. If beautiful, then let Cœlebs bless himself; for he has a gem which water, unlike its baleful effect on some faces, will only wash brighter and brighter.

As to hearts and manners, if our Mr. Smith be a correct specimen, go reader, live in Pittsburg. He was a Christian gentleman: and in those two words is condensed all praise. When, as was necessary, our party proceeded on the voyage without this friend, so great was the vacancy, we seemed alone—

—Alas! he is no more!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOYAGE.

——"facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum——"
"Easy is it to float down the Ohio—*try* to float up once!"

At the time of the voyage, a steamboat was a very *rara avis* on the Ohio river. The usual mode then of *going down—getting up* again was quite another affair—was in arks, broad-horns, keel-boats, batteaux, canoes and rafts. Colonel Wilmar, who knew the way of doing business in these great waters, decided in favour of the ark; and into the ark, therefore, we went: viz., Colonel Wilmar and his cousin, Mr. Clarence and Mr. Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, and also the two owners—eight souls. Noah's stock of live animals went in to be *fed*, ours went in to be *eaten;* while we had also *smoked* hams; so that the likeness between us and that remarkable navigator failed after the number of the sailors was compared.

Our captain and mate being gone after their own stores, let us meanwhile examine the mechanique of our ark. And first, its *foundation*—for the structure is rather a house than a boat,—its foundation. This is rectangular and formed of timbers each fifteen cubits long, tied by others each eight cubits long; the timbers being from three to four hands-breadths thick. The side beams are united by sleepers, on which is a floor pinned down, and as tight as possible, so that when swollen by the water, water itself could not get in—except at the cracks, and then it could not be got out without the aid of science. Above the first flooring, at an interval of a foot, was laid on other joist—(*jice*)—a second floor. Hence by virtue of a primitive pump peculiar to the raft and ark era, our "hold"—and it held water to admiration—could, when necessary, be freed.

Scantling of uncertain and unequal lengths rose almost perpendicular around the rectangle, being morticed into the foundation; and so when, from without, planks were pinned as high as necessary against these uprights, the ark had nearly all its shape, and all its room.

This room or space was portioned into cabin and kitchen; the latter intended by the architect to take the lead in the actual navigation, but which in a struggle for preëminence would often technically *slue round*, and yield that honour to the cabin.

Next the kitchen. In one part was a hearth of brick and sand, and furnished with three iron bars that straddled lowerwise to the edges of the hearth, but united upperwise over its centre or—thereabouts. And this contrivance was to sustain in their turn our—hem!—"culinary utensils?—ay—yes—culinary utensils. Forwards were the fin-holes, and behind these and projecting towards the cabin, were boxes and berths for the captain and mate. The *fins*—improperly by some called *horns*—were rude oars, which passing out of the opposite fin-holes just named, used, when moved, to flap and splash each side of the kitchen; and by these the ark was steered, kept kitchen end foremost, brought to land, and kept out of harm's way—the last requiring pretty desperate pulling, unless we began half an hour before encountering an impediment, or escaping a raft. The fins would, indeed, sometimes play in a heavy sort of frolic to get us along faster; but usually they were idle, and we were left to float with the stream from three to four miles in an hour.

The cabin, like other aristocrats, had the large space, was planked two cubits higher that the other places, and covered with an arched roof of thin boards to ward off direct sun, and perpendicular rain. Against sun and rain oblique, it was no barrier. The cabin was also subdivided into parlour and state room. The latter was for the ladies' sole use, being sumptuously furnished with a double box or berth, a toilette made of an upturned flour barrel, and similar elegancies and conveniences, and a window looking up-stream; which window was a cubit square, and had a flapper or slapper hung with leathern hinges and fastened with a pin or wooden bolt. The parlour contained the male boxes or sleeperies; and was the place where we all *boarded*—but here comes the captain and his mate, and we shall be off in what they call a *jiffey*. Among other articles, these persons had brought a coffee-mill, a saw, about half a bushel of sausages, and above all, a five gallon keg, which the captain himself hugged up under his arm next the heart. What was in it I do not exactly know—it could not have been water, not having a watery smell, and beside we all drank river water.

Reader! all is ready! Oh! how soft the blossom-scented balmy air is breathing! See! the sun light dancing from one sparkling ripple to another! A most delicious April morning is inviting us with the blandest smiles to come and float on the beauteous river far, far away to the boundless prairies and the endless forests of the New World! Yes! yes! here is a vision!

—and in the midst of fragrance, and flowers, and sunshine, and with those we love for comrades, and those we love awaiting us, we are entering the land, the glorious land of sunsets! Ah! Clarence—I wonder not at that tear—

"Bill! slue round your 'are side there and we're off," interrupted the captain, addressing his mate. Bill, of course, performed that curious manœuvre with great nautical skill, and off we were: first one end struggling for the precedence and then the other, with alternate fins dipping and splashing, till the ark reached the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela; and then one grand circular movement accomplished, that forced the lordly cabin to the rear, away, away we floated, kitchen in the van! down on the current of the noble, beauteous, glorious Ohio!

* * * * * * *

Farewell! Pittsburg, last city of the east! Long may the din and the smoke of thy honest enterprise be heard and seen by the voyager away down the flood! Farewell!—the earth-born clouds are veiling thee even now! There! I see thee again!—Oh! the flash of that tall spire sending back the sunbeam, like gleams of lightning from a thunder cloud;—it gleams again—we change our course—and all is dark!—Pittsburg! Farewell!

* * * * * * *

"Ladies and gentlemen" said the Colonel, after we were fairly under weigh, "suppose we proceed to arrange our domestic establishment, each agreeing to perform his part either assumed by himself, or imposed on him by vote—*he*, *his*, *him* were used in the sense of *homo*—and were so understood by the ladies although unacquainted with Latin and Lectures—and so suppose we have a regular assembly—"

"I move Colonel Wilmar take the chair,"—said Mr. Brown. And this being seconded by Mrs. Carlton, the Colonel took the chair the best way he could; and that was only metaphorically by moving off a little from the members and leaning against a berth. Miss Wilmar was next elected Secretary, and accommodated with a trunk for a seat, and using her lap as a table, she prepared to record in her pocket book the resolutions of the household house.

Mr. Brown then was nominated as cook; but as he insisted that he could cook "niver a bit of a male but only roast potatoes," and we had unluckily no potatoes stored, the important office was after due deliberation bestowed on the chairman himself. This was, indeed, very humbly declined by the Colonel, who left the chair—calling thither for the time Mr. Clarence—to exhibit in a very handsome speech his unworthiness; yet it was at last unanimously decided in his favour, and mainly on the argument of Mr. Carlton, that the Colonel had doubtless learned cooking in his campaigns and when hunting. From some inaccuracy in wording the resolutions, however, the business after all only amounted to the cook's having to carry the victuals to and from the kitchen—lift the culinary articles about—and poke the fire at the order of the ladies.

Next came a resolution that the ladies should prepare the cookables—i. e., stuff the chickens with filling—beat eggs for puddings, and the like. Then it was ordered that Clarence, Brown, and Carlton, should in turn set the table—clean plates—or in a word—be scullions. The dignity of history forbids me to conceal, that spite of all our scouring, and wiping and washing, the cleaned articles retained an unctuous touch, and looked so streaked, that at meals the ladies deemed a polish extra necessary. But *non possumus omnia*, you know, reader—i. e., *we cannot all clean dishes*, as the Latins say.

There were also other resolutions, such as, that the gentlemen rise betimes and make their beds before the appearance of the ladies; that two by two they should take the skiff and go to market, along shore, after milk, butter, cheese, eggs, chickens, ducks, venison hams cured, and fresh venison. The stores laid in at Pittsburg were smoked meats, sausages, flour, corn-meal, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, spices, sweatmeats, some fruits, and many other things unknown to Noah. We had also our own plates, knives, lead spoons, and a superb dutch-looking set of Pittsburg Liverpool ware for tea and breakfast service. For a "consideration" the captain allowed us the use of his big pot, skillet, and dutch oven. We had our own coffee-pot and other tins.

From our nicnacries we often supplied the captain's table with a dessert; and finally, when, about six hundred miles down the river, these extemporaneous sailors received $16 for our passage, they became heirs to all our unbroken crockery and hardware, and to the remnant of our flour and smoked meats. The *goodies* had disappeared two hundred miles higher.

After the adjournment of our assembly, we proceeded to arrange the cabin, spending the whole day in "fixing;" an Americanism including unfixing, removing, and deranging, as well as placing and rendering permanent. But at ten o'clock, P. M., the darkness rendered longer floating hazardous, and we accordingly came, not to anchor, but to a tie; for, working the ark to the nearest bank, we tied *her* to a tree,* and in the very way formerly done by the pious Æneas and his wandering Trojans. Yet we did not, as those heroes, sleep on the sand or the grass, but retired to our berths or boxes, setting a watch, however, to guard against two dangers of diametrically opposite characters. First, it was necessary to take care that the tie-rope neither got loose nor broke, when we should float off into the perils of a dark river—that is, find *too much* water; and, secondly, we must watch the subsidence of the river, lest she (the ark) be left grounded some two or three feet from her natural element—that is, lest we find *too little* water.

It is very delightful when travellers go to sleep confident of being one hundred miles advanced by breakfast time; but not so with the party—we went to bed of necessity and slept on system. True—we awoke, and got up, and ate breakfast and dinner, and even tea and supper, and played away the intervals at checkers with white and red corns, and then tried push-pin and tee-totum—and we tried to read, and wished for fishing-lines and guns—and we walked up the bank and then walked down again, whistling most devoutly, not *for* wind, but *against* it: but alas! the wind would not be whistled against,—it continued to blow all day long dead ahead up stream, as if it had never heard us. And there we were all day, all the evening, and part of the night in the self-same spot where we came to a tie at ten o'clock, P. M., the night before! And that was deservedly called a "pretty considerable of a fix."

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* The ark contains and sometimes breeds.

One day, when thus wind-bound about two hundred miles below the first fix, all the common expedients of beguilement being tried and exhausted, Colonel Wilmar proposed marbles—of which he had made a large purchase for his little sons. And at it we went with the zest of boyhood. Happy day! how the blue-coloured gentry, that haunt the inactive, took wing at the sound of our merry and innocent shouts and laughter! No human habitation was in sight; and forests, that told their age by centuries, stretched their giant-arms over our ring; and from their venerable depths Echo, for the first time since the creation, cried out in amazement, the words of our game—to her more incomprehensible than the heathenish terms of the native Indians! Oh! how she reiterated "man-lay!—clearings!—'fen!—knuckle down!—toy bone!—go to baste! (?)—fat!—histings!—comins about!—hit black alley!—knock his knicker!—'tan't fair!—you cheat!—my first!"—cum multis aliis! These terms are spelled according to nature. Indeed, my soul becomes indignant when I find printed, instead of that spirit-stirring, frank-hearted "Hurraw!" that pitiful, sneaking, soulless, civilized, "Huzza!" Dare any man say *that* sounds like the thing? No more than it looks like it. Freemen! let nice, pretty, mincing, dandies *huzza* by note—do you ever cry out *Hurraw!*

But at length we waked something more substantial than that bodiless noun—Echo; for lo! on a sudden came answers, near and distinct, if not very melodious, and from the top of the identical bank beneath which we were playing! We looked up and there stood two hunters, long silent spectators of the strange game, but who having imbibed the fun of the thing, were now laughing and roaring away as merry as our party!

After the wind had blown out, we untied ark, and floated away till after midnight; when clouds so increased the darkness as to prevent our seeing snags, sawyers, and planters, and also the ripples indicative of shallows, and we tied again. Perhaps it may be proper here to say a word relative to the abovenamed impediments in the Western waters.

A *planter* is the trunk of a tree, perpendicular or inclined, with one end planted immoveable in the bottom of the river, and the other above or below the surface, according to the state of the water. A *snag* is a minature or youthful planter; or sometimes it is made by an upright branch of a large tree imbedded horizontally in the bottom. A *sawyer* is either a long trunk, or more commonly an entire tree, so fixed that its top plays up and down with the current and the wind, and is therefore periodically perilous to the navigator. *Ripples* are often indices of an ascending sawyer; and also of shoals, as one approaches islands wholly or partially submerged. Large and heavy rafts frequently go against and over most of the smaller obstacles with impunity; but arks like ours would have been staved; so our night floating especially was never free from jeopardy.

I shall not inflict our whole log-book on the reader and his friends:—how often we tied and untied—went ashore after butter and eggs and the cum multis—nor how it was once my lot to be with Mr. Brown in the skiff when he could not, owing to his extreme longitude, trim boat, and how the vixen of a boat threatened to upset, and I had to pull both oars till, weary and long after dark, we overtook our ark, where fears began to be entertained about us. No, no,—why should we trespass on patience with the account of our cookery, our batter cakes, eggs and ham, biscuit and loaf, johnny cakes, steaks, filled chickens, plum puddings, and the curious dish of what-nots? And yet it was really marvellous that our endless varieties could all be turned out of four utensils, viz: a tea-kettle and a dutch oven, and a big pot, and a little skillet. Mrs. Goodfellow did well enough with all her fixtures; but it was reserved for our ladies to cook, what most cooks and confectioners know nothing about—the multum in parvo. Let me, then, in place of the whole log, introduce a new friend.

In the third day of the descent we began to overhaul an ark, a size (?) less than ours; but this ark, instead of getting out of the way, was evidently striving to get into it; and so, arrived within speaking distance, we were hailed from the strange float with a proposition to link arks. Longing for something new, and apprised that combined arks floated better than single ones, our assent was instantly given; and then our arks were soon amicably united and floating side by side. And what would you imagine the neighbour ark contained? A solitary male Yankee! and such a merry, facetious, fearless, handy, 'cute specimen of the genus I *guess*, was never encountered.

This wonderful biped had left the land of deacons, hard cider, and other steady habits, in imitation of Jack in the good old-fashioned story-book—to seek his fortune; and now, after trying his luck in twenty different places, and in as many different and even opposite ways, behold! here was *Do-tell-I-want-to-know*, lord of a whole ark—a solitary Noah, floating to a new world at the far end of a flood, if not beyond one! He had cast off at Pittsburg some hours before ourselves, and had sung, whistled, rowed and eaten his way alone, till we overtook him, when he had hailed us in a very jocose and half-singing style, and then brought up his ark with a laugh and a tune. "He was tired," he said, "of his company, and had ought to get into better society,—and seeing we were in a tarnation tearing hurry, he had ought to tow us down to what-d'-ye-call-the-place?—and as he didn't intend taking advantage of our weakness, he wouldn't ask anything for his help—except his boarding and a dollar a day."

What-say, however, was very far from vulgarity, and towards ladies, very respectful; still, he was a choice specimen of the universal nation, and Mr. Brown looked on him with astonishment for his peculiarities, but with respect for his independence and enterprise. Our hero's name was, oddly enough, Smith. And as he was always called among us by his surname, I forget whether he told that his Christian name was Thankful or Preserved—his cognomen, however, was destined to be a proper noun, for our Yankee was, par excellence, *the* Smith.

Notwithstanding his demand for boarding, we could not induce him to eat with us, anxious as we were to pay, if not for towing services, yet for fun. True, he could apply "soft sawder" very judiciously, and indeed, even sometimes out-general Mr. Brown: who, to tell the truth, could "do the nate thing with the blarney" himself. I shall make no attempt to record their quirks, and quizzes, and repartees, and puns; good things of the sort, like soda-water, should be taken at the fountain. What became of *the* Smith when we parted at Limestone, I never learned. But never do I hear of a Smith preëminent in handicraft, from simple clock-making all the way up to patent nutmeg-making; or in the give-and-take line, from limited auctioneering to enlarged, and liberal, and locomotive peddling of notions; or in modern literature, from magazine writing clean up to magnetisms and lyceums, that Noah Smith of the little ark comes not in remembrance. Verily, if not really metamorphosed, as I sometimes guess, into Sam Slick or Jonathan his brother, he certainly is, if living—a very Slick Feller.

The twin arks, as our sailors became bolder and more skilful or rash, were allowed at last, the wind permitting, to float all night. One night Smith, then our Palinurus, suddenly beat to quarters, by drumming his heels against the partition and ringing his skillet with the only weapon he carried,—an oyster knife worn usually in his bosom like a dirk, and with its handle exposed. At the same time, as accompaniment, he whistled "Yankee doodle" in superb style; and then exchanged his whistling to the singing of this extemporaneous lyric:—

"Get up, good sirs, get up I say,
And rouse ye, all ye sleepers;
See! down upon us comes a thing
To make us use our peepers.
Yankee doodle, &c.

"Yet what it is, I cannot tell—
But 'tis as big as thunder;
Ah! if it hits our loving arks,
We'll soon be split asunder.
Yankee doodle," &c.

Roused we were, yet, misled by the manner of our pilot, not as fast as the case demanded: for just then the ladies looking from their little window up the river, cried out in great alarm, "Colonel Wilmar!—Mr. Carlton!—make haste!—something is coming down like an island broke loose!—it is almost on us!" Of course the fins were instantly manned, and flapped and splashed with very commendable activity, and just in time to escape the end of an immense raft now sweeping past and within a very few inches of Smith's side; while four or five men on the raft were labouring away at their sweeping oars, showing that our escape was due to their exertions, and not our own. Smith, however, who had, it seems, made his calculation, now leaped upon the raft with a rope in his hand; and with the permission of the men, and indeed with their assistance too, held on till he gained the far end of the great float; when, our arks made fast behind it, we began to go a-head in earnest.

Safe now from all attacks in the rear—for nothing could outfloat us—and bidding defiance to planter, snag, and sawyer, we boxed ourselves up for the remainder of the night and enjoyed a profound sleep, awaking in due season to the full reality of our improved condition. And here, writing in the very noon of gas and steam, I do deliberately say, after all my experience of cars and boats, that for a party of the proper sort nothing is so delightful, so exhilarating, so truly bewitching to travel in, as twin-arks towed along by an almost endless raft. To say nothing of our state room for ladies, parlour for company, kitchen for cookery, and Smith's whole ark extra for dining and sitting—there was our grand promenade deck on the raft—a deck, full three hundred feet long and fifty broad! What cared we for bursting boilers?—what for snag and sawyer? And if any serious injury happened to one of the trio, or even two, the third unharmed afforded retreat and shelter. In comfort, convenience and freedom, two arks and a long raft carry away the palm.

Indeed, our flotilla was truly poetic and romantic. And never before, certainly never since, was there or has there been such a season. It was an old-fashioned April, and of the most delicious sort. Spring her very self was enticed by it from her southern retreats, and came to meet and conduct us to her beauteous domains. How bright and warm and soft the sunlight of that season! encouraging flower and leaf to unfold their modest glories to the genial rays! Did a bank of clouds rest on the horizon? That was no portent of storm: it was only that a single cloud might be detached to sprinkle river and hill with "the sunshiny shower that won't last an hour!" Oh, the joy! then, to watch the contest between the rainbow-tinted drops and misty sunshine—the contest for victory! And how the fish leaped out to catch a pure crystal drop before it fell and mingled with the flood of turbid waters! And the birds!—they plunged into the shower of liquid light, bathing their plumage of gold and scarlet and purple, till it seemed burnished still brighter in such a bath!

But the sunsets, and the twilight! The witchery then entranced the very soul! All of poetry, and of shadowy forms, and of sinless elysium,—all of magic in musings and dreams—all was embodied there! The ethereal floated on the river's bosom, while its now unruffled waters floated our rude vessels. It dwelt in the dark mirror, where shadows of cliff and forest pointed to a depth down, down away, far beyond the sounding-line. It was melting in the blazing river, whence farewell rays were reflected as the sun hid behind some tall and precipitous headland. We heard the unearthly in the whispers of eddying waters sporting around us; and in the sweet and thrilling evening songs of happy birds! We saw it, till the soul was phrenzied, as gliding past one island, another in front arose to intercept, and we were seemingly shut within a fairy lake, never to find an egress! And here when the breath of day was done, and the songs of the birds hushed, and Wilmar or Clarence was seated on the raft and with a flute—oh! the pure, sweet, plaintive, joyous, wild, ravishing cries of the echoes!

If one would hear the "magic flute," it must be as then and there. The Muses haunted then the forest-clad banks and cliffs; and startled and pleased with the melody of a strange instrument, they caught its strains—and called to one another, imitating its tones, till they died away in the distance. Years after I passed up and down that same river in steamboats—but in vain did I look for the visions and listen for the strains of the by-gone evenings. April had such showers no more! The noisy and fierce and fiery spirit of the steamers had driven away the gentle birds and heavenly echoes—and with an oppressed and melancholy heart I heard, returning from the banks, only the angry roar of deserted and sullen and indignant forests!

The seventh day was at its close, when we deemed ourselves so near Limestone—the modern Maysville—that it was determined to send the colonel and the author in the skiff to that place, in order to have arrangements made before the arrival of the grand flotilla;—for there the raft was to be broken up and scattered, and so was our party. Accordingly, before day-break on the eighth morning, we set off with the skiff, agreeing to row and steer alternately, each a mile, as near as could be guessed at: and this agreeable alternation was called—SPELLING one another. At the end of nine spells, we discovered on a bank, just about "sunup," a full-grown male Buckeye, a little in advance of his cabin, watching our progress, and we hailed:

"Hallow!—how far to Limestone?"

"Ten miles."

Ten miles!—we had thought it now about a mile—so the recitation in rowing was not ended; and we went to spelling it ten times more. We were, of course, perfect by the time we did reach Limestone; at all events, I was so pleased with my improvement, that from that moment I have never touched an oar.

In about an hour after the colonel and Mr. Carlton arrived at port, the raft, its caboose in the centre, and our arks in its rear, hove in sight; and we hurried to the landing with separate conveyances hired for our separate journeys—alas!

* * * *

Reader! which way will *you* go? With the gallant colonel and the lovely Miss Wilmar, and the faithful Mr. Clarence to Lexington? or will you stay with Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith at Limestone? or will you *not* accompany Mr. and Mrs. Carlton to the New Purchase? Perhaps *you* prefer to shake hands with all:—*we*, however, of the party, found that no easy task.

Many were our pretexts for lingering—till at last all pretences exhausted—with emotion, ay, with tears that *would* come, hands were grasped—good wishes exchanged—and we uttered, with tremulous voices, Farewell!

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEARCHING.

"In medias res——"
"Floundering into mud holes——"

"Who *could* have dreamed, my dear," said Mrs. C. to her husband, "these forests so picturesque when seen from the Ohio, concealed such roads?"

Mr. C. made no reply; although the phenomenon was certainly very remarkable. In fact, his idea about the Muses was passing in review—and he thought, maybe after all, it was something else that had echoed the flute notes. The lady's query, however, and the gentleman's silence occurred about thirty miles due north of the Ohio river, in a very new State of the far west. They were seated in a two-horse Yankee cart—a kind of mongrel dearborne—amid what was now called their "plunder"—with a hired driver on the front seat, and intending to find, if possible, a certain spot in a very uncertain part of the New Purchase—about one hundred and twenty miles in the interior, and beyond Shining river. This was the second day in the elementary lessons of forest travelling; in which, however, they had been sufficiently fortunate as to get a taste of "buttermilk land,"—"spouty land,"—"mash land"—"rooty and snaggy land"—of mud holes, ordinary and extraordinary—of quick sands—and "corduroys" woven single and double twill—and even fords with and without bottom.

The autumn is decidedly preferable for travelling on the virgin soil of native forests. One may go then mostly by land

and find the roads fewer and shorter; but in the early spring, branches—small creeks—are brim full, and they hold a great deal; concealed fountains bubble up in a thousand places where none were supposed to lurk; creeks turn to rivers, and rivers to lakes, and lakes to bigger ones; and as if this was too little water, out come the mole rivers that have burrowed under the earth, and which, when so unexpectedly *found*, are styled out there—"lost rivers!" And every district of a dozen miles square has a lost river. Travelling by land becomes of course travelling by water, or by both mixed: viz., mud and water. Nor is it possible, if one would avoid drowning or suffocation, to keep the law and follow the blazed road; but he *tacks* first to the right and then to the left, often making both losing tacks; and all this, not to find a road but a place where there is *no* road—mud thick enough to bear, or that has at least some bottom.

Genuine Hoosiers, Corn-crackers, *et id omne genus*, viz., all that sort of geniuses—lose comparatively little time in this species of navigation; for such know instinctively where it is proper to quit the submerged road of the legislature. And so we, at last, in utter despair of finding a royal road to the New Purchase, did enter souse into the most ill-looking, dark-coloured morasses, enlivened by steams of purer mud crossing at right angles, and usually much deeper than we cared to discover.

The first night we had stayed at a "public;" yet, while the tavern was of brick, candour forces me to record that affairs so much resembled the hardware and crockery in their streaked and greasy state after Messrs. Brown & Co. had *cleaned* them, that we were rejoiced—prematurely however—when morning allowed us, half-refreshed, to resume our land tacking. But more than once afterwards did we sigh for the comforts of the Brick Tavern, with its splendid sign of the sun rising and setting between two partitions of paint intended for hills; and which sun looked so much like spreading rays, that a friend soberly asked us afterwards—"If we didn't put up the first night at the sign of the Fan?"

This chapter opens UP after sunset on our second day, and we inquired with much anxiety at a miserable cabin, how far it was to the next tavern, and were answered—"A smart bit yet—maybe more nor three miles by the blaze, but the most powerfulest road!" Since early morning we had, with incessant driving, done nearly twenty miles; if then we had, in a bad road, done by daylight about one and a half miles per hour, how were we likely to do three miles in the dark, and over what a native styled—the "most powerfulest road?" Hence, as the lady of the cabin seemed kind, and more than once expressed compassion for "my womin body"—so she called Mrs. C.;—and as she "allowed" we had better stop where we were, we with a sudden and very respectful remembrance of the Rising or Setting Fan Tavern, agreed to halt. And so!—at long last—we were going really and actually to pass a night in a veritable, rity-dity cabin!—in a vast forest too!—and far enough from all the incumbrances of eastern civilization!

"And did you not *thrill*, Mr. Carlton?"

I rather think, kind reader—I did;—at least I felt some sort of a shiver; especially as the gloom of the frightful shades increased; and the deafening clangour of innumerable rude frogs in the mires and on the trees arose; and the whirl and hum and buzz of strange, savage insects and reptiles, and of winged and unwinged bugs, began and increased and grew still louder; and vapours damp, chilly and fœtid ascended and came down; and the only field in sight was a few yards of "clearing," stuck with trunks of "deadened" trees and great stumps blackened with the fires! And I think the *thrill*, or whatever it was, grew more and more intense on turning towards the onward road, and finding a suspicion in my mind that it only led to the endless repetition of the agreeable night scene around us—ah! ha!—maybe to——Then came retrospective visions of friends in the *far* East—till—"what?"—I hardly know what—till something, however, like a wish came, that it were as easy to float *up* the Ohio as down. Heyho!

Nor was the cabin a fac-simile of those built in dreams and novels and magazines. Mine were of bark, and as neat as a little girl's baby house! This had, indeed, bark enough about, but still not put up poetically. It was in truth a barbarous rectangle of unhewed and unbarked logs, and bound together by a gigantic dove-tailing called "*notching.*" The roof was of thick, ricketty shingles, called "clapboards;" which when *clapped* on were held down by longitudinal poles kept apart by shorter pieces placed between them perpendicularly. The interstices of the log-wall were "chinked"—the "chinking" being large chips and small slabs dipping like strata of rocks in geology; and then on the chinking was the "daubing"—a quant. suff. of yellow clay, ferociously splashed in by the hand of the architect, and then left to harden at its leisure. Rain and frost had here, however, caused mud daubing to disappear; so that from without could be clearly discerned through the wall, the light of fire and candle, and from within, the light of sun, moon and stars—a fair and harmless tit for tat.

The chimney was outside the cabin and a short distance from it. This article was built, as boys in rainy weather, make on the kitchen hearth stick houses of light wood;—for it consisted of layers of little logs reposing on one another at their corners and topped off when high enough with flag stones. It was, moreover, daubed, and so admirably as to look like a mud stack! That, however, was, as I afterwards found, inartistical—the daubing of chimneys correctly being a very *nice* task, although just as dirty as political daubing.

The inside cabin had one room below and one loft above—to which, however, was no visible ascent. I think the folks climbed up at the corner. The room contained principally beds, the other furniture being a table, "stick chairs," and some stools with from two to three legs apiece. Crockery and calabashes shared the mantel with two dangerous looking rifles and powder horns. The iron ware shifted for itself about the fireplace, where awkward feet feeling for the fire or to escape it, pushed kettle against pot and skillet against dutch oven.

What French cook committed suicide because something was not done "to a turn?" Ample poetic justice may be done to his wicked ghost by some smart writer, by chaining him with an iambic or two to the jamb of that cabin hearth—there for ever to be a witness of its cookery. There came first the pettish outcries of two matron hens dangled along to a hasty execution; then notes of preparation sung out by the tea-kettle; then was jerked into position the dutch oven straddling with three short legs over the burning coals; and lastly the skillet began sputtering forth its boiling lard, or grease of some description. The instruments ready, the hostess aided by a little barefooted daughter, and whose white hair was whisped at the top of the head with a string and horn comb, the hostess put into the oven balls of wet corn meal, and then slapped on the lid red hot and covered with coals, with a look and motion equal to this sentence—"Get out of that! till you're done." Then the two fowls, but a moment since kicking and screeching at being killed, were doused into the skillet into hot oil, where they moved around dismembered, as if indignant now at being fried.

We travellers shifted quarters repeatedly during these solemn operations, sometimes to get less heat, sometimes more, and sometimes to escape the fumes direct; but usually, to get out of the way. That, however, being impracticable, we at length sat extempore, and were kicked and jostled accordingly. In the meanwhile our landlady—in whom was much curiosity, a little reverence, and a misty idea that her guests were great folks, and towards whom as aristocrats it was republican to feel enmity—our landlady maintained at intervals a very lively talk, as for example:

"From Loo'ville, I allow?"

"No—from Philadelphia."

A sudden pause—a turn to look at us more narrowly, while she still affectionately patted some wet meal into shape for the oven.

"Well!—now!—I wonder!—hem! Come to enter land, 'spose—powerful bottom on the Shining—heavy timber, though. He's your old man, mam?"

Mrs. C. assented. The hostess then stooped to deposit the perfect ball, and continued:

"Our wooden country's mighty rough, I allow, for some folks—right hard to git gals here, mam—folks has to be thar own niggurs, mam—what mought your name be?"

Mrs. C. told the lady, and then in a timid and piteous sort of tone inquired if girls could not be hired by the year? To this the landlady replied at first with a stare—then with a smile—and then added:

"Well! sort a allow not—most time, mam, you'll have to work your own ash-hopper"—"Nan"—name of little flax head—"Nan, sort a turn them thare chickins."

And thus the cabin lady kept on doing up her small stock of English into Hoosierisms and other figures; now, with the question direct—now, the question implied; then, with a soliloquy—then, an apostrophe: and all the time cleaning and cutting up chickens, making pones, and working and wriggling among pots, skillets and people's limbs and feet, with an adroitness and grace gained by practice only; and all this, without upsetting any thing, scalding any body, or even spilling any food—excepting, maybe, a little grease, flour and salt. Nor did she lose time by dropping down curtsey fashion to inspect the progress of things baked or fried: but she bent over as if she had hinges in the hips, according to nature doubtless, but contrary to the Lady's Book; although the backward motion made to balance the head projected beyond the base, did render garments *short* by nature still *shorter*, as grammarians would say, by *position*.

Corn-bread takes its own time to bake. Hence it was late when the good woman, having placed the "chicken fixins" on a large dinner-plate, and poured over them the last drop of unabsorbed and unevaporated oil, set all on the table, and then, giving her heated and perspiring face a last wipe with the corner of her tow-linen apron, and also giving her thumb and finger a rub on the same cleanser, she sung out the ordinary summons:

"Well! come, sit up."

This sit-up we instantly performed, while she stood up to pour out the tea, complimenting all the time its quality, saying—"'Tisn't nun of your spice-wood or yarb stuff, but the rele gineine *store* tea." Nanny remained near the dutch oven to keep us supplied with red-hot pones, or corn-balls—and hard enough to do execution from cannon. The teacups used, held a scant pint; and to do exact justice to each cup, the mistress held the teapot in one hand and the water-pot in the other, pouring from both at once till the cup was brim-full of the mixture:—an admirable system of impartiality, and if the pots have spouts of equal diameters, the very way to make precisely "half and half." But sorry am I to say, that on the present occasion, the water-pot had the best and easiest delivery.

"And *could* you eat, Mr. Carlton?"

How could we avoid it, Mr. Nice? Besides, we were most vulgarly hungry. And the consequence was, that, at the arrival of the woodman and his two sons, other corn-bread was baked, and, for want of chicken, bacon was fried.

"But how *did* you do about retiring?"

We men-folks, my dear Miss, went out to see what sort of weather we were likely to have; and on coming in again, the ladies were very modestly covered up in bed—and then we—got into bed—in the usual way. I have no doubt Mr. Carlton managed a little awkwardly: but I fear the reader will discover, that in his attempts at doing as Rome does, Mr. Carlton departed finally from the native sweetness and simplicity of eastern and fashionable life. Still we seemed to leave rather an unfavourable impression at the cabin, since, before our setting out in the morning, the landlady told the driver privately—"Well! I allow the stranger and his woman-body thinks theirself mighty big-bugs—but maybe they aint got more silver than Squire Snoddy across Big Bean creek; and *his* wife don't think nuthin on slinging round like her gal—but never mind, maybe Mrs. Callten, or Crawltin, or something or nuther, will larn how too."

—Oh!—

CHAPTER X.

"Go on—Sir."

"REALLY, Mr. Carlton, unless you tell us whither you are travelling we will proceed no further."

And really I could not blame you, friends, since, had it not been for very shame and impracticability, we ourselves, on the third morning, would have imitated Sawney of apple-orchard memory, and "crawled back again." But I am on the very point of telling as distinctly as possible about our destination—and as you have got thus far, and have *paid*[*] (?) for the book, you may as well finish it.

We are proceeding as *slowly* as we can in search of the Glenville Settlement, a place somewhere in the New Purchase. We hope to find there, my wife's mother, my wife's aunt, my wife's uncle, and her sisters and her brother, John Glenville. One of my purposes is to become Mr. Glenville's partner in certain land speculations, and with him to establish a store and also a tannery. Of the New Purchase itself we will speak at large when we reach that famous country. As to Glenville Settlement itself, lofty opinions of its elegancies began to fall, and misgivings to be felt, that its houses would be found no better than they ought to be: and in these we were not disappointed, as the reader may in time discover.

The third night of the Searching now approached; and we had come to a very miserable hut, a ferry-house, on the top of a high bluff, and fully a quarter of a mile from the creek below. An ill-natured young girl was apparently the sole occupant; and she, for some reason, refused to ferry us over the water stating, indeed, that the creek could *as yet* be forded, but giving us no satisfactory directions how to find or keep the ford. Judge our feelings, then, on getting to the bank, to find a black, sullen and swollen river, twenty yards wide—a scow tied at the end of the road—and that road seeming to enter upon the ford, if, indeed, any ford was there! I stepped into the boat, and, with its "setting-pole," felt for the ford; and happily succeeded in finding the bottom when the pole was let down a little beyond six feet!

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[*] Persons that *borrow* this work, will of course read it through.

No house, except the ferry-hut on the bluff above, was on this side the water for many a long and weary mile back; and beyond the water was a low, marshy and terrific beech-wood, and, from its nature, known to be necessarily uninhabited: so that, unless we could help ourselves, nobody else was likely to help. With great difficulty, therefore, and no small danger from our want of skill and hands enough, we "set" ourselves over in the scow: and when safely landed in the mud beyond, we at first determined to let the boat go adrift as a small punishment to the villainy of the ferry people; but reflecting that possibly some benighted persons might suffer by this vengeance, we tied the scow—and splattered on. In half a mile, strange enough, we met a large party of women and children, to whom we told what had happened and what had been done with the scow: on which they cordially thanked us, it being necessary for them to cross the river, and in return assured us of a better road not very far forward, and which led to "a preacher's" house, where we should find a comfortable home and a welcome for the night.

What the oasis of *dry* deserts is, all know; but the oasis of waste woods and waters is—a clearing with its dry land and sunlit opening. Such was now before us, not indeed sunlit—for the sun was long since set—and in the midst of a very extensive clearing was not a cabin, but a veritable two-story house of hewn and squared timbers, with a shingle roof, and smoke curling gracefully upward from its stone chimney! Yes, and there were corn-cribs, and smoke house, and barn, and out-houses of all sorts: and removed some distance from all, was the venerable cabin in a decline—the rude shell of the family in its chrysalis state!

But our reception!—it was a balm and a cordial. We found, not indeed the parade and elegant variety of the East, but neat apartments, refreshing fire after the chill damps of the forest, a parlour separate from the kitchen, and bedrooms separate from both and from one another. There, too, if memory serves right, were six pretty, innocent girls—no sons belonged to the family—coarsely but properly dressed; and who were all modest and respectful to their elders and superiors—a very rare thing in the New Purchases, and, since the reign of Intellect, a rarer thing than formerly in most Old Purchase countries. The mere diffusion of "knowledges," without *discipline* of mind in their attainment, is not so favourable to virtue and good manners as Lyceum men think. Our six little girls were mainly educated on Bible principles—living fortunately in that dark age when every body's education was not managed by legislatures and taxes. The law administered by irreligious or infidel statesmen, or by selfish demagogues, is *always* opposed to the Gospel.

No pains were spared by the whole family in our entertainment: and all was done from benevolence, as if we were children and relatives. The Rev. William Parsons and his lady, our hosts, had never been in the East, or in any other school of the Humanities; and yet with exceptions of some prejudices, rather *in favour*, however, of the West than *against* the East, this gentleman and lady both beautifully exemplified the innate power of Christian principles to make men not only kind and generous, but courteous and polite.

In my dreams no oasis of this kind had appeared—yet none is so truly lovely as that where religion makes the desert and the wilderness blossom as the rose. I have been much in the company of clergy and laity both, and in many parts of the Union, and my settled belief in consequence is, that the true ministers of the Gospel, in spite of supposed characteristical faults and defects, and prejudices, are, as a class, decidedly among the very best and noblest of men.

We discovered that Mr. Parsons, like most *located* and *permanent* pastors of a wooden country, received almost literally nothing for ecclesiastical services. Nay, Mrs. Parsons incidentally remarked to Mrs. C. that for seven entire years she had never seen together ten dollars either in notes or silver! Hence, although suspecting he would refuse, and fearing that the offer might even distress him, I could not but sincerely wish Mr. P. would accept pay for our entertainment: and the offer was at last made in the least awkward way possible. But in vain was every argument employed by me, that decorum would allow, to induce his acceptance—he utterly refused, only saying:—"My dear young friend, pay it to some preacher of the Gospel, and in the same way and spirit the present service is rendered to you." And here, in justice to ourselves, we must be permitted to record that we did most gladly, and on many more occasions than one, repay our debt to Mr. Parsons in the way enjoined.

Formerly it was indeed rare, that any one in the Far West, however poor, ferryman or tavern keeper, would ask or take if offered, a cent for his services from any man known as a preacher. True, the immunity existed in a few places under a belief that preachers ought not to expect or receive the smallest salary; and sometimes a preacher was actually questioned on that point, and treated according to his answer: but still in the primitive times, especially of the New Purchase, the vast majority of woodsmen would have indignantly scouted the thought of demanding pay from a preacher, and that whether he received a *small* stipend for his services, or as was the common case, nothing. Once a clerical friend of the author's travelled nearly one thousand miles in woods and prairies, and brought back in his *inexpressibles*-pocket, the identical *pecunia* carried with him for expenses—viz., Fifty Cents! That, on leaving home, he had supposed, would be enough;—it proved too much!

During my Western sojourn, I was powerfully impressed with the importance and necessity of forming a new Society; nor has the notion been abandoned since leaving that country. I have been indeed always deterred from making the attempt, from its internal difficulty, from its entire novelty, and a deep settled conviction of its great unpopularity. Indeed, I fear the thing is wholly impracticable in an age when all kinds of public instruction is gratuitous—and it is deemed enough to be honoured with a hearing in public, and to hear the criticisms of audiences that all know all things, and even something to boot, as well and maybe a little better than the literati themselves. But so much would my scheme, if adopted, do to alleviate the great distresses, anxieties and privations of many very worthy clergymen, that I will venture to give a hint of the plan, even though I may be deemed a visionary. The Society I propose is to bear this title:—

"The-make-congregations-PAY-what-they-voluntarily-PROMISE-Society." For which I shall only now name one reason—viz., that most clergymen *do* perform all they ever promise—and often a very great deal more. If the Society is now ever formed by others, I must here once for all, however, positively decline the honour of being one of the travelling agents—I can stand some storms, but not all.

Certain wits sneer here, and reversing the Indian's remark, say "poor preach—poor pay;" and please themselves with drawing contrasts between the Western and the Eastern styles of preaching. But take away libraries from our preachers, take away the sympathy and the *applause;* make such work, not with small and incompetent stipends as is the case pretty generally here—in the civilized States—but with *no* salary whatever; make them work, chop wood, plough, ride day after day, and night after night in dim, perilous, endless wilds; bid them preach in the open air or between two cabins, or in an open barn, or even bar-room, without notes or preparation, and all this weary, sick, jaded; smoke and suffocate them in a cold, cheerless day, with a fire not *within* but *without* the house, to which the congregation repair during the sermon in committees both for heat and gossip—do all this and we shall hear no more of the contrast. And yet within those grand old woods you shall often hear bursts of eloquence—stirring appeals—strains of lofty poetry—ay, the thunderings of resistless speech, that would move and entrance, through all their length and breadth, the cushioned seats of our bedizzened churches! True, as a whole, even such discourses may not do to print. What then? Is a sermon the best adapted to be spoken, *always* the best to be printed? Does not the patent steam press squeeze the very life and soul out of most sermons? Granted that the *notes* of a preacher may be printed as the *notes* of a musician—still that preacher himself must be present to make his notes speak forth the latent sense—and if he find not the sense and spirit there he expected—to put them there at the impulse of the moment. The very Reverend Lord Bishop Baltimore—

"Mr. Carlton!—we are impatient to continue the search for Glenville."

Oh! yes—true—true!—advance we then to a new chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

"Cum subitò é sylvis, macie confecta suprema
Ignoti nova forma viri, miserandaque cultu,
Respicimus: dira illuvies, immissaque barba,
Consertum tegmen spinis."

——What strange form of unknown Hoosier
In most shocking bad hat rises sudden!
His never-name-ems torn, disfigur'd! Him—
Self hid, in part, 'hind hedge of matted beard
Fall'n a good way down on robes, with sharp thorns
Pinn'd, 'stead of buttons, or of hooks and eyes!

ON the morning of the fourth day, about ten o'clock, A. M., we emerged from the forest upon a clearing one mile in length, and a half a mile in breadth: and nearly in its centre stood Woodville, the capital of the NEW PURCHASE—a village just hewed and hacked out of the woods, fresh, rough, and green. And this identical town, reader, is, we are informed, about twenty miles from Glenville—save in the contraction of the roads in dry seasons, when the distance is variously estimated at from sixteen to nineteen miles. And as we have a letter of introduction to Dr. Sylvan of the capital, and shall remain here an hour, it seems the very time to describe Woodville, in and about which, as the centre of our orbit, we moved for nearly eight years.

Woodville was now almost three years old; large, however, for its age, and dirty as a neglected urchin of the same years, and rough as a motherless cub. It was the destined seat of a University: hence when Mind whose remarkable tramp was now *being*—(hem!)—heard, halted here in its march some years after, in the shape of sundry learned and great men, we were all righted up, licked into shape, and clarified. But to day, never were strange animals so stared at, walked around and remarked upon near at hand by the brave, and peeped at by the modest and timid from chinks and openings, as were we, tame and civilized bipeds, Mr. and Mrs. C., by our fellow creatures of Woodville. Why, we could not then conjecture—unless because Mr. C. wore a coat and was shaved—or because Mrs. C. had on no cap, and a cap there was worn by all wives old and young—a sign in fact of the conjugal relation—and so it was "suspicioned" if Mrs. C. was not my wife, she ought to be. N. B. The caps most in vogue then were made of dark, coarse, knotted twine, like a cabbage net—and were worn expressly as the wives themselves said—"to save slicking up every day, and to hide dirt!"

But here comes Dr. Sylvan, and we must introduce him. First, however, be it understood that Woodville even then, had two classes, the superior and the inferior; the former *shaved* once a week, the latter once in *two* weeks, or thereabouts. At our first meeting, which was accidental, I was at a loss where to class my friend; and had we not already acquired some art in decyphering character by studying the countenance and the mien, and not by looking at the dress, or rather the want of it, we should have fallen into a great mistake about this true Christian and gentleman.

Shoes he wore, it is true—but one a coarse cow-hide laced boot, the other a calf-skin Jefferson, or some other presidential name. And this latter was well blacked, though not shiney; but the cow-hide had been two stiff, stubborn, and greasy, to receive its portion. Above the Jefferson was a stockingless ancle—presumptive, and even *à fortiori* evidence that the ancle in the boot was in a natural condition. Coat he wore none; but he had on a Kentucky-jean vest, open to its lowest button, and allowing the display of a reddish-yellow flannel shirt bosom, his arms being encased in sleeves of thick cotton something, and all unembroidered. As a rare extravagance, and which placed him in the aristocratic class of democrats, the Doctor *wore*, not *carried*, a pocket-handkerchief; and he wore it circumambient—the cotton bandana going over one shoulder, and under the opposite arm, and then both ends met and were tied just above the *os femoris*. This luxury, however, was used only as "a sweat rag," and not as "a nose-cloth,"—delicate names applied appropriately to a handkerchief, as it was employed to wipe off perspiration or to blow the nose. As to the Doctor's nose, it was, in its necessities, most cruelly pinched and twisted between his finger and thumb; and these were then wiped on the rag just mentioned—on the plan of the man that topped the candle with his fingers, and deposited the burnt wick in the snuffers. The operation was certainly performed with great skill, yet it seemed unnatural at the time; and it was not till we had seen the governor himself in a stump speech, and the judge on the bench, perform the same instinctively and involuntarily, that we came to regard the affair as natural, and to conclude that, after all, handkerchiefs were nothing more than civil conveniences.

Such was the leaden casket—the outer man; but reader, within was a rare jewel. With a little fixing, this gentleman would easily have adorned and delighted the best company in the best places. He was a brave soldier, an able statesman, and a skilful physician; and if not learned, he was extensively and even profoundly read in his favourite studies, medicine and politics. His person, disfigured even by his dress, was uncommonly fine, his countenance prepossessing, and his conversation easy, pleasant, and instructive. In the legislative assemblies he was highly respected, and often his influence there was unbounded; and happily that influence was usually well directed. The Doctor, in short, would have graced the hall at Washington. As a husband and a father, no man was ever more affectionate; and as a physician, none more kind, tender, and anxious—indeed he not only prescribed for a patient, but as far as possible, nursed him. It was strange, however, that so brave a man in the field, should have been occasionally cowed in the presence of political foes—but so it was; and this was the only blemish in a man otherwise so good, noble, and generous.

Other citizens may be introduced hereafter; at present we shall speak of Woodville itself. This was, as has been stated, the capital of the New Purchase—the name of a tract of land very lately bought from the Indians, or the Abor'rejines, as the Ohio statesman had just then named them, in his celebrated speech in the legislature:—"Yes, Mr. Speaker, yes, sir," said he, "I'd a powerful sight sooner go into retiracy among the red, wild, Abor'rejines of our wooden country, nor consent to that bill." The territory lay between the north and south Shining rivers—called sometimes the Shinings, sometimes the Shineys, from the purity of the waters and the brightness of the sands—and it contained fine land, well timbered and rolling. The white population was very sparse, and mainly very poor persons, very illiterate, and very prejudiced, with all the virtues and vices belonging to woodsmen. Among them were few, indeed scarcely any, persons born east of the mountains; and our community was a pure Western one—men of the remote West being by far the majority of the settlers.

As a tribe, the Indians had themselves "gone into retiracy," away beyond the great father of waters; yet many lingered in their favourite hunting-grounds and around the graves of warriors and chieftains; and we often met them in the lonely parts of the wilderness, seemingly dejected; and now and then they came gliding like sad spectres into Woodville. The town itself stood on the site of their own wigwam village. Here they spent hour after hour, with unerring arrows splitting apples and knocking off sixpences some fifty or eighty yards distant; and once when taunted for want of skill, on assurance of immunity, they gratified and surprised us by sending two arrows against the ball of the court-house steeple, full seventy feet high, and with force enough to leave two holes in its gilt sides—and these the Doctor writes me, remain to this day.

The grand building *then* was this very court-house. Its order of architecture I never ascertained—it was, however, most certainly a *pile*. The material was brick of a fever-colour; the building being kept under and down by the steeple just named, which topped off with its gilded ball and spire, straddled the roof, determined to keep the ascendancy. The vane was an uncommonly wise one, utterly refusing, like earthly weathercocks and demagogues, to turn about by *every* wind; and yet when in the humour it whirled about just as it pleased, and without any wind—emblem of our hunters and woodsmen, who seemed to like the vane for its very inconsistency and independence. From the road or street a double door opened immediately into the court-room. This was paved all over with brick, to cool the bare feet in summer, and in winter to bear the incessant stamping of feet shod with bull-skin boots armed to the centre of the sole with enormous heels, and with the sole and all fortified with rows of shingle nails:—four such feet were equal to one rough-shod horse. The *pave* was, of course, dust sometimes, sometimes mortar. Each side the door and within the room were stairs. These were deflected from a perpendicular just enough to rest at the top, like a ladder to a new building in a city; so that we climbed, ladder-like, to our second story, where several rooms were found well finished and convenient for their uses—the sole excellency in the structure.

West from this citadel of justice was the guardian of liberty—the jail; the close vicinity of the two reminding one forcibly of a doctor's shop adjoining a grave yard. This keep, in its construction, was in imitation of a conjuror's series of box within box; for first was an exterior brick house, and then within it another house of hewed logs. No wall, however, surrounded the prison; hence, from its only cell prisoners used, through a little grated window open to the public square, to converse unrestrained with their friends or *attorneys*. The consequence uniformly was a very magical trick, the exact reverse of what happened with the wizard boxes: for while the piece of silver conjured from your fingers would most miraculously be found in the very last of the indwelling series, the condemned thief or murderer safely caged in our interior cell, at the very moment the officers wished him to come and be hung, or some such exaltation, lo! and behold! then and there—the criminal was *not!* And at every renewal of this curious trick, which was two or three times a year, we were as much amazed as ever!

Getting out was still a little troublesome, more so at least than not getting in; and so a rowdy school-master of the Purchase, against whom were charges of assault and battery, used this preventive. He had given bail for his appearance, but the day before the trial the following was inserted in our Woodville paper—the "Great Western Republican Democrat:"—

"Melancholy.—The body corporate of Mr. Patrick Erin, school-master of Harman's Bottom, was found lodged in some brush below the log across Shelmire's Creek. It is known he left town yesterday in a state of intoxicated inebriety, and with a jug of the *critter*, so that as he tried to cross in the great fresh he slipped off and was *drowned*."

Accounts, indictments, charges, and so on, were all quashed —and then the day after, Mr. Patrick Erin that was lately drowned, or somebody exactly like him, was reeling about the court-yard, pretty well corned, to the amazement of us all, judge, grand jury, and citizens. The scamp had written the "Melancholy" for the paper himself—and for that time escaped all prosecutions.

Churches at the era of the Searching, if by a church be meant according to certain syllogisms in school logic, "a building of stone," did not grace our capital. But if by church we understand "a congregation," then churches were about as plenty as private houses. We numbered five hundred citizens, and these all belonged to some one or more of our Ten Religious Sects—hence almost every house-keeper had a "meeting" of his own and in his own dwelling. I fear we were in all things too superstitious, and that some of us worshipped an unknown God. Indeed most that was done at many of our meetings, was to revile others and glorify ourselves. Judge, however, reader, of the nature of our fanaticism by an instance or two that occurred when I resided afterwards in Woodville. I had a neighbour who conducted *private* prayer, not by entering his closet and shutting the door, but by opening his doors and windows, and praying so awfully loud, that we could distinctly hear and see him too, from our house distant from his a full half-furlong! But again, some extra saints, wishing to worship on a high place, used to resort to the top of the court-house steeple! A peculiar grumble repeatedly heard thence several evenings in succession, after sunset, induced several profane persons to clamber up to ascertain the cause—and there, sure enough, were the steeple saints away up towards heaven, at their devotions!—pity they ever came down to earth again—they fell away from grace afterwards, and died, I fear, and made no sign!

Household churches are sometimes very unfavourable to devotion and elocution, especially if children belong to the establishment. If such, indeed, are of the class mammilla, they *may* be nursed into order: but no apples, cookies, maple-sugar, little tin cups and hardware mugs of milk or spring water, can keep quiescent those that are independent of the milky way. True, they are at last captured, after eluding a dozen hands, and laughing at nods, frowns, and twisted faces, and are then hurried off, kicking away at the air and knocking off a sun-bonnet or two near the door-way—but then the "screamer!"—and this followed by the clamour between the belligerents outside—*she* administering a *slapping* dose of the wise man's prescription, and *it* exclaiming, indignant and outrageous at the medicine!

In one house where we often went to meeting, the owner, annoyed in the week by customers leaving an inner door open, had posted up within the room and on that door the following, and in large letters:

"If you *please*, shut the door, and if you *don't* please—shut it any how!"

The preacher did not seem greatly disturbed at the first glance—but alas!—*my* weak thoughts wandered away to the apostolic churches somewhere, and fancied the surprise of clergy and laity, if by any modern miracle, this ingenious caution had, late on Saturday night, taken the place of certain golden inscriptions!

The universal address on entering a house, after a premonitory rap or kick at the door, was—"Well! who keeps house?" It was a kind of visiting appogiatura to smooth the abruptness of ingress. Once in a domestic meeting, we were listening devoutly to the preacher, when a neighbour came, for the first time indeed, but by express invitation, to *our* meeting; and after tying his horse, putting the stirrups over the saddle and pulling down his tow-linen trowsers, he advanced to the house and startled both minister and people by administering a smart prefatory rap to the door cheek, and drawling out in a slow, but very loud tone, the usual formula—"W-e-ll—who—keeps—house?"—when he squeezed in among us and took a seat as innocent as a babe. Query for casuists—Is it *always* sinful to laugh in meeting?

One more, dear reader, from our string of onions, and we suspend at present the ecclesiastical history. A hostess who had a church in her house, found her dinner often delayed by the length of the services, and therefore insisted that a friend of mine, who was the preacher, should shorten the exercises; which occasioned the following colloquy:

"Sister Nancy, we must not starve our souls."

"Well, I allow we'll starve our bodies then!"

"By no means, sister, is that necessary—"

"Well—how in creation is a body to have dinner if a body aint time to cook it?"

"Why, sister, as soon as you hear *amen* to the sermon—*clap* on the pot!"

Sister Nancy ever after obeyed; and so the pork, cabbage, and all that constitute a regular Sunday mess, were bubbling away in the prophet's pot about the time the final hymns, prayers, exhortations, and other appendices to the regular worship were ended:—a beautiful verification of the remark, that "some things can be *done* as well as others," and, as may be added, at the very same time too.

As to our private edifices, the description of one will aid an ordinary imagination to picture the rest. And we select Dr. Sylvan's; he being of the magnates, and his house being builded by special order.

This domicile was of burnt clay, rough as a nutmeg grater, and of no decided brick shape or colour—each apparently having been patted into form, and freckled in the drying. It was a story and a fraction high, and fastened at one end to a wing containing the shop. Here was kept "the doctor-stuff;" and also the skeleton of Red Fire, an Indian chief, about whom the reader may expect a story in due time. Here too were the doctor's rifle and all his hunter-apparel: for, once or twice a year, our "Medicine" put on his leather breeches, his leggins, his moccasins, his hunting shirt, his fur cap, and with that long and ponderous rifle on his shoulder, shot-pouch and powder-horn at his hip, and tomahawk and knife in the belt, off went he to the uninhabited wilds. There he continued alone for days and even weeks—killing deer, and turkeys, and bears, etc., and camping out; stoutly and conscientiously maintaining all was for the good of his health, while it supplied him at a small expense with fresh meat. My heart always warmed towards this genuine and noble woodsman thus apparelled! Oh! the measureless gulf between this *Man* and the *Thing* with curled hair, kid gloves, and anointed head!—the curious, bipedalic civet-cat of the East. I plead guilty, reader, to a spirit of Nimrod and Ramrodism—ay! again could I at times, shutting my eyes to the bitter past; again could I exchange my now solitary native land for the cabin and the woods! Alas! the doctor's age would now forbid our occasional hunts together—and Ned Stanley and Domore ——

"Go on with the doctor's house, Mr. Carlton."

Well, on the first floor were two rooms, and connected with a Lilliputian half-story kitchen forming an L, as near as possible. Between house proper and kitchen was the dining-room, a magnificent hall eight feet *wide* by six feet *long*, with a door on each side opening into—vacancy; threats to put steps to the doors made two or three times a year with great spirit, being never executed. Indeed, at last, Mrs. Sylvan herself declared to Mr. Carlton, that "there was no use in steps, any way, as the children were mighty spry, and the grown folks had got used to it." And to tell the truth, the little bodies did climb up and down like lamp-lighters; and I certainly never heard of more than half a dozen accidents to grown folks, owing to those stepless doors all the while of our sojourn in the Purchase. Nor was the space for eating any inconvenience in a country where families rarely all sat at the same time to the table, but came to their feed in squads.

The two rooms named contained each several beds, couches by night, and settees by day. Indeed, even when the doctor's lady—an accident that occurred maybe once in two years—was confined by a slight illness to her bed in the day-time, citizens of all sexes on visits of friendship or business, might be seen very gravely and decorously seated on the side and foot of madame's bedstead, knitting or talking——

"Oh! fie!"

Ladies, it was unavoidable; and not more surprising than when French ladies admit exquisites of the worthier gender to aid at their toilette. How much of the person may be exposed in stage dancing and French toilettes, we have never been well-bred enough to ascertain; but in Mrs. Sylvan's levee nothing, we do know, could be discerned, save the tip of the nose and the frill of the cap.

From the rooms, doors apiece opened into the street; and as these were very rarely ever shut, summer or winter, the whole house may be said to have been out of doors. In fact, as the chimneys were awfully given to smoking, it was usually as comfortless within the rooms as without. But in each of the small rooms a large space was cut off in one corner for a staircase; each stairway leading to separate dormitories in the fractional story—the dormitories being kept apart, as well as could be done, by laths and plaster. Often wondering at this dissocial wall up-stairs, I once inquired of Mrs. Sylvan what it was for, who answered,

"Oh! sir, I had it done *on* purpose——"

"On purpose!—it wasn't accidental, then?"

"Law, bless you, no!—it was to keep the *boys and girls apart.*"

Now where, pray, had modesty in the far east ever built for her two staircases and a plastered wall, and to the discomfort of a whole family? Yet, vain care! The boys had perforated the partition with peep-holes; but these were kept plugged by the girls on their side with tow, so that their own consent was necessary to the use of said apertures. Still I was told the syringes from the shop were often used on both sides the wall, to give illustrations and lessons in hydraulics, little perhaps to edification, but very much to the fun of both squirters and squirted: proof that even among hoosiers and other wild men, "love laughs at locksmiths."

South of Woodville—distance according to the weather—and in the very edge of the forest, were at this time, two unfinished brick buildings, destined for the use of the future University. As we passed to-day in our vehicle, the smaller house was crammed with somebody's hay and flax; while the larger was pouring forth a flock of sheep—a very curious form for a college to issue its parchments—which innoxious graduates paused a moment to stare, possibly at a future trustee, and then away they bounded, a torrent of wild wool, to the shelter of the woods.

The larger edifice was called Big College———But—

But—hark!—the rattle of our carriage! We must then hastily wind up with saying, that east of Woodville was a wilderness, and uninhabited for forty miles; south, cabins were sprinkled, on an average, one to the league; south-west, the same; but north and north-west, settlements and clearings were more abundant.

CHAPTER XII.

"Horresco referens, immensis orbibus angues!"
Horrible! A snake!

Our driver finding the roads worse than his expectation, now, contrary to the solemn league and covenant between us, refused to proceed another step towards Glenville without additional pay. While the controversy was tending upward in pitch and intensity—for a very liberal price had been already paid—Dr. Sylvan said,

"Come, driver, don't leave the strangers this way. I consider the price Mr. Carlton has already paid you to be very fair, and that you are bound to go on with him to Glenville—but here—action to word—here I'll pay you a dollar, rather than this lady should not see her mother to-night." Of course Mr. C. never allowed that dollar to be paid—yet such was the generous spirit of the man!

* * * * * *

The day was pleasant; and on the dry ridges, being free from great perils, we began to enjoy the wildness of the primitive world. And what grander than the column-like trees ascending, many twenty, many thirty, and some even forty feet, with scarce a branch to destroy the symmetry! Unable, from their number, to send out lateral branches, they had all grown straight up, hastening, as in a race, each to out-top its neighbour, till their high heads afforded a shelter to squirrels, far beyond the sprinkling of a shot-gun, and almost beyond the reach of the rifle! The timber in the Purchase was only trunk and top! Yet where a hurricane had passed, and, by destroying a part, allowed room for the others to grow, there plainly could be seen how such could "toss *giant* branches"—branches in amplitude and strength greater than the trunks, or rather slim bodies of puny trees in modern groves and parks!

But here comes our *first* snake story. In answer to some query about snakes, our landlord at Woodville had replied that "there was a smart sprinkle of rattlesnake on Red Run, and that it was a powerful nice day to sun themselves." We were now drawing near to the dragon district, and began to experience that vibratory sensation belonging to snake terror, when lo! a crackling and rustling of leaves and sticks on our left—and there, sure enough, was a living snake! It was not, indeed, a rattlesnake, but a very fierce, large, and partly erect, black one, with a skin as shiney as if just polished with patent blacking, a mouth wide open, and an astonishingly active tongue! Several feet of head and neck were visible, but how many of body and tail were concealed can never be told except by Algebra; for when with curiosity still stronger than fear, the driver and myself got out for a nearer inspection, not only did her ladyship *increase* her vengeful hissing but she was joined in that unpleasant music by some half dozen concealed performers; and then our new and yet *long* acquaintance, instead of vanishing, as had been supposed on our nearer approach, darted head foremost at us, and believe me reader, in the true western style, like "greased lightning." Had a boa made that attack, our retreat could not have been more abrupt and speedy—we pitched and tumbled into our wagon—and on looking round, our queen snake was leisurely retiring, attended by more of her subjects than we even dared to shake a stick at.

Every noise now by bird or squirrel seemed serpentish; and every perfume of wild flower or blossom was like cucumbers, the odor of which resembles the fragrance of a rattlesnake; and every crooked dark stick in the leaves or twisting vines was a formidable reptile. At length, however, we had exhausted our snake stories, conquered our apprehensions, and, gliding into other topics, had reached a point in the forest where was to be sought the path leading off to Glenville.

Reader, do not, when we speak of roads and paths, figure a lane between fences; such trammel on the liberty of travellers, and the freedom of cattle would be intolerable. No: a road authorised by law is achieved by levelling the trees between given points, and thus making an avenue in the woods from twenty to thirty feet wide; the small stumps being often removed, but all *a size* larger left, only dressed down so as to permit wagons to pass over without striking the axle—if they can. This delicate performance of wagons is called—*straddling*, and is done by rough ones without fear. Other vehicles utterly refuse to straddle. As to saplings, such are cut off by one or more oblique blows, some six or eight inches from the ground; the remaining stumps, thus conveniently sharpened, threaten to impale whoever may be pitched on to them from horse or carriage.

On one side usually, some times on both, of large stumps was a hole from one to two feet deep. Where the stumps followed in a serrated series, the wheels, but only of straddling wagons, performed the most exhilarating see-saw, and with the most astonishing alternations of plunge, creak, and splash, till the uproar of a single team would fill a circle completely of half a mile radius! Indeed, nothing so enlivened the wilderness! When vehicles refused to straddle, driving became a work of the most laborious skill in the perpetual winding among holes and stumps that was then necessary; or when that was *too* perilous, it became a matter of taste and fancy to choose among the dozen extemporaneous roads inviting from the right and left. Hercules himself would have been puzzled to select sometimes, where all offered equal inducements, or equal hindrances. These auxiliary ways have themselves other helps, and these other subsidiaries, so that a person not a woodsman, after an agreeable ride of some hours discovers often that a very long lane has no *turn*, but a very unexpected *end*, and leads exactly—*no where*.

We, of course, were chock full of instructions, and with all our windings and turnings still kept our eye steadily on the—*blazes*. The blaze is a longitudinal cut on trees at convenient intervals, made by cutting off the bark with an axe or hatchet: three blazes in a perpendicular line on the same tree indicating a legislative road, the single blaze, a settlement or neighbourhood road.

Well, to come back, we began to look through the legal blazes to espy a corner tree, cut and notched in a peculiar way; at which turning off, we should discover a single blaze leading to Glenville—when—could it be possible!—up that very tree was coiling an enormous and frightful serpent!—

> "Obstupui! steteruntque comæ! et vox faucibus hæsit!"
>
> "We were dumb-found! Our hair stiffened to a poker! We were amazingly chop-fallen!

—in spite of which all of us *spoke* out, and Mrs. Carlton really *screamed!* Of course we halted; and it being seen that cutting across was prevented by a ravine, it was at last concluded that Mr. C. be a committee to reconnoitre, while the others should remain in the dearborne—a retreat from snakes equal to covering up in bed or shutting one's eyes! Accordingly, on went capital *I* with a slow and cautious step, an eye to the rear as well as to the fore, and flourishing in my hands a very long pole to intimidate his snakeship before it came to blows, or running away on one or both sides—but the scaly rascal budged neither head nor tail, and yet seemed to swell larger and larger, as we—I and the pole—advanced—till strange!—now his very form was changing yet remaining—when all at once inspired with a seeming phrenzy, I threw away my pole and dashing headlong on the serpent I seized him by the tail—

"Oh!—Mr. Carlton!—Oh!"

Precisely as my own wife cried out at first; but as I maintained the hold and the enormous reptile still remained *inflexibly* bent around the tree, on came at last our friends, wagon and all; and soon all capable of laughing, were joined in the merriment on finding our frightful enemy subsiding into the mere form of a snake very ingeniously wrought with a hatchet into the corner tree and blackened with charcoal! That indeed was "notching in a peculiar way," as Dr. Sylvan had said; and true enough as he said also, "we should be sure enough to see it."

The Glenville road was a mere path marked by a single blaze, which we very pertinaciously followed although it *lighted* us along a very circuitous route. In theory, the shortest line between two points is the straight line; it is not so in practice out there; at least, it is not prudent to be so mathematically correct in the *neighbourhood* paths of a New Purchase. More than once especially when going by the moss and the sun, and even with experienced woodsmen, the mathematical travelling has occasioned our being lost for hours, sometimes for days. Hence our backwood's axiom—"the longest is the shortest."

Notice here, a neighbourhood road does not imply necessarily much proximity of neighbours. Such road leads sometimes not to a settlement *in actû*—under the axe—but to a settlement *in posse*—among the *possums*—a speculator's settlement. But even along an inhabited path, "*neighbour*" in the Purchase was to be interpreted scripturally; and I rejoice to say, comprised the Samaritans. Indeed, *out there*, we were very kind to neighbours—whenever we could *find one another*.

And now we reached the two story log house at the entrance of the bottom of "Big Shiney," and where was to be encountered "the most powerful *slashy* land." That the said slashy land was the real stuff, may be inferred from the fact, that it occupied us from half-past three, P. M., until seven o'clock precisely in the evening to do three miles.

The river was still swollen and turbulent from recent rains, and although within its banks, it had barely retired from its overflowings. And now a glorious sunset was there, far away in the grand solitudes, where century after century the god of day had gone down while his last beams were pouring the rich mellow haze of evening over the distant homes of the East! Gay birds were warbling farewell songs with distinct and thrilling articulation, while some darting from bank to bank seemed rays of sunlight winged and glancing over the waters—such was their plumage. And squirrels, without fear, raced and sported on hoary and patriarchal trees so inclined towards the river, that from opposite banks they united their umbrageous tops in green and flowery arches above its bosom! It did seem as if for once we had surprised nature's self in her wild, unpruned, rich, varied, luxurious negligence; and were beholding the sun, not coming from his chamber a strong man rejoicing to run a race, but a glorious bridegroom retiring to the bridal chamber of his spouse!

On the far bank was a small wigwam hut, and below in the water was tied a clumsy scow; but who was to ferry us over was not instantly apparent, our shoutings simple and compound being answered only by Echo, senior and junior. At last rose, in answer, the voice of an invisible wood-nymph; and that was followed shortly by the appearance among the bushes of the hamadryad in the shape of an athletic woman with a red head; who girding up her loins—*anglicè*, pinning up her petticoat—stepped barefooted and bareheaded into the boat, her little boy at the moment casting loose the grape vine rope—its fastening. She then poled, or "set up stream" about one hundred yards, and afterwards, by a large oar on a pivot at one end of the scow, she kept the boat nearly at right angles with the banks until the current brought the ferrywoman as diagonally correct to where we stood, as if all had been in a fashionable school on a black board.

Alas! all this was nearly as unromantic as mathematics themselves; for our heroine was not at all like the lady of the lake or any other lady made to paddle a skiff in poetry or painting. She worked a scow to admiration, better truly than the most poetic creature could have done—but then an ugly, shapeless, clumsy scow! and a hearty, red-headed woman in bare legs and Elssler bloomers!—what had such to do with the sunset and the birds? Poetry, therefore, being sufficiently cooled down, we embarked; and while the good hearted, and honest woman insisted she needed no aid, both Mr. C. and the driver helped to navigate her boat. It seemed, then, our ferrywoman had never heard *our* shouts! "We had not," she said, "larn'd to holler;" and that having accidentally caught sight of our wagon, she "know'd we wanted *over* and so had hollored naterally." And the way *she* could lift up the voice made crag, and cliff, and forest, far and wide speak! And we ourselves finally learned to sing out "O-o-o-ver!" till the rebellowing of the woods brought the ferry person to the scow, even if at work in the clearing hundreds of yards behind his cabin.

But happy we! the ferrywoman could tell us all about the Glenville settlement! and then, unhappy we!—in her directions, which were sufficiently ample, she, like many other instructors, took for granted that we knew well the elements and data, of which we were profoundly ignorant:—said she, "Well, I allow you can't scarcely miss the path to the tan house—little Jim here's bin thare many a time—and 'cos the nabers go thare all round the settlemints. Howsoėver keep rite strate along the bottim till you come to the bio—then sort a turn to the left, but not quite—'cos the path goes to the rite like—but you can't cross thare now—well, strate on is Sam Little's clercin, till you come to the Ingin grave—and after that the path's a sort a blind—but then it ain't more nor a mile to ole man Sturgisses, and he lives rite fornence the tan house over the run."

Of course, reader, the above and most other directions and speeches in this book like the above, are the filtered condensation of our own translation: the full vernacular you could not understand and perhaps might not relish. But interrogation only rendered our labyrinthical direction more implicated; and so, not wishing to seem less sagacious than little Jim, off we splashed for the bayou; and here we succeeded so well in "a sort-er turn to the left but not quite," that we soon lost sight of all roads, paths and blazes; and then, hearing the sound of an axe still more to the left, travelled that direction by ear, through a wondrous wilderness of spice-wood, papaw, and twenty unknown bushes, briers, and weeds, till we *fell* suddenly into a clearing, supposed to be our neighbour's, Sam Little's.

Happily it proved to be Squire Brushwood's. For Sam Little's, it seems, was nothing save a clearing destitute of any cabin; while Brushwood's was adorned with a double cabin and all sorts of out-houses: and but for the lucky loss of our blaze, we should here be recording a night in the woods, to us then as deplorable as the prophet's lodging, thus poetically done, by some *learned* man:

"Jonah was * * * * * * * *
Without fire or candle!
And nothing had he all the time
But cold fish—*hem*—to handle."

Whereas, now we were comfortably shedded and had more corn-bread and bacon than we could devour. And instead of being alone, our wife had, in addition to us and the driver, a guard in her bed-room, or rather around her very bed, a guard of four other men—the squire, the squire's two sons, and a journeyman chopper, whose axe had invited and guided us to the clearing; and women and girls too numerous to mention—so that Mrs. Carlton never felt the least lonesome the livelong night.

How getting to bed was managed could not be told, as Mrs. C. made an extemporary screen by hanging something—" what" —oh! a utility on a rope or grape vine stretched near our quarters: only no one went out to see about the weather, and from first to last a very animated talk went on in voices of opposite genders, and even amid the creaking of ricketty bedsteads and after the dying of the fire light. Great adroitness is acquired by women-bodies, especially in going to repose amidst company. For instance, once we were at Major Billy Westland's, in Woodville, in company with several male magnates, when the major's lady withdrew from our circle at the fire, as for some domestic duty; but on my accidentally looking around, three minutes after, lo! there was a nightcap peering above the "kiver-lid," and Mrs. Major Billy Westland's head in it!

Men-folks oversleeping themselves often find, on opening their eyes, the girls fixing the table for breakfast; and then they contrive to put on their indispensables under *cover* and in bed. Hence, on one memorable occasion, when we were at a wedding, our groom having overslept the early morn, made this *covert* arrangement with his inexpressibles, and then most courageously thrust out among us his invested limbs. But woful ingenuity!—just then was entering at the opposite door, our groom's brother, a gawkey young gentleman, with a green gosling countenance, who seeing the pantalooned limbs protruded, suddenly exclaimed in utter amazement:—

"Hey! if our Jess didn't sleep in his ———!"

* * * * * *

All asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FINDING.

"Ilionea petit dextra lævâque ——"
"A shaking with both hands ——"

Receiving very *straight* directions for a very *crooked* path, we set out for Home! The path was rarely travelled by wheels and was indeed unblazed; and hence we proceeded partly by instinct and partly by trace of ruts seen usually by the eye, but often felt after by the feet—one of us walking before the dearborne, while the other drove. This path I had always great difficulty in finding. And once the whole Glenville community nearly, having to deviate from its direction on account of high waters, were actually lost in the *bottom* for three long hours! To imprint the affair more deeply we met, too, an accident at that time. For endeavouring to drive along a slippery and very steep inclination, away suddenly pitched horse and wagon, and away also Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, and one young lady, and two little babies, all in an indescribable and mixed succession of somersets, down into the ravine; and yet, strange to tell! no one was hurt, nothing important broken, although when about half way to the bottom of the hill, the vehicle was caught by sapling and bush—the wagon there sticking, wheels uppermost, and the horse on his back with the whole four legs turning their shod hoofs in thin air instead of thick earth! What it was, in such a false position, I cannot tell; but so did the two dumb things look, so patient, so resigned, appealing so touchingly with out-stretched limbs for help, that it was long before laughter would permit Mr. Glenville and myself to restore wheels and legs to the order of nature. And when restored to a proper standing in society, never surely did horse and wagon move with more unanimity!—never did a horse before so snort, so toss his head, so shake mane and tail, till by practising all parts of his body he was convinced it was only a very curious dream, just passed, and he was truly himself again! Consequently after that I preferred the better path through the bottom by Sam Little's clearing and the Indian Grave. But on the present morning of the Finding, Brushwood had directed us "the short cut" to Glenville Settlement.

The reader will of course conjecture what happened to novices—we lost our way. And by turning aside for logs unstraddleable, brush impenetrable, briars intolerable, and for holes we cared not to fathom, we made the short path considerably longer than the long one, till all at once on clambering up a steep hill, farther progress was *barred* by a lofty and tortuous fence, *worming* around a clearing! At the unwonted noise of cracking brush and bush in this quarter, soon, however, came forth from a good log-house in the centre, an almost gigantic yet venerable old gentleman, who, to our great surprise, said he was—the Mr. Sturgis—i. e. "ole-man Sturgis—fornence" the tannery in the very suburbs of Glenville!

After helping to extricate and get our carriage in front of his settlement, the old man advised, that, instead of now going away round by a very obscure path, we had better proceed right down the hill in the direction of the tan-house: especially as to drive down the hill would, after all, be not much worse, than the way up the hill just come.

Accordingly we prepared to alight in Glenville: not indeed by flying, but by slipping and sliding down on them from our sylvan summit. And this was accomplished as follows:—our historian and his lady advanced *in pedibus*—Latin is more ancient than French—or more vulgarly, on foot, and some yards before the wagon; then the author judiciously presented one side towards the bottom of the declivity, and the other towards its top; and then the author's wife did dittos; after which her lower hand in his upper, the happy couple commenced the glide in that picturesque attitude and series of linked cadences, he with his dextral and unimpeded hand retarding the velocity, when becoming perilous, by seizing, at suitable intervals, bushes and saplings, until, without accident, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton had almost alighted on the border of a delightful and pellucid little creek. While above, the driver, on foot, and holding his horse, and his wagon, with plane inclined, were tearing and crashing, and thundering down—the man partly on his knees, and the horse in a sitting posture, like a pet dog at dinner time, till all seemed like an avalanche of horses and wagons from the clouds—or, at least, in western parlance, "a right smart sprinkle" of the articles. The unwonted uproar and shouts, and voices and merriment, had announced that some wonder was raining down on the settlement—and hence, they rushed from the tannery to see what was descending—and lo! we, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, now ended our descent by gliding into the open arms of uncle John Seymour and his nephew, John Glenville!

* * * * * *

——Did you ever go away off, when travelling was the work of months—away off, a thousand miles, in search of the nearest and dearest kindred—and then, unexpectedly, on a bright and fragrant May morning, find those dear ones in the dark depths of an almost impervious wilderness? Then did, at that moment, thoughts of the past—happiness—homes—comforts—ay! of a thousand nameless past things rush like a torrent to your heart—then you know how we—met and rejoiced—and wept! How we crossed the creek I never knew—all were shaking hands right and left—some asking questions—some answering—some sobbing—and how could one see with eyes full of tears? But still I do believe we were both *hugged* over!

——But see! all Glenville is coming—and the daughter is once more upon the bosom of her mother!—yet the voice of weeping are not tears of lamentation—they are tears of joy!

* * * * * *

That morning thanksgiving prayers went up to heaven from three households united, and hymns of praise resounded amid the wilds: for these families were Christian—and wherever, in their many wanderings, they halted as pilgrims for a day or a year, there rose the domestic altars.

God is everywhere!

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST YEAR.

> "——locus est et pluribus umbris."
> "——a shady place for several friends."

WELL! this is Glenville. Has any body accompanied our fortunes thus far?—that body may as well see us also "out of the woods." A sojourn for a few years amid the privations and hardships of the New Purchase will fit you better for a home in the East—in case, we mean, you stay not so long as to be forgotten by the time you go back. And even then—after the first bitter feelings of natural sorrow, of surprise, and perhaps of chagrin—believe me, such a force and independence will have been added to the character, so much self-reliance gendered, as to furnish an almost perpetual and complete substitute in your own resources. One perhaps, after a sojourn of the proper kind in the New Purchase, is rather in danger of too great a contempt for the things of the old: at all events, one, whose spirit is not naturally bad, is very much inclined to feel and say, with the good humour of Bernadotte, when he finds on his return, that the world "does not care a fig" for him, "well, tell the world, I do not care a fig for it."

The man that has *practised* doing with little, is really superior to the man of large fortune, and of many wants. Can *he* be vexed for want of grand houses, fine furniture, sumptuous food, gay equipage, costly apparel, and the like, who, if he despises not such matters, is soberly and philosophically indifferent to them? He has really so schooled himself amid rough huts, rude furniture, coarse food, and homespun clothes, as, in his very heart, to prefer them, with their freedom and independence, to the wearisome and silly, and endless anxiety and toil of living for mere show.

Come, then, I will introduce our "*settlement.*" And first, this term is applied to a place where one or more families, having bought lands at the government price from Uncle Samuel, have actually *located* on it; and, not to a place bought merely for speculation, or merely trespassed upon by any of that nondescript and original race—the squatters. Indeed, to these a settlement is so odious, that they either pay for land and turn into settlers, or, they become indignant at the legal invasion of their domain, and hastily—absquatulate; that is—they go and *squat* in another place. And such is the effect of *settlements* often *in here*—the old Purchase—the civilized part of the Continent—up north, down east, and so on, where well looking and fine dressed gentlemen become so offended at the impertinence of neighbours, that they too absquatulate.

A settlement usually takes its name from the person that first "enters upon the land," i. e., buys a tract at the land office. Often it takes the name from the family first actually settling, or owning the largest number of acres; and very frequently from the person that establishes a ferry, a smithery, a mill, a tannery, and, above all, a store. Hence, whilst our brother-in-law was no patriarch in looks or age, owned no boundless territory, and was, in stature, "the least in his father's house," yet because he tanned hides—for shoes we mean—and intended soon to sell tape by the yard, and buy pork by the cwt.—we were The Glenville Settlement. And this colony had, within its territories, as many as three human habitations; two occupied by actual settlers, and one by a very special sort of a squatter—the Leatherstocking of our tribe.

On an eminence between the others—and, provided you knew how "to holler," within hearing of both, but owing to intervening trees, not within sight—stood the primitive and patriarchal cabin—the capitol. South-west, distant a quarter of a mile was the cabin of the Reverend Mr. Hilsbury, lately married to one of Mrs. Carlton's sisters; and directly south of the episcopal residence, was the tannery, to which John Glenville, of Glenville, owed the honour of giving his name to the colony. Due east from the capitol about a furlong, was the squateree of Uncle Tommy Seymour, our Leatherstocking. So much of his long life had passed in the wild woods, and among the Indians, that he had thoroughly imbibed their feelings and their sentiments, and had adopted some of their habits; and, therefore, he had not only acquired an utter distaste, but even a sovereign contempt for most usages and trammels of civilization. And Uncle Tommy was also a preacher—hence Glenville was two-thirds sacred and only one secular!

Around, were a few other settlements, Sturgis'—Hackberry's—Undergrowth's—Brushwood's, and some more; all distant from us and one another—some one mile, some ten. The unentered and unsettled tracts between, were our commons, called the Range—used for hunting, swine-feeding, and the like. The Range had, however, inhabitants innumerable:—viz., deer, wolves, foxes—blue, gray, and black—squirrels ditto, ground-swine—vulgarly called ground hogs—and wild turkeys, wild ducks, wild cats, and all the wild what-y'-callums:—opossums too, up, down, in, and under gum-trees:—snakes, with and without rattles, of all colours, from copper to green and black, and of all sizes, from ever so little to ever so big. Add—"the neighbours' hogs,"—so wild and fierce, that when pork-time arrives, they must be hunted and shot, like other independent beasts. Especially is this the case if mast—nuts and acorns—is abundant; when swiney becomes wholly savage, and loses all reverence for corn-cribs and swill-tubs. Gentle reader, our semi-wild boar is a fellow something different in look, and rather worse to encounter, when saucy or angry, than the vile mud-hole wallower of the Atlantic! If one would understand the wild-boar hunts of Cyrus, or the feudal barons—go, get acquainted with the semi-wild fellow of the Purchase. The Range is perambulated by cattle horned and unhorned; by cows, belled and un-belled; and by horses, some with yokes and some without:—but notice, yokes are not to prevent jumping *out* of inclosures, but, *into* them. In the Range are also wonderful colts with cunning saucy faces, shaggy manes done up with burrs, and with great long tails, so tangled that Penelope herself could never disentangle—creatures almost uncatchable, and if caught nearly untameable.

Nearly south of Glenville was the grand town—our Woodville. And nearly west, some eight or nine miles and a piece, *was* Spiceburg—at least in dry times; for the town being on the bottom of Shining River, was, in hard rains, commonly under water, so that a conscientious man dared not then to affirm without a proviso, where Spiceburg was precisely. North-east from us, some fifty long lonesome miles, was the capital of the State—Timberopolis; the seat of the legislature and of mortality. But death in later times there domineered less. Whether the legislature reformed and refrained from uncommon mischief is not so easy to say. Parties are to this hour, I am informed, themselves, divided on that subject—the opposite partisans, however, exactly agreeing in this:—viz., that the *Ins* are a set of ignorant, selfish, truckling, snivelling humbuggers, while the *Outs* are the men to save the state—*mutatis mutandis*:—i. e., *Ins* turned out, *Outs* let in.

In different directions, from Glenville were also Mapville, Mapbourgh and Maptown; in all which the difficulty in seeing the towns was not owing to the houses, but the trees. A woodsman could, indeed, sometimes find a single house—the whole village: but as the citizens were absent hoeing corn or the like, except one or more bare-legged babies fastened in the luckey hunter, save for the name of being in town, might as well be in the country. A traveller would now and then stumble into a village of thirty or forty *habitations* but without an inhabitant—the cabins standing empty and cold, like snail-abandoned shells! For, know, that *genuine* agues out there are often so powerful and merciless as to shake, not only individuals out of their skins, but whole communities out of their towns! In this latter case, folks swarm out, and resettle where the legislature appoints new hives, passing, however, a stringent law that the "*ague shall shake them out no more.*"

This, then, is Glenville, its suburbs, its environs, its neighbourhoods, its ranges—all on that grand scale belonging to Nature in the Far West, where we have grand woods, grand prairies, grand caves, grand rivers, grand bears, grand swine—grand everything! except, maybe, grand *rascals;* in which we doubtless excel in here.

Let us next enter the patriarchal cabin. Here we become acquainted with Uncle John Seymour and his two sisters, widows—Mrs. Glenville and Aunt Kitty Littleton. Here are also encabined John Glenville and Miss Emily Glenville, the youngest of the family. Here too is a young woman for help—in fact "the gal;" and here are to abide Mr. and Mrs. Carlton—

"All in one cabin, Mr. Carlton?"

All in one cabin, Mr. Large. But a family you know is the most compressible and yet the most expansive of bodies. Yes! here we two and a half families endured the compression and lost no breath; and even seemed to have a few spare inches of room! And yet many years after, in a different part of the world, did Mr. Carlton's own single family expand and spread, and without any violent effort whatever, through a mansion containing fourteen apartments, with cellars, and garrets, and kitchens and all—and still fret for the want of room!

"But what led to the formation of your colony, Mr. Carlton? —what induced gentlemen and ladies of your education and endowments to settle in so remote an obscurity?"

Thank you, sir—the reasons alluded to in the commencement of this history operated in our case as in the cases of a thousand others; but it was mere accident that turned our folks to their location in the New Purchase.

The Seymours at the close of the last war with Great Britain resided in Philadelphia. Like others they risked their capital during the war in manufactories; and like others, when peace was proclaimed, the Seymours were ruined. John Seymour—familiarly known among us as Uncle John—on his arrival from the South, where, during a residence of many years he had acquired a handsome fortune, found his sisters Mrs. Glenville and Mrs. Littleton, in great distress, their husbands being recently dead; and having not long before his return buried his wife—who however had borne him no children—he immediately took under his protection the two widowed ladies, his sisters, together with the four children of Mrs. Glenville. Fearing his means were not sufficient to sustain the burden providentially cast upon him, at least in the way that was desirable, he resolved to remove to Kentucky. Accordingly, the new organized family all removed to the West; with the exception of Miss Eliza Glenville, who was left to complete her education with the excellent and justly celebrated Mr. Jaudon. With this amiable and interesting creature—the young lady—Mr. Carlton, who somehow or other always had a taste for sweet and beautiful faces, became acquainted—

"Oh! Mr. Carlton!—*do* tell all about this—"

Not now, young ladies, something must be reserved for future works. But after the usual courtships, lovers' quarrels, scenes and walks in the garden—Pratt's—versifications, notes on gilt-edged, flame-coloured paper, ornamented with cooing doves and little fat dumpling cupids—in short, after the most approved meltings, misgivings, misapprehensions and so forth, came the customary *Miss*-taking—and with the consent of friends, east and west, we were married.

It had been part of the arrangement that Mr. and Mrs. Carlton should join the family in Kentucky, and that we should establish there a Boarding School for Young Ladies; but now came a letter from John Glenville, that uncle John unfortunate, not in selling a very valuable property at a fair price, but in receiving that price in worthless notes of Kentucky banks—which, like most banks every twenty or thirty years, had failed—had with his remaining funds, as his only resort, bought a tract of government lands in the New Purchase; and, that, if I could join him, with a few hundred dollars, in a little tanning, store-keeping, and *honest* speculation, we might gain, if not riches, at least independence. He added that maybe something could be done in the school line.

Sorry so good a man as Uncle John—and the world boasted none nobler—should be the victim of fraud, yet strange! I found mingled with the feeling of distress a secret joy that so plausible an inducement existed for a life in the genuine, far away, almost unfindable backwoods! Less poetic indeed than her husband, yet Mrs. C. earnestly wished to see her relatives; and so off we started, in Chapter Second, and here we are waking up a little from a curious dream, in Chapter Fourteenth. Some folks dream all the way through to the very last chapter!

Here we found our new relative the Rev. James Hillsbury, who had married Sarah Glenville in Kentucky, and was now a missionary in the Purchase, to look up "a few sheep scattered in the wilderness." And to our great amazement here we found too, Uncle Leatherstocking; for about him Glenville in his letter had been silent, willing us to be, as all had been, taken by surprise; because the family on removing to their new world had found the old gentleman comfortably squatted in a little nook of their territories, when he was supposed all the time to be yet among the Indians on Lake Michigan!

At the time of our arrival Uncle John was barely recovered from a very serious hurt received in the early settlement of the colony. In order to prepare a cabin he left the family in Kentucky and went to the Purchase alone; it being arranged that the family under the care of John Glenville should join him as soon as information came that things were ready. But one day Mr. Seymour, being with his guide in the woods, and in the act of mounting a restive horse, the animal, scared by the sudden leap of a deer, plunged and knocked down Mr. Seymour, causing the fracture of one arm and several ribs. For six dreadful weeks he there lay, under a shantee of poles and bark actually built over him as he lay unable to be moved. Some neighbours set the bones and dressed the wounds, according to Mr. Seymour's directions, and then leaving the sufferer alone most of the day, as was unavoidable, they brought his victuals at irregular intervals, and slept near him by turns at night. On one occasion, however, our wounded friend would have received a very disagreeable visitor, but for the fortunate arrival at the moment of a neighbour woman with his dinner—who exclaimed,

"Grammins! neighbour Seymour, if there ain't a powerful nasty varmint coming to see you!"

The nature of the visitor was soon revealed to Uncle John; for, alarmed at the approach of the woman, the "nasty varmint" close to the patient's head but behind his camp, raising his terrific head, made at the same time the whole woods tremulously vocal with that rattle so peculiar and so startling. But scarcely had Uncle John time for an alarm before the fearless woman had stopped the music; and then dragging his dying snakeship in front of the camp, she first measured his length, more than five and a half feet, and secondly pulled off what she called "a right smart chance of rattles" and gave them to Mr. Seymour. And this memento of his escape, Uncle John one day as he narrated the affair, handed over to me to hang to the sounding post of my fiddle—such being the western secret of converting common violins into cremonas. I tried the experiment of course; but not being willing to take out a patent, I now offer the said rattles to any ingenious Yankee, who wishes to try the thing, for a box of clarified rosin!—the rattles count sixteen and a button; just sixteen semi, and part of a demisemiquaver to every shake!

As soon as Mr. Seymour could be carried, he was conveyed to Mr. Sturgis' house, and then he wrote for his family; who hastening on through many inconveniences and perils, all arrived in safety and found Uncle John just able to walk without assistance. But as to the cabin it was unchinked, undaubed, and without its stack chimney; yet into that deplorable hovel all were forced to remove and complete it at their leisure!—folks that knew all about three-story brick houses in Philadelphia! and who had ridden in their own carriages, in the settlements of the Old Purchase! and promenaded Chestnut-street, some of them haughtily, and proudly, and delicately!

Ye that have paid twenty thousand dollars for a dwelling, what do you think of a dwelling that cost twenty thousand mills?—for that our cabin cost—and experienced woodmen said that was too much—that Uncle John had been cheated—and that our cabin could have all been finished off for ten dollars from the laying of the first stick to the topping of the chimney!!

Our cabin was a cabin of the Rough Order; for reader, the orders of cabin architecture are various like those of the Greek; for instance—the *Scotched Order*. In this, logs are hacked longitudinally and a slice taken from one side, the primitive bark being left on the other sides. The scotching, however, is usually done for pastime by the boys and young women, while the men are cutting or hauling other timbers. The *Hewed Order*—in which logs, like the stones for Solomon's Temple, are dressed on purpose. The *Stickout Corner Order*—the logs left to project at the corners; and the reverse of this, the *Cut-off-Corner Order*. I might name too, the *Doubtful* or *Double Order*. In this, two cabins are built together, but until the addition of chimneys, it is doubtful whether the structure is for men or brutes; and also the *Composite Order*—i. e., loggeries with stone or brick chimneys.

But our abode was, from necessity, of the *Rough Order*—its logs being wholly unhewed and unscotched—its corners projecting and hung with horse-collars, gears, rough towels, dish-cleaners and calabashes! It had, moreover, a rude puncheon floor, a clapboard roof, and a clapboard door; while for window a log in the erection had been skipped, and through this longitudinal aperture came light and—also wind, it being occasionally shut at first with a blanket, afterwards with a clapboard shutter. Neither nail nor spike held any part of the cabin together; and even the door was hung not with iron, but with broad hinges of tough bacon-skin. These, however, our two dogs—of whom more hereafter—soon smelled and finally gnawed clean off; when we pinned on thick half-tanned leather, which swagging till the door dragged on the earth, we at last manufactured wooden hinges; and these remained till the dissolution of our colony. The entire structure was, in theory;

twenty feet square, as measured by an axe-handle. But the handle must have shrunk in seasoning; because our carpets stretched inside, as will be described in the next Chapter, made the gross length only nineteen feet two inches, and the neat length inside, an average of about seventeen feet one inch. As our arrival caused a new arrangement of the interior cabin, we shall start on this subject afresh in ——

CHAPTER XV.

"——Qui miscuit utile dulci."
"——Which mixes soap and sugar."

Thrifty housewives in cutting little boys' roundabouts and trowsers always contrive out of a scant pattern of pepper and salt stuff, to leave enough for patches; but for the Glenvillians it remained to subdivide two hundred and eighty-nine square feet of internal cabin into all the apartments of a commodious mansion. Hence ours became the model cabin in the Purchase.

And first, the puncheoned area was separated into two grand parts, by an honest Scotch carpet hung over a stout pole that ran across with ends rested on the opposite wall plates.

Secondly, the larger space was subdivided by other carpets and buffalo robes into chambers, each containing one bed and twelve nominal inches to fix and unfix in; while trunks, boxes and the like plunder were stationed under the bed. Articles intended by nature to be hung—frocks, hats, coats, etc.—were pendent from hooks and pegs of wood inserted into the wall. To move or turn round in such a chamber without mischief done or got was difficult; and yet we came at last to the skill of a conjuror that can dance blindfolded among eggs—we could in the day without light and at night in double darkness, get along, and without displacing, knocking down, kicking over, or tearing——*generally*.

The chambers were, one for Uncle John and his nephew; one for the widow ladies and Miss Emily, who, being the pet, nestled at night in a trundle bed, partly under the large one; and one *very* small room for the help, separated from the Mistress' chamber by pendulous petticoats. Our apprentices slept in an out-house. These chambers were all south of the grand hall of eighteen inches wide between the suites. On the north, was first *our* room and next it the stranger's—a room into which at a pinch were several times packed three bodies of divinity or clerical dignitaries. Beyond the hospitality chamber was the toilette room, fitted with glasses, combs, hair-brushes, etc., and after our arrival, furnished with the first glass window in all that part of the Purchase. The window was of domestic manufacture; being one fixed sash containing four panes, each eight by ten's, by whose light in warm weather we could not only fix but also read in retirement.

Thirdly, the smaller space, east of the Scotch wall, was subdivided, but like zones and tropics, with mere imaginary lines. Front of the fire-place was the parlour. Into it were ushered visitors; mainly, however, to prevent curiosity or awkwardness from meddling with the corners and their uses.

The right-hand corner was the ladies' *private* sitting room. It was fitted with clapboard shelves; and on these were arranged work-bags, boxes, baskets, paint-boxes, machinery for sewing, knitting, etc. The left side corner was the library; or as usually styled—Carlton's study.

Our *artificial* rooms were indeed connected with some anomalies: for instance, under the parlour, was the Potato Hole! And that held about twenty bushels. The descent into this spacious vault was accomplished by raising a puncheon, and vaulting down on the vegetables; the ascent, by resting the hands on the edges of the parlour floor, and weighing the body up. Again, Carlton's study had in it a species of dresser-closet, invented and constructed by the author himself. It was constructed of clap-boards dressed with a hatchet: and held books in several languages, writings, plates, knives, fiddle, pepper-box, flute, mustard-box, and box of rosin, and so on; while some modest and light cooking utensils were lodged in the basement story shelves. To conceal the structure was hung over as much of its front as could be covered, an invalid table cloth, very white and very patched.

The kitchen proper had, about ten yards from the mansion house, a whole cabin to itself. Here were all the vulgar pots, kettles, frying-pans, homminy-block, and the like; here the common cooking, the washing and ironing, and weaving, and—oh! ever so many—common and uncommon things besides. Pickling, preserving, cake-baking, clear-starching, sugar-refining, ruffle-ironing, candy-making, and all such polite affairs were commonly honoured with attention in the parlour.

Like most grandee people brought low, and "flitting" to the West, our plunder was, like the Vicar's Family Picture, too large for the house. We had also no small quantum of envy and jealousy-exciting articles, "the like of which had never been seen growing among corn," at least in the Purchase—and such, policy required should be hid. Many things, therefore, were left packed and deposited in lofts and outhouses. Still some impolitic articles were unpacked, being, however, kept concealed behind the curtain—like sacred mysteries from the eyes and hands of the profane. But an accident, soon after our arrival, delivered the colony from part of these.

A large, antique, and elegantly japanned waiter had been nicely balanced on a shelf in the toilette chamber; and on this grand affair were tastefully set numerous anti-tee-total glasses, jelly glasses, remains of a gilded French china tea set, and ever so many *reliquiæ Danaum**—all regarded, I fear, with half repressed elation, as shining remembrancers of departed glory and greatness. Anyhow, more than once on my sudden appearance behind the woolly rampart, there was Mrs. C., and even Aunt Kitty herself, a handling, and a dusting, and a refixing the relics, as devout as if all had been saints' bones—often with smiles of complacency—but sometimes with *tears!* And, after all, perhaps, that was not so very unreasonable:—friends far away now—yes, some no more on earth—dear friends had once surrounded that very waiter—sipped tea from those very cups—and in the fashion of bygone days, had drunk healths from those glasses. Reader! may be *you* have shed secret tears yourself over such things? We think of friends then, do we not? Mournful shadows of the past are in the vision! But the Genius of the Woods was incensed: and mark the consequences.

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* Danish relics.

One day Mrs. Seymour entered the parlour with a cake of sugar-tree sugar in her hands, and nearly as large and heavy as she could conveniently carry. After our unanimous admiration of its size, and breaking off lumps to taste, the dear old lady disappeared to deposit the saccharine treasure on the great store-shelf constructed immediately over the waiter of idols. Now oak pins *are* very strong, tough and tenacious, and of most Job-like endurance—but the creatures will not *bear* every thing; hence the two enormous pins under the store-shelf had repeatedly sighed forth remonstrances, as extra pound after pound of hard soap, sugar, tallow, and jugs of vinegar and molasses, and what nots, were cruelly and inconsiderately added to the already almost insupportable weight. But to-day, when that hugeous lump of sugar was suddenly added to the grievance, the indignant pins would stick to it no longer: in a moment—without one premonitory creak—off they both snapped simultaneously—and down came the soap and sugar, and tallow—down came the store tea and the true coffee-coffee, and the rye-coffee, and the ocra, and the spices in brown paper bags, and the pepper, red and black in exiled tea cups! Ah! yes! alas! alas! and down came that japanned waiter and its gilded cups, and conical glasses for wine, and bell-mouthed ones for ices and jellies! and, moreover, down went the dear old lady of the crimped cap, all rolling, heaped, mixed higgledee-piggledee, into one bushel and a peck of yellow corn meal reposing in a wash-tub, and thirty-one and a half pounds of wheat flour in a half-bushel measure, below! So much can a big lump of unclarified backwoods sugar do! Ah! had it been double rectified loaf, in blue paper, of a conical form, and neatly bound with hard twisted twines, dividing off circles and parabolas! But a lump of uncivilized sweetness just turned out of a pot!—shame!

Mrs. Seymour, however, was soon extricated amid the almost endless oh's—ah's—who-could-have-thought-it's—and similar exclamations, queries, reproaches and extenuations, pertaining to accidents created by ourselves: and happily she had sustained no injury whatever, although the outer woman was considerably well sugared, well mealed, well vinegared, and not a little soaped! But the glory of the brittle ware shone only in pieces—multiplied but not increased! Not an idol escaped, save a little punch goblet belonging to the Carlton ancestory, and at the time considerably more than a century old! and whether the sagacity of age was the cause or not, this ancient relic contrived to roll by itself into an untouched part of the meal-tub, where, after the pell-mell ended, it was discovered, whole and sound. If any one is incredulous we will show him when he calls, the venerable article yet preserved in cotton!

About the time of this accident, the venerable old pier glass, suspended opposite the only door of the cabin. was threatened with a very great danger. A neighbour having ended a morning call, that, according to the etiquette of the Purchase, had lasted from a short time after breakfast till past noon, rose to depart with the farewell formula "Well, I allow I must be a sort a-goin'." Then off he started with great activity in the direction of the door *visible*. In other words, mistaking the open door reflected in the glass for the true door, he began kicking his heavy shod feet towards the mirror; but as he ducked his head to clear the lintel of the scant door, he naturally encountered a rough looking personage butting against himself from the apparent door—when round he wheeled, confused, but just in time, to avoid stepping into the very bosom of the old reflector!

Such risk was too great for the glass to encounter again, and so it was carefully re-packed and put away till we removed some years after to Woodville; where, as it could be placed so as to imitate neither door nor window, it was brought again into the light and permitted to renew its reflections. Alas, then, however, a dear face that had been familiar to the old mirror for nearly three-fourths of a century, was seen pictured there *no more!* Young and joyous, and pleasant faces, have often since peeped from its bosom; but never one so mild, so resigned, so radiant even on earth with beams from the heavenly world, as that venerable and venerated countenance, gazing now and without a medium upon the resplendent and ravishing scenes!

Pulvis et umbra sumus.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Quadrupedante putrem quatit ungula campum."
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"—A
Four-legged, horn-hoofed, sod-shaking, galloping, live horse.

J. Glenville and myself, not being able to complete certain arrangements immediately, my first summer and autumn were spent in learning two arts, the one tending to the preservation of hides, the other, to the destruction of hides:—grinding bark, and rifle-shooting. The present chapter is devoted to the former, the subsequent, to the latter art.

Our bark-house was of the Grecian architecture in its infancy, being almost wholly upright poles as columns, on which *reposed*, when the grinding ceased, the calm moonlight horizontals, kept from falling off by the crotches of the perpendiculars. On the horizontals were laid other poles, and on these the roof, the latter being with due regard made of bark. Under this shelter was our store of bark; mostly oak and chestnut, with here and there a pile of beech; and here, at one end, was our—ay! what shall it be called? Say, tanners and curriers, and all ye other hide dressers? Shall we say our bark-masher—or breaker—or mill—or pounder—or tritterer? However, I will describe, and you name.

First, was a hexagonal beam. This stood up *nearly* perpendicular, its iron pivots at each end being inserted into iron sockets fastened above and below; and by means of these pivots the beam could, when required, circulate with entire freedom. Next, into this hexagonal, was fixed at right angles an hexagonal axis, yet free to move at the end inserted; while its other end, passing first the theoretical centre of a wheel—the axis there being wedged in theory immoveable—it continued beyond the lateral surface of said wheel far enough to admit fixtures for *Old Dick*—a quadruped presently to be introduced, not fashionably and formally by the tip of a hat and the tip of a finger, but in detail, i. e., from head to tail.

But the wheel!—ah! had we that wheel and dear Old Dick in here to grind bark as a show! It came nearer perpetual motion, that is, when Dick was harnessed, and I had the rake in my hand, nearer than any thing I have ever known since Redheifer's. The article was composed of eight large white-oak blocks; the four interior ones being parallelogramic, the four circumferential being plano-convex; and all bound by long wooden pins driven from the circumference, and by enormous clamps on the lateral surfaces. In this state of *e pluribus unum*, the affair was as near a circle as is the earth to a sphere; and when art so closely resembles nature wheelwrights should be satisfied. But when motion began, the sections and segments not moving unanimously, circles were evolved whose circumferences did not obey the definition, in preserving equal distances from the centre—nor did the centre stick exactly to its own point. Especially were these irregularities visible, if Old Dick became fidgetty, or "suspicioned" I was going to rake him—when he would jerk the whole concern with so sudden a vengeance, as not only to displace the central wedges intended to confine the axis in the wheel, but to threaten the dissolution of the whole bark house.

The wheel—by courtesy—was fourteen inches thick; and its circumference was pierced with many holes by an inch-and-quarter auger to the depth of eight inches in towards the centre; and these holes were armed with strong pegs or wooden teeth, driven to the entire depth, and left projecting from the circumference about four inches each:—the whole thus forming as tremendous and effective an engine of torture as the *best* inquisitors could desire for the extension of the Church. Indeed, if any saint, after his Holliness shall have converted our pagan countries, wish with young Doctor Oxford to break ungodly heretics, either *on* or *under* the wheel, for offences against the *State*, ours would be the very dandy. But let not Mr. Dominick think Old Dick could have been either persuaded or goaded to pull the wheel over human beings: hardly could he be frightened or coaxed to pull it over lifeless bark! No! no! godly people must work the wheel themselves; unless they prefer a treadmill, or employ steam.

Lastly, the floor. This had the perpendicular, hexagonal rotary shaft first described, as its centre, or thereabouts; whence extended imaginary radii, some five, others nearly six feet, rendering it doubtful if three times the diameter was precisely equal to the circumference. Still the circumference being bounded by a border rising above the floor an average of ten inches, the contents of the area could easily be known by the wheelbarrow loads of ground bark carried thence to the vats—near enough at least for a popular lecture before some institute of *practical* science.

Another *last* word, however, seems necessary, about our floor. It was of puncheons. Not, my friend, the puncheons of brandy stores, distilleries, or other alcoholic abodes, but back-wood puncheons. And these are a species of Robinson Crusoe board, being planks from three to ten feet long, and from two to five inches thick; and wide as the size of the trees whence they are severally hewed by the means of axe and adze. On such gigantic flooring do primitive Buckeyes, Hoosiers and the like tread and sleep, after the departure of the *red* aboriginals.

But come, Dick, my nonpareil of "hoss beasts," trot up, for thy history and portrait.

When this remarkable quadruped was foaled is uncertain. No satisfaction on this point could be gained even from his own mouth: not that Dick *would* utter a deliberate falsehood—that was impossible—but still the answers he gave by his mouth, to different experienced jockeys, made some say he was sixteen, and others twenty-six years old!—I have known some even insist he must be at least thirty! and some even forty! I incline to the opinion, however, that, like certain human bachelors, Dick was of no particular age.

It is agreed by all that he *was* foaled, however; and in Pennsylvania, among the mountains about the Bear Gap. Here he was brought up to the wagoning business, having served his apprenticeship with the famous teamster, Mr. Conestoga Dutchy. Acting in his tender years as wheel-horse, he was so constantly squeezed between the wagon pushing him forward from his tail, and his master pulling him backward from his head, that his longitudinal growth was very greatly impeded; and it could be said, not that Dick was longer than any other brief horse, but only not quite so short. Happily, what was wanting to the fellow's longitude was added to his latitude; and after all, he had as much weight of character as longer horses, and, like a French bullet, more too in a lump. On emergencies, although Dick was educated as a wheel-horse, he could act in the lead, and well understood the difference between the line jerked and the line pulled—indeed, better, I must confess, than Mr. Carlton himself, who often managed the line wrong, to the great jeopardy of his load; only Dick, out of generosity, would usually go the way the driver meant, but for which in ignorance, he had given the improper signal.

At the earnest recommendation of their mutual friends, Dick was bought as a family horse by Uncle John, when in Northumberland. Accordingly the fellow, after performing wonders on the journey from Philadelphia to the West, in *hawing* and *geeing*, and in pulling right dead ahead up one side a mountain and holding back down the other; and after having ploughed, and harrowed, and thrashed, etc., in Kentucky, came at last with the family to the Purchase; where, at our arrival, he was cherished as no unimportant member of the Glenville community.

Here he hauled logs for cabins and fires, and bark for the tannery, went to mill both with and without the cart, and sometimes to meeting and sometimes to Woodville. In going to mill without the cart he usually carried one man and two bags:

bag No. 1, full of wheat, bag No. 2, full of corn; and this was always the case in freshets, for Dick forded creeks like a sea-horse; although the things on his back might keep dry if they could, his back being under water. As to being floated away—phoo!—preposterous!—Dick could stay a creek like a dam! He could grind bark too and carry raw hides and hides tanned, having no fears about his own! That was almost like the hide of a rhinoceros, and would have resisted every process to transmute it into leather, patent or unpatent—and we used both.

But nothing so endeared Dick to his friends as his mental and moral qualities. He was for these worthy of the fairy age; and had he lived in the days of Beauty and the Beast, I do think he would have talked right out as well as the best of the brutes belonging to the era. He was, among other matters, the only horse that had a relish for practical jokes. Let any one leave a nice flitch of fat bacon in the sun till the pot was ready, under the notion too, that greasing a horse's teeth will stop his eating oats, the rascal was sure to smell out and devour it! Let the girl set out a swill for Sukey, and turn away a few moments—you might catch sight of the tip of Dick's ear as he peeped from behind the smoke house till the coast was clear; and the next instant he would be gobbling the mess, lifting his black-brown head to grin at the stupid cow, and with a keen twinkling eye watching the return of the girl. And when the help came in a whirlwind of wrath not indeed *on* but *with* a broomstick—bah! how he would heel it, snorting and showing his teeth, equivalent with him to saying—"catch a duck asleep!" Or when Dick was regaling on his own allowance of corn on the ear, in the front of the inclined cart, and swiney ran grunting up for a chance grain or so dropped on the ground, our wag would on a sudden, with his teeth, seize the unschooled creature just back of the shoulders, and then lifting him up, shake him so as to fill all Glenville with the squealings of terror or pain; making it evident to all untutored beasts that Dick himself had lived when the schoolmaster was abroad.

He was kind to men; but to women he was specially kind. For fun, he would carry males double and even treble; but females might be packed from stem to stern and the kind soul would trot away with an evident care. True, he would now and then turn his quizzical head with a make-believe snap at the dangling feet, but it was manifest all was sham from his peculiar grin—his way of laughing—when any not acquainted with the trick would scream or jump down. When thus used for sport, no saddle or bridle was needed; the passengers on the forecastle holding by the mane, those on the poop, by the helm, and those amidships sittin, à la squaw, with ancles on both sides. The steering was, however, done at the prow by boxing his ears and then he turned at right angles with the slap. If fun was to be made—indicated to him by a peculiarity in the slapping—he turned so suddenly as to occasion the rise, the fall, and the flourish of—hem! And indeed this was the grand recreation and sport in the whole affair! and a ride on old Dick was one of the inducements to the young ladies from the neighbourhoods to visit Glenville! —

Oh! ay! you may suspend all this on your nose: but, believe me, in no way is the fear of the in-heres before the eyes of the out-theres; secondly, folks *will* play; and thirdly, remember "*de gustibus non*"—i. e., "some love hog and homminy."

But I must not make too large a picture; so with the mention of Dick's *idiosyncracy*—for since the birth of Phrenology that disease is quite fashionable—we shall for the present suffer him to trot away. Like other celebrated persons he had his antipathies: he never could bear the sight of a dead owl! and, unless blindfolded, would never carry on his back the carcass of a dead deer! And this, after carrying barn-hill fowls a dozen at a time tied by the legs and dangling against his sides! and tanned and raw hides innumerable! Hence his enemies may suppose it was all affectation—but it was no such thing—it was real and uncontrollable idiosyncracy—it was his individuality.

Such then was our barkery, our bark, and our bark grinder—and, such was old Dick. But all in motion! Can one without a black board and diagrams exhibit the cycloids of that uncircular roundity—the wheel! Can we without brass bands and bad players make audible the skreaking of the ungreased pivots?—the curious moaning and growling of the axis?—and the dreadful cracking and crashing of the bark under the miniature Juggernaut? And who has skill to catch and fix on paper, or canvas, the look and manner of that more than half reasoning horse—after resting the full hour I had been in chase of a playful squirrel—starting off at the crack of the rifle, and trying to prove by his manner that *he had been going all the time!*

If any one is Hogarth enough when he undertakes this work with "picters to match," let him not fail to illustrate

Old Dick and the Bark Mill.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Omne tulit punctum."
"Centre every time."

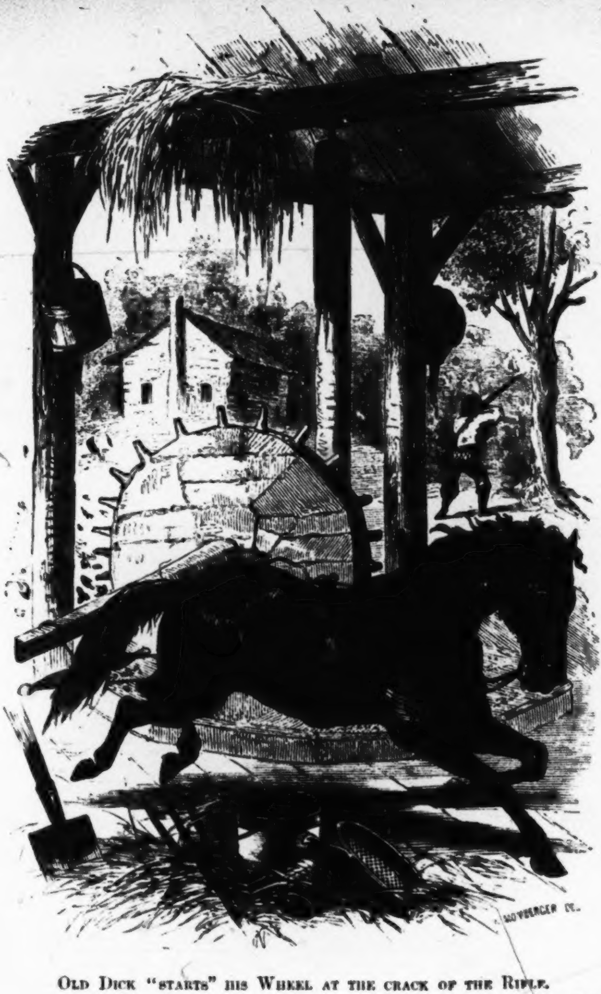
Reader, were you ever *fired* with the love of rifle shooting? If so, the confidence now reposed in your honour will not be abused, when told my love for that noble art is unabated: nay, let me whisper in your ear—

"What yet?"

Yes—in the corner of my bed chamber a genuine New Purchase rifle! And all the forest equipments,—otter skin bullet pouch with a tail gracefully pendent—a scalping knife in a sheath adorned with porcupine quills—a savage little hatchet—a powder horn, and its loader of deer-horn, tied on with a deer sinew and holding enough to prime a shot gun—a mould running three hundred and twenty-five to the pound—wipers—an iron hook to tote squirrels—and some hundred and fifty patches all strung and fastened to the leather strap of the pouch—ay! and a pair of moccasins and pair of green leggins, and—

"Do you ever yet go a gunning?"

Gunning!—alas! is that degrading appellation to be applied



Old Dick "starts" his Wheel at the crack of the Rifle.

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to hunting!—but how should *they* know? Yes, I do steal off sometimes and try to fancy myself in the woods. But what are these *scrawney* little trees fenced in to prevent cattle from eating them down? Where is a squirrel, or a racoon, or a fox, or a turkey to hide? And where can one lose himself and camp out? No grand and centurial trees here reaching up to heaven and sending roots to the centre of the earth! No hollow caverns in enormous trunks, where wolves and bears may lurk! No vast sheltering expanse of tops where panthers and wild cats may find security! How vain to think of crawling through a thicket of undergrowth to the leeside of a deer, stepping with moccasined foot—stirring no leaves—cracking no twig—shaking no bushes—till one can get within the magical distance, a hundred yards. Nothing, nothing here, to excite dread, call forth skill, reward toil, and show the independence of the hunter.

True, I make-believe, like little girls, playing baby-house; I say to my myself, "Now, Carlton, 'spose that old log away off there was a bear?—or that tame turkey a wild one—or that cream-coloured calf a deer—or that sharp-eared dog a wolf?" And instinctively I catch myself with my side that way, drawing a bead with one eye into the hind sight and fixing the other on the may-be game, and then, click goes the trigger. Fortunate, the rifle is not cocked. Indeed, these rehearsals are always without a load; if not, farewell to the integrity of the little knot in the old log—and to the gambols of calf and dog—good night to the eyes of farm turkeys and dunghill roosters!

In vain do flocks of black-birds and robins, and tom-tits rise!—they might perch on my shoulders: for who but a wretched dandy and shot-gun driveller, with a double-barrelled gun, a whole pound of powder! and four pounds! of shot! will fire at a flock, killing two and wounding twenty? To be sure a curious stranger will sometimes meet us and politely request to see "a rifle *discharged!*" and with an incredulous smile wonder if a man can really hit a solitary single bird with so "*minute*" a ball! And then we cannot but show off, and so we begin with amazing condescension:

"Sir! do you see that little blue bird?"

"Oh! yes! that tiny creature on the next tree."

"Tut, no!—that to your right, on the post."

"What! that away there? too far, sir, too far."

"Too far!—forty-five yards in a straight line!!"

Reader, we hit in any direction; but a horizontal or a little below is our preference. The rifle is better balanced; and the light, especially in opposition to the sun, is thus less dazzling and makes the cleanest bead. Hence I select, if possible, on occasions like the present, a bird so placed as to render the affair more like our target firing.

"Now, sir,"—we continue—"I shall hit that bird."

"If you do, I will eat it."

"Then you will have your supper in a second or two."

And with that I set triggers—toss down my hat—feel for a level with my feet—cock rifle—turn left side to the mark—raise the piece with my thumb on the cock—incline shoulders back with knees bending outward—till the mass of man and gun rests on the base—let fall the rifle a little below object—and then, ceasing to breathe and stopping my pulse—and bringing into the hind sight a silver bead like a pin's head, I rapidly raise that bead till darkened by the feathers under the throat—and the next you see is a gentle flutter of spread wings as if the poor little creature was flying down for a worm or a crumb.

"Ah! sir, you've only inflicted a severe wound; but really this is wonderful! I could hardly believe in this skill unless I saw it."

"Well, sir, please pick it up; the poor tit is dead enough, and never knew what hurt him." And of course, reader, it must be so, for the bird's *head* is off.

Such skill was of course not the work of a day. Ounces of powder and pounds of lead were spent in vain first: and many a squirrel, at the crack of the rifle, would remain chattering or eating a nut, imagining somebody was shooting somewhere; until conjecturing by the third or fourth ball pealing bark some two or three feet from him, that the firing was rather in his direction, away he would scud for fear a chance bullet should maybe hit him! But my heart was in the matter in those days. Hence it is no great marvel if in due time my rifle dealt out certain death second to none in the Purchase. What avail *then* concealment in the topmost branches; there was the dark spot of a body or a head amid the green leaves. What! a retreat behind crotches or into holes; there was yet the tip of an ear or point of a nose, or twinkle of an eye. Or did a squirrel expand on a small limb till his body above was a mere line of fur on the bark like feathery hair on a caterpillar? in vain, "the meat" was mine.

A squirrel once so stretched himself as to create a doubt whether a squirrel was above the branch or not; but firing *secundum artem* down he came, and, as was necessary, dead.

Yet wound external had he none; he had been killed, as is often the case, although it occurred but once with me, by concussion; the ball having struck the limb of the tree exactly under his heart.

Let none think we western people follow rifle shooting, however, for mere sport; that would be nearly as ignoble as shot gun idleness! The rifle procures, at certain seasons, the only meat we ever taste; it defends our homes from wild animals and saves our corn-fields from squirrels and our hen-roosts from foxes, owls, opossums and other "varmints." With it we kill our beeves and our hogs, and cut off our fowls' heads: do all things in fact, of the sort with it, where others use an axe, or a knife, or that far east *savagism*, the thumb and finger. The rifle is a woodman's lasso. He carries it everywhere as—a very degrading comparison for the gun, but none other occurs—as a dandy a cane. All, then, who came to our tannery or store came thus armed; and rarely did a customer go, till his rifle had been tried at a mark, living or dead, and we had listened to achievements it had done and could do again. No wonder, in these circumstances, if I should practice; especially when it needed but the flash of a rifle-pan to set off our in-bred magazine of tendencies towards bullet-moulds and horn loaders! No wonder, that, after many failures, even in hitting a tree, Mr. Carlton could be seen in his glory at last, standing within lines of beholders right and left, and at forty-five yards off-hand planting bullet after bullet into the same auger hole! Reader, may you live a thousand years; but if you *must* die, unless somebody will save your life by splitting an apple on your head—William Tell size—at fifty yards off-hand with a rifle ball, send for me—shut your eyes for fear of flinching—and at the crack—go, your life is your own!

Old Dick is one hobby often mounted literally and maybe now too often, metaphorically; the rifle is my other. But with *this* by no means must we *bore* you: and, therefore, after narrating my famous shots in behalf of the Temperance Society, we shall for the present put the gun on the rack over the fire-place.

Glenville and myself were once, on some mercantile affairs, travelling in an *adjoining* county, when we came suddenly on a party preparing to shoot at a mark; and from the energy of words and gestures it was plain enough a prize of unusual importance was proposed. We halted a moment, and found the stake to be a half-barrel of whiskey. If ever, then and there was to be sharp-shooting; and without question, then and there was present every chap in the settlements that could split a bullet on his knife-blade or take the rag off the bush.

"Glenville," said I, seized with a sudden whim, "lend me fifty cents; I mean to shoot."

"Nonsense! Carlton; you *can't* win here; and if you could, what does the president of a temperance society want with a barrel of whiskey?"

"John, if I can find a gun here anything like my own, I *can* win. And although I have never before won or lost a penny, I shall risk half a dollar now for the fun of the thing, and to have the satisfaction of knocking yonder barrel in the head and letting out the stuff into the branch here."

After some further discussion Glenville acquiesced, and we drew near the party; where dismounting, I made the following speech and proposal:

"Well, gentlemen, I think I can outshoot any man on the ground, if you will let us come in and any neighbour here will allow me to shoot his gun, in case I can find one to my notion; and here's my fifty cents for the chance. But, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, I intend to be right out and out like a backwoodsman; and so you must all know we are cold water men, and don't believe in whiskey; and so, in case we win, the barrel is, you know, ours, and then I shall knock the article in the head. But then we are willing to pay either in money or temperance tracts the amount of treat every gentleman will get if any body else wins."

To this a fine, hardy-looking farmer, apparently some sixty years old, and evidently the patriarch of the settlement, replied:

"Well, stranger, come on; you're a powerful honest man any how; and here's my hand to it; if you win, which will a sort a tough you though, you may knock the stingo in the head. And stranger, you kin have this here gun of mine, or Long Jake's there; or any one you have a notion on. How do you shoot?

"Off-hand, neighbour; any allowance?"

"Yes; one hundred yards with a rest; eighty-five yards off-hand."

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

Arrangements and conditions, usual in grand contests like that before us, were these:

1st. A place level as possible was selected and cleared of all intervening bushes, twigs, etc. 2d. A large tree was chosen. Against this the target shingles were to be set, and from its roots, or rather trunk, were measured off towards the upper end of the cleared level, the two distances, eighty-five and one hundred yards. A pair of very fine natural dividers were used on this occasion; viz: a tall young chap's legs, who stepped with an elastic jerk, counting every step a yard; a profitable measure if one was *buying* broadcloth; but here the little surpluses on the yards were equally to the advantage of all. 3d. Cross lines at each distance, eighty-five and one hundred yards, were drawn on the measured line; and on the first the marksman stood who fired off-hand, while on the second the rests were placed or constructed. Rests depended on taste and fancy; some made their own—some used their comrades'—and some rested the rifle against the side of a tree on the line: and of all the rests this is the best, if one is careful to place the barrel, near its muzzle, against the tree, and not to press hard upon the barrel. Some drive in two forked stakes, and place on them a horizontal piece; and some take a chair, and then seated on the ground, they have the front of the chair towards them, and its legs between their feet, resting the whole gun thus upon the seat of the chair. Again, many set a small log or stone before them, and then lying down flat on their—hem! they place the muzzle on the rest, and the butt of the gun on the ground near their face; and then the rifle seems as moveless as if screwed in a vice. In this way Indians and woodsmen often lie in ambuscade for deer at the licks, or enemies in war.

4th. Every man prepared a separate target. This was a poplar shingle, having near its middle a spot blackened with powder or charcoal as a ground; and on this ground was nailed, at its four corners, a piece of white paper about an inch square, and its centre formed by a diamond hole; two corners being perpendicularly up and down. From the interior angles of the diamond were scratched with a knife point two diagonals, and at their intersection was the true centre. With a radius of four inches from this centre was then circumscribed a circle: if beyond this circumference any *one* of the allotted shots struck, but a hair's breadth, all other shots, even if in the very centre, were nugatory—the unlucky marksman lost.

5th. Each man had three shots. And provided the three were *within* the circle, each was to be measured by a line from the centre of the diamond to the near edge of the bullet-hole—except a ball grazed the centre, and then the line went to the centre of the hole—and then, the three separate lengths added were estimated as one string or line, the shortest securing the prize. This is called line-shooting.

6th. Each one fixed his target against the tree as he pleased; and then, each man was to fire his three shots in succession, without being hurried or retarded. We occupied, on an average, to-day, every man, about fifteen minutes.

More than thirty persons were assembled, out of whom had been selected seven as the best marksmen; but these, induced by the novelty, having good-naturedly admitted me, we were now eight. Of the eight, five preferred to shoot with a rest; but the old Achates, the sapling woodman—Tall Jake—that had stepped off the distances, and myself, were to fire off hand. All the rifles were spontaneously offered for the stranger's use. I chose, however, Tall Jake's; for although about a pound too heavy, it sighted like my own, and went as easy on the triggers, and carried one hundred and eighty to the pound—only five more than mine which carried one hundred and seventy-five.

Auditors and spectators now formed the double lines, standing, stooping, and lying in very picturesque attitudes; some fifteen feet each side the range of the firing, and that away down towards the target-tree; behind which several chaps, as usual, planted themselves to announce, at each crack, the result of the shot. All this seems perilous; and yet accidents rarely happen. In all my sojourn in the Purchase we had but two. The first happened to a fine young fellow, who impatient at some delay, peeped out, it is supposed, to ascertain the cause, when at the instant the rifle was fired, and its ball glancing, entered his head, and he fell dead. The next happened to an elderly man, who was stationed behind a large tree, awaiting the report, and who, at the flash of the gun, fell from behind, with one piercing cry of agony, bleeding and dying:—the trunk was hollow, and in and opposite the place where our neighbour stood in apparent safety, was a mere shell, through which the ball had gone and entered his heart!

Well, the firing at length began. I have no distinct recollection of every shot. Now and then, a central ball was announced, and that followed by two others a full inch, or may be an inch and an eighth even, from the centre; and once, where two successive balls were within the diamond, the third, by some mischance, struck on the very edge of the grand circle. Balls, too, were sometimes planted in three different corners of the paper—very good separate shots—yet proving want of steady and artistical sighting, or even a little experimenting with the edges of the hind sight; which was owing, doubtless, to drawing the bead to the edge, and not the bottom.

A smart young fellow having made two very fair shots, boasted so grandly about his new rifle, that a grave, middle-aged hunter offered to bet a pound of lead, that if the young chap would allow him, after the gun was rested for the shot, to rub his hand from the lock to the muzzle, he would so bewitch the rifle that she should miss the big tree. This was all agreed to; and then, such as knew how to bewitch rifles rapidly retreated to our rear, and such as did not, were beckoned and called till they came. All ready, the young man on the ground, and his rifle on its rest, our conjuror ran his hand slowly along the barrel, pausing an instant at the muzzle, and uttering an incantation, and then going behind the marksman, he bade him fire when he liked. This he did; and marvellous enough it was—the ball not only missed the shingle, but struck no where in the tree! Great was the astonishment and mortification of the youth; but as we magnanimously allowed him a shot extra and without witchcraft, his countenance brightened, and especially when his ball now spoiled the inner edge of his diamond.

Perhaps you are curious, and wish to learn how to bewitch a rifle? I will tell on one condition:—all the spectators when a rifle is bewitched must be made to come to the rear of the firing party. Here is the recipe: let the rifle-doctor conceal in his hand a bullet small enough for the purpose, and on rubbing as far as the muzzle, let him adroitly as possible deposit said bullet just within the said muzzle—safely betting any number of pounds of lead, that whatever else the marksman may hit, he cannot hit his shingle. N. B. See that the rifle to be bewitched has no triggers set, and is not on cock; otherwise *two* tartars of a very unpleasant character may be caught by the rifle-doctor.

One man only took to his stomach—the technical term was to fire on his—hem!—but as his long-rest turned a little at the third shot, the unerring bullet, following the guidance of the barrel, stuck itself plump outside the circumference named, and thus nullifying one true central ball, and one in the lower interior point or angle of his diamond. Another man was still more unfortunate. After two most excellent shots, his gun hanging fire at the third, he bawled out, "No shot!" which being a notification before the shot could be examined and reported, entitled him to another trial; but alas! the ball thus tabooed had grazed the centre! Again his gun hung fire; but now he did not *veto;* and his bullet was found sticking in the tree an honest foot above the top of his shingle!

And now we, who fired off-hand, and thereby professed to be "crack" shots—yet most marksmen make a *noise* there—we began to make ready. We higgled a little as to who should lead off; not to show politeness as well bred folks in entering rooms and carriages, but because all were, the least bit however, cowed, and each wished to see what his neighbour could do first. When that kind of spirit comes crawling over a body in rifle-shooting, it must be banished in an instant. The effect in oratory may be a very good speech—unless you stump—but in our art, it is always a very bad shot. Our noble art demands calmness and the most imperturbable self-possession; and that, at the beginning, the middle, the ending of the exercises. And so I said:—

"Well, gentlemen, if you want to see where to plant your balls, I'm the one, I think, to show you"—

"Why no, stranger"—replied the old Achates—"I allow that aint fair nither, to let you lead off. We're all neighbour-like here, and 'tis only right you should see what we kin do fust. I sort a suppose maybe it will save you the trouble of shootin anyhow. So come, long Jake, crack away and I'll foller—and arter, you, stranger, may shoot or not jist as you like best."

"Agreed, grandaddie," responded Long Jake, "so here goes." And then Jake, after returning from the old beech, where he had put up his target, took his rifle, left a moment leaning against a tree, and with firmness and grace stepped on the line. Two things and only two gave me hopes, viz: he shut his left eye and held on the diamond without rising or falling perpendicularly to it: but then he held that rifle as if it were the true horizon—and then—click—snap—but no report. Lucky snap for me![*] I knew it must have been a central ball; but still better for me—Jake was embarrassed a little. Shaking out the damp powder he primed afresh, and again began his aim. Now, however, a very slight vibration seemed to glimmer on his barrel, and when he did fire, I was not disappointed nor greatly displeased at the cry from the fellows that leaped from behind the target tree—"rite hand corner, grazin the dimind!" Again Jake loaded, raised his piece, and fired at first sight, and the cry now came—"centre!" This increased my neighbour's confidence, and happily lessened his carefulness; for sighting, as he himself afterwards confessed, "a leetle bit coarseish like," the cry now was—"line shot, scant quarter *'bove* centre!"

"Come, grandaddie," said Jake to the old gentleman as he walked up to the line from adjusting his shingle, "you must do a little better nor that, or maybe we'll lose our stingo, for I know by the way this stranger here handles my rifle, he's naterally a hard chap to beat."

This speech was occasioned by my handling the gun, taking aim, setting triggers, etc., in order to get better acquainted with the piece; and which experiments resulted in a secret and hearty wish for my own gun.

"Well, Jake, I allow yours kin be beat a bit," replied our veteran taking his position on the line. At a glance towards his "toot en sembell," Mr. Carlton, too, allowed he had met his match—and, perhaps even with his own gun. How grand the calmness—as if in no battle! How alive muscle and feature—as if in the midst of enemies! There he is dropping his bead—ay, his eyes both wide awake, and he raises the piece till that bead dims on the lower point of his diamond—a flash—and from the tree—"centre!" He was soon again ready, and at his second flash, came the cry—"upper edge, fust hole!"—and that cry was answered along the gradually narrowing and crowded lines, by the whole company—"hurraw for grandaddie—hurraw aw!" His third shot, brought from the tree—"lee-e-tle tor'ds rite corner of dimind—jeest grazed centre!" and was answered by—"grandaddie for ever, hurraw-aw-aw!"

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[*] I am sorry to say it, but nobody in rifle-shooting is an Emmonite, or even a Hopkinsian; he wishes his neighbour to make good shots—but not too good. And where perfect first-rate marksmen contend, an accident only can give any of them the victory.

"Carlton," maliciously whispered Glenville, "the stingo is safe—anti-temperance beats!"

I felt honour demanded, however, a trial; and so requesting Glenville to fix as I should direct my target, I stood on the line of firing, sighting several times with open pan and no priming; until the mark exactly suited, when I cried out—"stand clear!" And now, supposing Jake's rifle sighted like my own, and threw its ball a little above its bead—as indeed is best—I drew up as usual, with rapidity, and let fly just as the bead caught the lower tip of my diamond, the report instantly returned, being—"inside lower pint of dimind, scant quarter, b'low centre!"

"Blame close, stranger," said the old hero, "but I allow you'll have to mend it to beat me."

"Praise from *you*, my old friend, is *worth* something—I'll try my best to satisfy you."

Jake's rifle was now understood: she sent balls exactly where she aimed, and not as mine, and most good rifles, an eighth of an inch above. Making, therefore, my front sight a hair thicker and fuller in the hind sight, and coming full on the lower angle of my diamond—"Centre!"—was echoed from the tree and along the lines—"hurraw-aw! for the stranger!"

"You're most powerful good at it," said the old gentleman, "but my line's a leetle the shortest yet."

"Well, my good old friend, here goes to make yours a little the longest"—and away, along between the unflinching lines of excited spectators, whistled my third and last ball, bringing back the cry—"lee-e-tle b'low the centre—broke in first hole!" But, while all rushed to the examination and measurements, confined to our two shingles, no exultation burst forth, it being doubtful, or, as the hunters said, "a sort of dubus whether the stingo was grandaddie's, or the stranger's." In a few moments, however, and by the most honourable and exact measurements, it was decided that the old Achates had "the shortest string by near about half the brenth of his bullit!" And then such uproar rose of mingled hurraws—screams—shrieks—yells—and outcries! an uproar none but true honest-hearted far westers, unadulterated by foreign or *domestic* scum, ever did or can make.

The hurricane over, the victor mounting a log made the following speech:

"Well, naburs, it's my sentimental opinyin this stranger's acted up, clean up, to the notch, and is most powerful clever. And I think if he'd a fired his own gun as how he mought a come out even, and made up the leetle matter of diff'runce atween us—and that would be near about shootin a little bit the closest of any other chap, young or old, in these 'are diggins—and so, says I, let's have three cheers for the stranger, and three more for his friend."

Oh! dear reader! *could* you have heard the old, dark woods ring then!—I struggled hard, you may be sure; but what was the use, the tears would come!

We both made replies to the compliment; and in concluding,—for I mounted the log last—I touched on the wish we really had to do good, and that nothing was better for hardy, brave, and noble woodsmen, than temperance.

"Well, strangers, both on you," replied that very grand old man, "you shan't be disapinted. You depended on our honour—and so, says I, if these 'are naburs here aint no objection, let them that want to, first take a suck of stingo for a treat, and then, says I, let's all load up and crack away at the cask, and I'll have fust shot."

"Agreed! agreed! hurraw for grandaddie Tomsin!—hurraw for the strangers!—hurraw for the temperance society!—load up, boys, load up!—nobody wants a suck—crack away, grandaddie—crack away, we're all ready!" And crack went old Brave's rifle—crack, long Jake's—crack the brave Gyas, and the brave Cloanthus—and crack every rifle in the company: and there rolled the wounded half-barrel, pouring its own death-dealing contents through its perforated heads and sides, till soon the stingo was all absorbed in the moist earth of the forest.

Glenville and I now "gathered hossis and put out," highly pleased with the events: and a few weeks after we were still more pleased, at hearing that all the company at the prize-shooting that day had become members of the temperance society. If, therefore, any old-fashioned temperance society wishes champions to shoot, provided "grandaddie Tomsin" will be one, I know where can be found another.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."—(Obsolete—since the use of patent threshing machines.)

FROM the time of our arrival we commenced forming acquaintance with our neighbours. And this business was promoted by the many "little and big meetings" held by Mr. Hilsbury; for everybody—man, woman and child—was found at meeting. Nor does it interfere with attendance, if it be *rainy* or *shiney*, or mighty cloudy, or powerful *skyey;* but in all weathers and seasons, and from all quarters of the woods, along roads, traces, paths, or short cuts, come horses to the preaching; bursting, at a gallop, into view, through underwood thickets of spicewood and papaw, or clearing log after log, in a kind of hop, skip and jump gait. Many horses have two riders, called in the Purchase "riding twice." And some horses come with folks riding even twice and a half, or may be thrice: for instance, with a man and his wife—the latter holding in her lap a two-year old child, although the child is very often carried by the father; or with three girls; or with one beau, having two sun-bonnetted damsels behind. Dick always figured on such occasions with a cargo on his back that doubtless made a lively impression on his feelings of past times, and of the loads he had in his earlier days seen crammed into a Conestoga wagon: and never, in fact, did he look so like a family horse as on Sundays; when he usually carried so much of our family on his back.

In fording swollen waters, if the water came up no higher than the saddle skirts, and if depending articles could be crooked up or neatly packed on the mane, in plunged all, whether riding once, twice, or morefold: nay, it was contended that the more riders the better; the heavier weight preventing the horse from being floated or losing his foothold in a strong current. But if it was certain that the creek was "swimming high," then the riders crossed on a log, the horse swimming with bridle held by the rider.

Arrived at a meeting, "the critters" are *hung* to a swinging branch of some tree; for such, yielding to the inquietude of the horses, prevents the snapping of reins, and yet affords ample space for the curvilinear play of the quarters. Nor are the horses at all *backward* in using their ecclesiastical privileges; especially if we are favoured with "a powerful smart preacher," that is, a fellow with a very glib tongue, who preaches by inspiration, and has the wonderful power of saying nothing, or something worse, over and over again, for hours. Then the hung animals, impatient, begin and carry on extra dancings, rump-rangings, branch-shakings, and other exercises. They champ bits!—snap their teeth at neighbouring horses!—kick, as quadrupeds should, in quadruple time!—and stamp, squeak, and squeal! In fact, they make as much noise and behave as foolishly as if they held a *fanatical* meeting themselves!

Often too, among the horses, are a few knowing old codgers—and Dick, I am sorry to say, cultivated their acquaintance—who have slipped their own bridles, and are misspending the time in eating off the bridle reins of quiet animals, or in kicking and biting, with most provoking sang-froid, fastened horses, already furious and indignant. Most horses when liberated usually start home at full speed, inconsiderately leaving folks that rode once or twice to meeting, to walk away in single or double file, or to get a lift from a neighbour. Dick, however, never ran home: he preferred, like lukewarm Christians, Sunday visiting; and so went to see his neighbours in settlements directly opposite the way to Glenville. Yet I must say he never made the least objection to be caught and bridled again—provided you could *find* him.

Let none understand me to say that religious meetings in the wooden world are not by very many attended from serious and devout motives: yet there, as elsewhere, many attend such meetings from secular motives, and some from very improper ones. Numbers go to see their neighbours or to hear the news, and not a few to *electioneer*. A very frequent cause is to "advertise strays."

Dignity is given to *our* pulpit gazetteering by confining the business to the clergy; but in the Purchase, lay members, and even "a worldling" give out notices: and that, not by reading the advertisement in the reverential manner of the civilized churches, but extemporaneously and orally. Sometimes the affair assumes the form of the question implied, as thus:—

"Neighbour Bushwhack, living down the lower end of Sugar Holler, would like to hear if any body in this here settlement has heern or seed a stray critter of hissin, as his hoss-beast, a three year old black geldin, come next spring, with a switch tail, but a kind a eat off by his other colt, slipt his bridle on Hick'ry Ridge last big meetin, and he aint heern or seen nothin of him sense."

To which indirect query one or more neighbours rising up will answer in this style:—

"Well, I allow the critter didn't come over here, as he'd been heern on or seed by some of us—but if any body hears or sees sich a stray, we'll put him up, and let neighbour Bushwhack know of it."

Perhaps a notice thus given and answered in a city church would do as much to discountenance Sabbath advertising, as the rebukes of the religious press. Try it.

A big meeting is often held in the woods in our delicious autumns. And nothing is more welcome to our young people hard at work till then, and needing a holiday, than such a gathering. Then is the grand sparking time, and young men go expressly as they say, to find "a most powerful heap of gals!" Nor is this curious heap of sun-bonnets and calico frocks adverse to a little extra attention; and hence, compound parties steal away at intervals to the springs, where they contrive *accidentally* to have a little meeting of their own, whose merry and loud notes return as strange echoes to the voice of psalmody and prayer.

A small meeting extra, is often held at night in a friend's cabin. Then it sometimes happens, by reason of a storm or very long sermon, or both, that the folks conclude to stay all night; and then if the author's memory is faithful, we used to see what was called "a leetle fun." Nothing immoral or gross ever takes place; but certainly we had something more lively than praying and singing.

The occasion offers to say a few words about the missionaries themselves.

As a body, then, the missionaries in the New Purchase were very excellent men; eminent in self-denial, in ardent zeal, in endless labours, in disinterestedness. They were considered Domestic Missionaries; but they endured as much as their brethren in the foreign field, and that without the incidental excitement and support derived from the eclat of a mission: especially when the wood's preacher comes to depend for his entire sustenance on two or more weak settlements, the aid of the missionary society being declined or withdrawn. For a year or two an approximate salary may be paid, a few shillings in cash and the balance in "trade." Still, educated men need a few other articles beyond pork, corn, tow-linen, leather, etc.—a few books for instance. And they are forced to go journeys, and wish to educate their children. Nor is it, maybe, an unpardonable sin to aspire after furniture one degree above rough cabin apparatus. Hence the missionary must have a little hard cash; and *hard* enough for them, poor fellows, it is by the time they handle it.

The outposts, therefore, must be either wholly abandoned to profoundly ignorant, vain, empty, conceited, self-confident, and snarling fanatical preachers; or proper preachers *must* do some things that are *secular*. And if the New Purchases are abandoned, then must they be cursed out there with *inspired* clergy, such as are heard thus reciting *their* apostolic creed :—

"Yes, bless the Lord, I are a poor, humble man—and I doesn't know a single letter in the A B C's, and couldn't read a chapter in the Bible no how you could fix it, bless the Lord!—I jist preach like old Peter and Poll, by the Sperit. Yes, we don't ax pay in cash nor trade nither for the Gospel, and arn't no hirelins like them high-flow'd college-larned sheepskins—but as the Lord freely give us, we freely give our fellow critturs."

Hence a few of the true preachers betake themselves to teaching as the least uncanonical avocation. And all would gladly do this, if scholars were plenty enough; and, if after all the extra labour in teaching, pay came not also in the shape of fat-flitch, cord-wood, eggs, and butter. Most true preachers and pastors are, therefore, *compelled* to enter some land; and then after long and arduous toils they contrive to barter some produce at the settlement store for sugar, tea, coffee, and paper. But to jingle a few silver dollars, the parson must sell a cow, or calf, or even a horse!

The proverb, "half a loaf better than no bread," applies here; for if proper ministers out West do not, in very many places, in a great measure maintain themselves, settlements now half-served by those noble men would not and could not be served at all. True, the folks out there might have *husks* from fanatical fellows; but Christ's sheep ought to have pastors and proper food—they are not hogs to be fed by the Devil's swine-herds.

Very nice and classic essays used to find their way sometimes to Glenville, which were full of very proper rhetorical words against secular clergy, and commanding them to reform and give themselves wholly to the work of God and the ministry: essays no doubt well intended, but written, we apprehend, by inexperienced young gentlemen, just married, and seated in the parsonage in the midst of a well-furnished library. Sometimes, too, such essays were penned by learned gentlemen, with sons and daughters at good boarding schools; and the writers, maybe, received so much hard silver per page, especially if a prize essay; and our far east censors not only had the pleasure of pelting our poor frogs, but found it profitable too. In such essays the *Proton Pseudos* was, "*all* pastors and preachers *must* give up secular employments—their schools—their farms—their merchandise—their trades—and imitate the apostles," etc. In extraordinary times men are sustained by the providence of God in extraordinary ways; and purse, scrip, and books in the apostles' time were not needed; and few then had the care and expense of a family, except Pope Peter!—and he, unlike some Unholinesses, was wicked enough to prefer a wife to—hem!

And even in those days Paul, whilst aiding to erect a spiritual tabernacle, supported himself at secular tent-making! It is not improbable that Luke, the beloved and benevolent physician, prescribed and took fees in emergencies. May, then, modern ministers in no cases do secular things, without being subjected to unkind suspicions, and not rarely denounced as merchants, farmers, speculators, and even jockies? Nay, many thus stigmatized are among the best of men; and that, however warned by hasty young clerks and clergy, to look out for the doom of unfaithful stewards! and bid to expect, after a life of toil for the gospel, and after bestowing the spiritual without reaping the carnal, bid to look out for banishment into the outer darkness! Ah! ye hasty censors! God will never forget labours of love in that far West or elsewhere; even if a preacher, to put bread into the mouths, and garments on the bodies of his family, do work secularly with his own hands!

Why this perpetual cannonade against the Clergy? Does it never occur, that the niggardly Mr. Miser, the close-fisted Mr. Grip, the narrow-minded Miss Snarl, and the dishonest Mr. and Mrs. Finepromise, may, at the grand assize, have to appear as defendants, and show cause why the preacher *was* driven to be secular? Strange! passing strange, if a hunted, defrauded, broken-spirited man, who, because he wishes yet to preach, maintains himself, should, in addition to all his sufferings, be decried and rebuked as faithless and money-loving!—as needing reform!—as passing to a severe doom and vengeance in the life to come! Oh! you that, in one sense at least, are "at ease in Zion," and have, therefore, so much time to buffet, go visit a New Purchase!—and then write—

"Mr. Carlton!—keep cool."

Well, then, meetings in the Purchase were not always dry affairs. This very autumn, a two days' meeting was held on Saturday and Sunday in the Welden settlement. At the close of the first day, while Glenville and Carlton were "setting the toone for them," a heavy shower began suddenly to fall; and as we clerks could not get out to secure our saddles, they became well soaked, hence after service we found seats cool and refreshing as a wet sponge. We had been invited to spend the night at a chieftain's: and as we were without umbrellas or cloaks, and the rain kept mizzling away, we had a very agreeable ride of it. However, we were neither salt nor sugar; and we comforted one another with mutual promises of a dry house and a drying fire. But—ah! me!—our dear good landlady, and expressly to honour her guests, had determined to have "things fixed!"—and a wet fix it was. First and foremost, the puncheon-floor had undergone a deluge, effected by pouring over it forty great calabashes of water, or one great calabash forty times emptied! Then the floor had been violently assaulted with stiff hickory brooms, till its dirt was raked, and floated away to form an alluvion in the cellar below; but much of the flood having eluded the swabbing process that followed, there remained many Lilliputian lakes of muddy water in the cavities and gulleys of the puncheons. Secondarily, chairs, tables, benches, and even bedsteads, had undergone Pharisaical ablutions: and although things *did* dry in process of time, yet, as the good woman remarked, "Things were a leetle dampish, to be sure!" Indeed, chairs and benches on which persons of a sanguine temperament sat, exhibited, on their rising, a Mosaic of dark and light shades. Thirdly, when we washed, before supper and dinner in one, we were offered a *wet* towel to *dry* on! the lady apologizing for the anomaly, by saying, "Thar'd been sich a rite down smart chance of rain that their wash wouldn't dry." Of course this apology accounted for the *undried* table-cloth at the meal; where, by the way, we recognized, in the midst of other good things, and full of milk, the republican bowl that a few moments before had enacted the part of wash-basin. In anticipation of its complex, and yet desultory character, we of Glenville, instead of dipping, at the time, our hands into the bowl, had poured from it the water over the hands. All the guests, we must say, were not so considerate.

By bed-time affairs had become dryish. Still much vapour hung in our atmosphere; and towards the arctic regions of the cabin, matters were puddly. However, ten of the company were accommodated in the beds, and as many others—indeed, I do not know where: yet we all retired; when a spirited and general confabulation was maintained till most of the trebles, tenors, and basses grew, some flat, and others muttering, and there was a subsidence into a colloquy between two. At last, one of these returning a mumbling kind of response, Mr. Holdon, despairing to extract any more talk, cried out, "Well, good-night!" which signal was followed by a farewell crackling of bedsteads, and an audible rustling of "kivers;" and then all lately so active and chatty, was turned into sleeping and snoring. Bah!—tell me not about the sleep of innocence! nothing comes up to the sleep of a backwoodsman; and as to his snoring, beat it if you can! * * * * *

Well, *I* dreamed a dream. Methought old Dick was harnessed to our bedstead, and was pulling us through showery bushes and nettles, and that I had the tooth-ache; and so uncomfortable all seemed that I determined, as is the case in some dreams, to wake myself. Happy resolution! for whilst Dick had vanished, and we were safe enough in the cabin, yet the interpretation of the dream was present:—a gentle stream was trickling from above, through a hole in the clapboard roof, the jeau d'esprit having already saturated my rag-pillow, and more than a foot of the adjoining covers!—and, what was *very* remarkable!—I *had* the tooth-ache!

"Indeed!"

Yes! indeed. I whipped out of bed; quietly worked the bedstead from under the unelectric water spout; doubled my end of the bolster in place of the pillow removed; got once more into bed, and began to lull the grumbling tooth by holding my mouth shut and breathing through the nose, and occasionally counting slowly and deliberately as high as a hundred. And in this laudable work I had at last succeeded, and was sinking away into dryer dreams, when I was suddenly aroused to my last and severest "trial by water," by a rude shake from Glenville, who also thus addressed me:—

"Carlton!—are you going to sleep all day?—get up if you don't want your boots full of water——"

"My boots!—my boots!!—man alive! don't let them get any wetter—I shall never get them on—never!"

"Up, then—or Tom Hilton will clean yours as he has mine—he'll dip them in the rain-trough."

Fortunately all were up and out but myself—and yet it would have been the same if Queen Victoria had been there—my boots were not to be trifled with, even when dry;—what! if provoked by such a ducking? I thought, therefore, of neither man, woman, nor child—I thought only of my boots—and I leaped out of bed without regard to the ordinary precautions—and holding up and buttoning as I moved, I rushed to the door! and in the very nick of time to witness the catastrophe! Yes! there on the muddy earth stood, sad and sullen, boot the first, clean and soaked as a scrubbed puncheon; and there descended into the rain-trough boot the second, up to the strap-stiches!——

"Tom! Tom!—why didn't you let my boots alone?—you've fixed me now—I shan't get them on to-day!"

"Well, sir, I was only a sort a cleanin' them—they was most powerful muddy like—hope no harm done, Mr. Carltin?"

"Well, Tom, thank you;—but I am afraid we have tight work now—please let's have the articles, any how."

And our fear, reader, was not unfounded. Never, since the origin of boots, and the abolition of sandals, was there such a tugging at straps? It did seem as if, at last, the grand philosophical achievement would be effected, and with a *leetle* harder pull we should, boots and all, be raised clean up from the puncheons! And oh! what soaping of heels!—what numerous and contradictory suggestions and advices from commisserating and laughing friends!—*tears* in all eyes! Oh! the rubbing of insteps!—the contortions of the *os sublime!*

At last it seemed necessary to cut the articles, as all ordinary and extraordinary attempts to move them up or down had failed; when, at the crisis, in came a Goliah-like woodsman, who, understanding the fix, declared: "if them 'are straps thare would a sort a hold, he allow'd he'd pull on Mr. Carltin's boots." We agreed to a new trial. Accordingly, Mr. Goliah placed himself behind the patient; and then working *two* fingers apiece into each strap—all he could get in—he *did* pull the boots on, sure enough! And that he would have done if both of Mr. Carlton's legs had been in the same boot, instead of a leg per boot!

King William was of opinion that thumbkins was logic enough to make him confess to a lie—what, if he had tried the logic of my boots! If the iron boot is any more forcible—I cannot stand it at all—I should scream out my belief in the Pope and the Devil, or any other dogma of the particular catholic church! The holy church will, of course, canonize a man who has already discovered two efficacious ways to make Christians—our bark-wheel—and now our boots!

Apropos! de botte, this reminds me of the Kentuckian saved from the massacre at the Blue Licks, by a pair of wet buckskin breeches. He was pursued by two Indians; and on reaching the river, was forced to plunge in and swim over. Emerging, he soon discovered that to run with his former speed, his buckskins must be left for booty: hence, he halted an instant to unskin himself, whilst his nimble foes had now reached the opposite bank of the stream. But now the wet unmentionables, half-way off, became obstinately adhesive, and could be drawn neither up nor down—and the enemy coming nearer and nearer ———

"Poor fellow!—what a dreadful situation!"

Very; and so he made up his mind, like a gallant man, to die—in his so so's: but, to his amazement, his red friends, on arriving, burst into loud laughter, and, instead of knocking him on the *head*, they only spanked on the antipodes and took him prisoner; and the Kentuckian, being ransomed, got home to tell his adventure.

"Yes—but, Mr. Carlton, what has this deliverance to do with the Pope and the Devil?"

Oh! nothing. But talking of one thing, you know, makes us think of another; and so we may end what was afterwards called "Carlton's Wet Time."

During the present summer and fall, others of our colony had little adventures. For instance, John Glenville, in moving a piece of bark to throw under the wheel, was bitten in the wrist by a copper-head coiled under the bark; but, by a timely application of proper remedies, he escaped very serious injury. Uncle Leatherstocking also came something nearer being killed than Sir Roger's ancestor, that had a narrow escape from being slain in a battle by arriving on the field the very day after the fight: for our uncle, stooping to examine a fine cabbage in his patch, discovered a rattlesnake ready to salute him, and yet time enough to leap back to avoid the favour. And then a young woman coming from Welden, by herself, to return a call due to Glenville Settlement, just as she had reached the outskirts of our territory, was gratified by the sight, a little way from her, of a lady panther, affectionately sporting with two rampant pantherines—each as big as a pair of domestic tomcats———

"La!—and did she not scream?"

Scream!—Miss Peggy Whatmore scream! No, no! to use her own language, she only "a sort a skued round towards oleman Ashmoresis—and didn't say nuthin to them, as they didn't seem like wantin' to say nuthin to her—yet it was a leetle skary as they was powerful nasty lookin' varmints."

A missionary, also, coming to fulfil an appointment among us, saw in the edge of our clearing "three barr," there being, in western phrase, "a powerful sprinkle" of such shaggy coats in our borough. At this information, all our domestic and neighbourhood forces being mustered, we succeeded in overtaking and killing the growling trio: and in due time, the largest skin, properly prepared at our tannery, was presented to the missionary; who ever after, till the day of his death, used it as a saddle cover.

Perhaps we may here say, that at night, on many occasions, were around us invisible serenaders, that gave exact imitations of wolves howling, foxes barking, and owls screaming, hooting and screeching, with interruptions now and then from sudden cries and growls so strange that we could not say what bird or beast precisely was designed or represented. The whole, however, riveted the conviction that we were no longer *dreaming* about the woods, but were actually living there; and, to be candid, I had never in *visions* seen a single serpent, and could not have guessed the wild beasts would turn out so *very* wild. But to all things I got used, except snakes.

One night Mr. and Mrs. C. were on a visit at Mr. Hilsbury's; and, though pressed to remain till morning, and warned of the danger in walking in the dark at that season of the year, we decided on returning to uncle John's. The path between the cabins was only a few inches wide, and running through high grass and tall weeds, was nearly invisible in the day: yet having travelled it some half dozen times daily, we were familiar with every stone, stick and root, lying in or across the path, and anything new there would be sure to arrest attention. Furnished with a light in a small glass lantern, we proceeded homeward, myself in front and my wife following, till at the end of about two hundred yards, an unexpected root presented itself, running seemingly from the nearest beech: but as the root ought not to be there, before taking the next step I stooped to examine, holding the light down towards the root—which turned not into, but was in reality nothing more nor less than the head and neck of an enormous rattlesnake!

Perhaps a novice, in backwood life, may be pardoned for feeling a momentary sickness when the glare of the serpent's eye fell on mine, as the rays of the lamp disclosed and struck on his! The distance between us was only eighteen inches; another step, therefore, would have carried me over or upon the reptile! But no sooner had I said—It is a *snake!* than Mrs. C., too alarmed to reflect, instantly from behind clasped me, holding down both my arms; and thus allowing me neither to advance, nor retreat, she at the same time began a series of most piercing shrieks, to which as nothing better could be done, Mr. C. added loud cries of "Hullow-ow! down there!—hullow-ow!!"

Of course, this uproar brought them all up from down there, and a clerical visitor among the rest—Bishop Shrub, of Timberopolis. In the meantime the snake had retreated or passed on; and as there was too great risk in poking after him amid the weeds and grass at night, and the central cabin was the farther away, our whole party returned, and all spent the night at the parsonage.

Happy Erin! where snakes there are—none!

CHAPTER XIX.

> ——"Ab ovo
> Usque ad mala——"
> "From the cackle to the shuckle."

I WAS sitting one day, with Bishop Hilsbury, when, through his modest little sash were seen two young men riding up; who tying their horses, after a short consultation, advanced to the door. On this the Bishop whispering—"a wedding without a doubt"—hastened to receive his visitors.

Evidently the parson had been supposed alone; and my presence seemed to disperse the courage mustered by the youngsters, and they stumbled into seats in manifest distress. But we soon engaged them in conversation on land, timber, corn, swine, muddy roads, dry ridges, high waters, and all sylvan topics: and on all and each, our friends rung the changes of all the powerfuls, big and little; and all the chances and sprinkles, the smarts and right smarts and right down smarts, till they were talked, not out of countenance, but into it; nay, till they had more than a dozen times—while the clatter lasted—seemingly collected brass sufficient for their special affair to be introduced at the next pause. Yet alas! with the calm, returned the sheepishness; and there sat our rustics red as boiled lobsters, not at anything said, but at what was to be said, and grinning a smileless kind of contortion at each other, equal to asking—"Won't *you* begin?" Then they gnawed their spice wood riding whips—wriggled on their seats—crossing leg after leg, as if the legs were all equally opposed to being undermost, till convinced nothing by way of exposè was coming this gap, off all set afresh on the circle of the old topics thus:

"Immense forests here, sir!"

"Yes—most powerful 'mense heap of woods. Allow woods is most considerable cut off in them 'are settlements you come from, Mr. Carltin? They say you've no barr nor turkey out thare, in Filledelfy?"

"No: no bears on four legs. But still we've a smart sprinkle of dandy out our way"—

"Huh! haw!—them's the fellers with hair on their faces and what goes gallin all the time—powerful heap a fun in that, Mr. Hilsbury, though."

Here the speaker stopped short; for what he had said about *our* hairy creatures was out of no disrespect for the animals, but only to lighten his own load; but then he had found it still too heavy, and broke down at the lift. Retreat, however, now did not offer, and so suddenly rising and winking to the parson, they both went together into the yard, leaving myself and the other young man in the cabin. When outside, the groom—for he it was, thus commenced:

"Well—hem—Mr. Hilsbury—hem!"

"Yes—Joseph—I think I understand—don't I?"

"Well—allow, maybe you do."

"I was down in the Welden settlement, and I heard something about our losing neighbour Ashford's Susan."

"He! he!—yes!—well I am a sort a goin to git married—and Susan's the very gal. Well now, Mr. Hilsbury, Billy Welden's come along for groomsman and he's got the invite—I'll just call him out and git it."

Billy accordingly was now summoned, and taking off his new fur hat, he extracted the "invite" from the lining and handed it over to the preacher. As the Bishop allowed me to see the document as a specimen of New Purchase literature, I took the following exact and literal copy:

"Rev. Mr. Hilsbury asqr.,—you are pertiklurly invited to attend the house of mr. Abrim Ashford asq. to injine upon i the yoke of konjegal mattrimunny with his dater miss Susan Ashford as was—thersday mornin next 10 aklok before dinner a. m.
mr. Joseph Redden
your humbell sarv't,
mr. William Welden, groomsman."

"p. s. dont say nuthin about this 'ere weddin that's to be—as it's to be sekrit—and to morrer Billy Welden's goin to ride round and give the invites—and all your settlemint's to be axed."

Next day Mr. Welden appeared in the edge of the woods, being too much in a hurry to dismount and let down the bars, and according to etiquette in such cases, he exclaimed, "Hullow! the house!" Upon this, Mr. Seymour proceeded to the fence, and on his return to the house announced the anticipated "*invite.*"

And now as it is sometime before we go to the wedding, we may properly in the interval introduce the bride elect and her family. Abraham Ashford, the father, was the patriarch of the Ashford settlement, which joined Glenville on the north-west. After a life of some years in a cabin of the roughest order, the family had, within the past year, removed into a good two story log-house of the hewed order; and hence, he himself being a very tall man, and having sons tending rapidly upward to his summit level, and having a two story house, neighbour Ashford is to be regarded as an *eminent* man. He had, too, scraped a spelling acquaintance with easy reading, and that made him affect the company of the Glenvillians—not so much I fear to increase his knowlege as to display it. For instance, once on bringing his stock of ginseng to our tannery, where we bought the article on speculation, Mr. Ashford, on laying it on a dry hide, thus began:

"Well, Johnny, my buck, what do you allow sang's (ginseng) done with out there in Chi-ne?"

"Oh! probably the Chinese smoke it, or chew it!"

"Well, that's your idee; but I knows better nor that comes to, according to my idee."

"What is your opinion?"

"Well, I'll tell you. A sailor-man was once out here in sang time a buying up—long before you kim out—and he'd been in all them parts about Chi-ne in a ship or the like—and he told me all about what them fellers done with it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—and he told me as how they biled the sang up, and put it in to clarify their chany tea cups and sassers."

Neighbour Ashford was, moreover, a philosopher; but as his views may perhaps expose him to a visit from the Inquisition, I shall give no greater insight into his physical creeds, than by a narration of our talk on the shape of the earth.

"Mr. Ashford," said Glenville, one day I was present, "I wish you would let Carlton here understand your idea about the shape of the earth; he's just from college and don't think as you do."

"Well, Johnny, my buck, I'm willing to talk with Mr. Carlton, or any larn'd man; and I've no idee this here world of ourn is round. Them's my sentiments, Mr. Carlton."

"I do not quite agree with you there, Mr. Ashford; I have been taught that our earth is an oblate spheroid!"

"Oh! I don't know nuthen consarnin high-flow'd diksionary shapes; all my idee is the world's not ublate, nor no sort of round, and I kin prove it straight as a rifle."

"I only meant to say I was taught to think the world was a sort of roundish; but I'm ready to give up if you can prove as you say."

"Well, I'm powerful glad to see, Mr. Carlton, you aint proud for all your high larnin—and so I'll jist tell you how I kim to find it out. You see, sir, I was one day a ploughing with them two brown mares, to put in corn, and as we ploughed along, I gets into a solelo'que on this diffikilt pint, and so sez I to myself, sez I, what's the use in fillosofers a sayin our world's round. Don't my ole-womin's dry apples git off the plank and then role rite down, smack down the pitch of the ruf? 'Cos why? Why 'cos it aint flat. And so I argefied the pint agin this way; sez I, kin a feller go spang up the round of a big punkun? And then I stops the mares; and sez, wouldn't this here plough and them 'are hoss-beasts role down like the dry apples if this here world was round like a big punkun—and aint it more powerful harder to get up and stick on a big round thing nor a little one? And then I jist minded—and I slapped agin my head so—action to word—and I hollows out aloud, so that the mares started to go—but I cries 'woh! won't you?'—and they stops agin—and I kept on a hollowin—'I've got it!—I've got it!'—and slaps rite off to make tracks home—and when I gets in, sez I to the old womun, 'Molly,' sez I, 'hand us the ole book—I've got it!' 'Got what, Abrum?'—sez she. 'Why hand us the ole book, I tell you,' sez I. (During the progress of his lecture,* Mr. Ashford had taken up our family bible; and now with his finger resting on the third verse of Genesis, he did, on a sudden for me, what he had previously done for his wife.) And so she hands me the ole book, and I lays it out afore her jist so—opening and spreading the book before me—thare sir, thare, read that thar varse—it's proved from the Bible, sir—thare read that are! viz:—'And the earth was without FORM!' sir."

Here we held down our head as close to the page as possible, as if absorbed in thought and inspecting the words most closely, till with an unsteady voice we could reply:—

"I confess, Mr. Ashford, I never *did* see the passage in that light before; and it only proves that plain men, if left to themselves, will often discover what learned folks never can; but what shape is the earth do you say?"

"Do *I* say?—why does'nt the ole book itself say the earth aint *no shape at all?*—it's got no form—it's nuthin but a grate stretched along place like a powerful big prararee without any ind—yes, sir, and as flat as a pancake."

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* Could not some Lyceum send for Mr. Ashford?

"True, Mr. Ashford, and the Bible says also the earth is VOID!—empty, sir, and hollow as a nut-shell!"

For a moment Mr. Ashford was staggered at so unexpected an addition to his theory; he seemed alarmed at the utter emptiness of a shapeless earth! Yet at the very next log-rolling, he proclaimed both Glenville and Carlton to be converts to his "idee," adding in the latter gentleman's praise, "he wan't nere so stuck up a feller as folks said." And so, reader, we are Amorphorites; with more belief, however, in the *emptiness* of the world, than in its want of *shapes*.

As to the sun, Mr. Ashford had a peculiar and original theory; "I am," said he, "sentimentally of opinion that the sun, after all, is nothing but a *great shine!*" Like many other forest patriarchs, our neighbour often did his own preaching; being in advance of this age, when we all do our own doctoring, write our own poetry, tales, essays, and every man is his own lawyer; and of course in theology, like people in an enlightened era, he had his own notions. Hence, in one discourse about the good Samaritan, he took occasion to illuminate us as to its "Speretil meaning;" and among other things said, "some folks think that the two pennies left the Jerikoo man, was nuthin but cash pennies—but my friends, there's a speretil and bettersome idee:—one penny is the law, and tother's the gospel."

The Ashfords were, however, remarkable for nice housekeeping, and for cleanliness of person. And the rose of our wilderness was Susan Ashford, the intended bride. Ignorant, indeed, she was of all things out of the woods; but she was of good natural capacity, merry disposition, lofty notions, and withal a very pretty and modest maiden. From the first, she took a strong liking for the Glenville people; and was evidently glad to find friends able and willing to teach her many important matters of which she frankly and voluntarily would confess her ignorance. And as far as her mother would permit, Susan by degrees conformed their own domestic economy and fixtures to ours, defending us whenever her mother would object, and intimate that the "Glenville folks were, maybe, a *leetle* prouder nor they should be."

Susan had, of course, many offers; yet as she told Emily Glenville, her confidante—"she'd no idea of marrying any rough body without no more manners than a barr; and for her part she'd have somebody that know'd how to dress up on Sundays in store cloth and yaller buttons, a sort a gentleman like."

Now Susan did not really think that dress made the man; she did only think, and properly think, that no decent young fellow would on proper occasions boorishly neglect his dress, and especially when he came a courting.

One answering externally became a suitor. He was morally, however, unworthy Susan; and her escape was owing to his personal dirtiness—with which a curious accident made her acquainted. She caught sight of his naked feet, as he in a moment of forgetfulness took off his shoes in her presence; upon which she declared next day to Emily Glenville, "that she never would have such a dirty feller, if he did wear store cloth and yaller buttins." This fellow, a pretty well educated Scotchman, had courted some by letters; which the Ashfords not fully comprehending, had now and then brought to Emily to be deciphered, especially the letter in which the suitor said, "he had a *predilection* for his mistress!" On this occasion, Susan remarked, "there was sich a powerful heap of diksenery words, she could't quite see the drift on 'em." Happily the above accident saved our protegé from a disastrous union with an atheist and a *distiller*.

But now Joseph Redden was accepted; a very honest, industrious, and upright young man; and who not only dressed up to Susan's rule, but more than that, he kept, about twenty-five miles distant, a small store himself, and sold store cloth and yellow buttons to others. And thus Susan, and all her old friends, and we her new ones, were well satisfied.

In due time the wedding-day came. Mr. Hilsbury, however, had not yet got home from a missionary tour, and we of Glenville were forced to set out without the bishop, but in hopes he would be yet in time at Mr. Ashford's. Between our settlement and his, the distance was little more than two miles; and for want of conveyances enough for all, it was concluded in a general assembly of our colony the day before, that the ladies and helps of the borough, should ride to the wedding, and the gentlemen walk. And so we took up the line of procession thus:—

1. Uncles John and Tommy in the van. Their business was to keep the true course through the woods, clear away brush and let down fences.

2. Mrs. Glenville and Aunt Kitty riding twice on Kate, the celebrated gray mare—queen of horses (*genus*).

3. The Rev. Mistress Hilsbury on a borrowed nag; the lady with an infant in her arms, and a little girl for nurse behind.

4. Mrs. Carlton, Miss Emily, and Aunt Nancy, on our spotted mare, called Freckled Ginney.

5. Last of the cavalry, Old Dick, with all the *help* of the colony—i. e., three *gals* riding thrice.

6. Glenville and Carlton closed the rear. Our business was to put up fences, see the ladies get along in safety, and, above all, to keep Dick from lagging. For like grave personages familiar with Chesterfield, Dick was rarely in a hurry; on the contrary he usually stepped with a very solemn swing, as conscious men's eyes were upon him and of his weight in society. And yet after a very long sermon he would sometimes hasten home with an irreverent impatience; and always on rounding a certain sink hole, whence could be caught a glimpse of the stable, our hero, and without consulting the friends who were kindly *backing* him, would suddenly pitch into a gait compounded of every pace and shuffle ever learned in his youth or since taken up extemporaneously.

Once Dick had been loaned to the bishop's wife; and on our return from church—all persuasives from the lady's heel and Mr. Carlton's toe—all stripes from beech rods and leather whip —all cherrups and get-ups and even old-rascals-you—all snapping of bridle reins to bring to his recollection Conestogo whip-crackings—all, all were in vain!—Dick only grinned or gave a double flourish with his tail, crawling along and dragging leg after leg, till they seemed always in motion and yet always stock-still! But unexpectedly to us he reached the favourite sink hole; when, giving a sudden sneeze and slapping my beast in the face with his tail, away he darted into the nondescript gait above named—but very much as if caco-demons had somehow got possession of his carcass. The dry leaves of autumn were then plenty, and the fellow got them into such a lively, excited, and noisy state, that we riders, only ten feet apart, could hear nothing said by one another: hence, after useless efforts to be heard in answer to the lady's voice coming to me in a high screech-key, I kept only at last rising in my stirrups, opening the mouth very wide and supporting the jaw with one hand, so that a distorted face seemed in the agony and effort of loud and earnest delivery—but yet uttered not a word.

"Nonsense! Mr. Carlton"—

Granted, my dear Mr. Graves: but are we back-woods' people to have *no* fun? And if we are to have any, how shall we have it unless we *create* it? *You* have concerts, and balls, and popular lectures till they become unpopular—and jest books—Lady's Book—Gentleman's Book—Boy's Book—and organs in churches, and candy-shops and oysters, and what not? And we are to mope to death in the woods—hey? Believe me, we learn out there to make our own sports, and contrive to extract something pleasant from the empty roar of autumnal leaves shuffled and kicked into harmless tempest by old Dick's horse-heels. And further, dear Mr. Strutell, all this requires more ingenuity, and even a calmer conscience, than every body has———

"But you started for the wedding."

We did; but we had two miles and more to go—and here is the place—and we shall resume the narrative.

The wedding-party were all assembled and expecting our arrival. And now, Mr. Ashford came to meet us, expressing his regret at the failure of Mr. Hilsbury to be present; but as several other preachers were present, he suggested that it would be best to proceed with the ceremony. In this we coincided, and so preparation was made for it, the Rev. Diptin Menniwater being selected in place of Bishop Hilsbury.

And, soon, then, we were all paraded in the large room, in which the company was compactly rowed along upon benches, as noiseless and solemn as in "meetin':" and hence we men of Glenville went squeezing around, and among, and into, shaking hands with all that could be got at, and nodding and smiling, and winking at such as could not be felt and handled, till places were found, if not to sit in, yet to stand in, and where we waited in laudable patience for the *descent* of the bridal party to destroy the oppressive and dead calm that succeeded. The solemn stillness was indeed, now and then broken by some lagger who administered the usual slap to the door, and uttered the visiting formula already named—but that was only an interruption like pitching a pebble into a smooth, deep lake. At very long last Mrs. Ashford, going to foot of the steps—a compound of ladder and stairs—called to those in the upper room:—

"Well, if any body up thare's got a sort of notion to get married to-day, I allow thare's no time to lose, no how."

This was answered with a species of giggle-sniggering by parties in both stories; and in the midst commenced above a shuffle movement, as if something might be expected below pretty quick. And soon was placed in descending order, first, a pair of shiney new calf-skin boots, with thin soles; then, secondly, only a step higher, a pair of bran new morocco slippers, with ancles in white stockings; and then, thirdly, at suitable intervals, second pairs of shiney dittos, and moroccos, and ancles. These omens were instantly succeeded by coat tails hooked on men's arms, and white frocks held aloof from soiled stairs—all which matters were plain enough to us behind the stairway, it having no flooring or back, till the principal actors had all descended bodily, and stood among us *propriâ personâ*—i. e., *as large as life.* Whether from ignorance or etiquette, the groom and his attendant, instead of being leaned upon, rested their own arms on those of the two ladies, the bride and her maid—as if each man had *hooked* a woman, and was determined to hold her fast for a wife, after the trouble of catching.

The Rev. Mr. Menniwater, a piteous looking personage, humble as a drowned rat, was now seen to emerge from behind one of the back benches, whither he had slunk away, to nurse his courage for the grand duty; but unable to come near the parties at the foot of the stair-ladder, he remained where he was, and began to *cry* out his part, as if engaged in out-door preaching, only with unusual rapidity, lest his speech should be forgotten before it could all be delivered—thus:—

"Well—are you goin' for to take—sir—that womin—sir—a holdin' by the hand—sir—for a lawful—covenint wife, sir?"

To this question direct, the groom and groomsman both returned nods; although the real man added an audible—"Yes, I am," giving, too, a visible pinch to Susan's arm; equivalent to an exhortation and admonition that it was next her turn.

"Well—are you goin' for to *have*—hem! ma'am!—that thare man—ma'am!—a holdin' on your arm—for to be your lawful covenint—man—hem!—husband, ma'am?"

Here *both* ladies made a courtesy—kurtshee—but Susan added the affirmative; upon which the parson repeated the following closing form:—

"Well, I say, then, by authority of this here license from the clark of our court, as how you're both now—man and woman—that is—hem!—as how both of you are married, young folks, and no body's no right to keep you asunder." Upon which, greatly terrified, our preacher instantly demanded something to drink; not that he needed any thing from thirst, but from embarrassment, and to cover his retreat.

But the Rev. Mr. Menniwater's call for drink, was the signal that the matrimonial meeting was out; and the kissing of the bride was set going by the ladies of Glenville, who—for mere example's sake, however—were followed by the gentlemen of Glenville. And two of these gentlemen, I think, extended their salutation to the bride's maid, which was so encouraging to the groomsman, and other shy chaps, that they, with one consent, began to salute the brides that were to be: so that affairs were soon as completely uproarious and screechery as in a fashionable, high-bred evening party, with one good piano and some three dozen vocalists, professors and amateurs of singing and talking. At last the girls put out, followed by the beaux; and none were left in the room but we old folks—married people—and the young couple. And then came on all the old, racy, and original jokes and sayings on such occasions, with some new ones in regard to the "man and woman," made by Mr. M.; whose inveterate habit of "old manning," etc., had forced him to substitute man and woman for husband and wife, in concluding the ceremony. One very smart neighbour body so persisted in calling the whole no ceremony at all, that poor Susan was half persuaded she was hardly married; and had we of Glenville fomented the affair, and Mr. Hilsbury been present, Susan, I do think, would have had the marriage ceremony over again.

It was now noon, and dinner—the grand affair—was not to be till near three o'clock, P. M.—although every body, man, woman, boy, girl, help, domestic and hired and volunteer, hands and legs, were all ferment in hastening this catastrophe of our drama. And truly drama it was, if action and motion pertain to its essence. Here a boy was ferociously cutting wood—there one toting wood: here a man and two women getting a fire in full blast out of doors—there two men and one girl blowing up one within: and then rushed by a whirlwind of petticoats, with one featherless turkey, or two featherless hens, affectionately hugged along to dutch ovens and skillets! Some carried and fixed tables, pushing and kicking and jamming at them till they consented to stay fixed, and not to coggle! Some fixed rattling plates, clattering knives, and ringing bowls on stout table covers which were at the same moment jerked by others, till they "came a sorter strate!" And there was Mr. Ashford, jun., with his rifle, decapitating extra fowls, the company proving much larger than had been expected! For on these hearty and solemn occasions every body is welcome, who comes as an *umbra* to a neighbour, or acts as his own shadow and shade; and every body is stuffed with as much as he will hold; so that all sorts of feathered creatures suffer for the wedding dinner, and in great numbers, it being long before a wholesome backwoodsman ever cries, "Ohe jam satis!" about the same, as the classic reader knows, as crying out, "Well! I've a—hem!—full!"

The whole clearing evidently enjoyed a saturnalia. Wagons and carts and sleds rested from rolling and screeching; gears of leather and gears of elm-bark hung crooked and unstretched on fences and projections of out-houses; and ploughs lay peaceful, with polished shares gleaming in sunshine. The animals manifestly enjoyed the affair; hens of maternal character clucked 'mid late broods, and some wallowed in dust; geese hissed; ducks quacked; and dogs, in all quarters, ran, barked, and wagged their very tails for gladness; while shaggy horses peeped in wonder over bars, or hung tenderly about the barn and corn cribs.

Adjacent the house was a yard; and this being swept daily with wooden brooms and tramped, had become denuded of grass, and hard and clean as a puncheon floor. Here we now all walked, ran, jumped, joked, told tales, made brags and bets—tickled folk's ears with timothy heads—quizzed chaps about marrying—chased girls going to the spring for water, or to the milk house, and ever so many funny things beside. And, what was wonderful! the girls went every five minutes to the spring or milk house! and came too through the front yard! when, if they had thought, the way out of the back door was much shorter and more direct! And then such a sprinkling of water from little calabashes and tin cups and ox horns! And such a hanging of dish-cloths and milk-strainers on the "yaller buttins" of the hinder man! And the laughing!—and the rifle-shooting!—in a word, we—author included—were most decidedly, and most vulgarly happy, joyous, and chock full of fun and frolic.

Of course all this was too much for Old Dick to stand and look at all day: hence, contriving to ease off his bridle and then to work over the fence, or may be *under* it, there, sure enough, in the midst of our sacred enclosure, suddenly stood his impudence, and as if we were his "feller critturs!" He was no stranger, however, to the company, and his self-introduction was hailed with more than three cheers; it being well known he would contribute his share to the entertainment. Accordingly, like a favourite dog, he was fed with bits of bread, both corn and wheat, and with slices of fat pork and pieces of fresh beef; which latter he would only chew awhile, like tobacco, and then eject. He was then smoothed and slapped and called names—then pulled by the tail—pinched on the ears—made to grin—and then jumped on and jumped over; till at last girls were packed and stowed upon him, and nothing was visible of the favourite but four horse-legs, moving under frocks, and a tail wagging and flourishing happily among chintz and morocco—the whole a most grotesque feminine centaur! But when we packed the fellow with men and boys, he would either shake or bite them off; and if these contrivances failed he would suddenly lie down, and then the compound rollings were uncommonly entertaining.

Three chaps now mounted Dick, fully resolved to make him ford the creek, here about ten yards wide and some two feet deep. By dint of coaxing and kicking, and pulling and pushing, by the riders and the company, Dick was got into the water, when he splashed on voluntarily to the middle—but farther than that, not an inch. No—there he halted, and stood fixed as a river-horse that had grown up on the spot! And vain all entreaties, cuffings! kickings! vain all combined hallooings! vain all pelting with clods and stones!—all latherings with long bean poles!—he was wholly unbudgable! At last, however, he *did* move; and so did his riders, who hastily slipped off into water more than knee deep, preferring *that* to a roll in the creek—Dick having exhibited the premonitory symptom of performing that ceremony; and then they, amid no small uproar of laughter from the whole assembled "weddeners," waded to the bank. "But Dick, what did he?" Sure enough—why he speedily betook himself to the farther side, where he wandered about and eat twigs and bushes, till he was caught for our return. Reader, was all this instinct or reason?

After this we told adventures. Among others, one hardfeatured old worthy gave the following account about his "ole womin's tarrifying a barr," *anglicè*, terrifying a bear.

"When we was fust settled"—said he—"down on Higginsis bottim, thare was no mills in these parts and so we pack'd all our bread stuffs from over thare at Wood'll about once a month or thare-abouts, me going one day and coming back agin next day, and my ole womin a stayin in the cabin till I gits back. The Injins was mostly gone, but straglin ones kept comin on and off, but tho' they was harmless like, folks was a little dubus and didn't want thare company; and my ole womin she always shot the door at night, and a sort a draw'd the bedstid agin it. Well, so one night I was away for meal and she bethought as how she'd render off her fat; and so she ons with the grate pot—that one you're old womin neighbour Ashford borrerd last year to bile sugar in—and she puts in her fat and begins a heatin it; when what does she hear all at once on a sudden but a powerful trampin round the cabin! 'Maybe,' says she to herself, 'it's some poor Injin wants in'—when all at once the trampin stopt and somethin begins a scratching up outside the chimbly, and she spies through a crack, and if it want a powerful barr that was arter the fat! And she know'd the varmint wasn't going to rest till he klim down the inside of the chimbly; and then she'd have to put out and maybe lose all her fat! Well, my ole womin was, to be sure, a leetle skur'd—but she didn't lose her presentiment of mind—she only let the fellow back down as near as was convenient—and then she jerks a handful of dry grass out of our tick, and set fire to the whole on the fat! And she says, 'twas most powerful laffy to hear the barr go up chimbly again—and how he was still heern a growlin and makin tracts for the timbers! And that's the way she tarrifyed the barr and a sort a scorched his brichis."

"That makes me, grandaddy," said a young Hercules, "think how near I was to bein skur'd last week, with a wild cat over on Acorn Ridge. I was out huntin turkey, but had no luck, and didn't see the fust one till I comes towards Inglissis—and thare I heerd a feller goblin. So I crawls into the brush near a beech and begins a goblin, and he begins a anserrin and a comin up—but jist then I hears somethin a nuther in the beech above—but I was afeard to move my head lest the turkey ketch sight of me—and so I gives another gobble, and then hears him a comin up rite smart, and I was only waitin to git sight of him —when what should I hear but a sudden shakin rite over my head—and so I looks out of the tail of my eye so—turning his eye for illustration—and I'll be dogg'd if thare warnt a wild cat jist goin to spring, as I'd gobled him up like a gineine cock myself. So, you see I give up the turkey and killed the varmint—and that's his skin, grandaddy, you see tother day at our house."

This reminded Uncle John of an adventure of his own somewhat similar, and he went on thus:

"One day when hunting in Georgia I got into a pine thicket, where I sat down on a log to rest. Happening to look in a certain direction—for nothing of the sort was expected—I saw a fine buck coming slowly towards the thicket, either not seeing me or to reconnoitre. I had put off my shoes to cool my feet, but now without thinking about it, I rose to my feet ready to fire as soon as the deer should be near enough: but as I stood about this way—way exhibited, the legs apart—I felt something very cold glide upon one of my bare feet, and on glancing my eye that way, what was it but a rattlesnake crawling from under the log across my foot! I had providentially presence of mind to remain immovable as a rock, till the snake had actually crawled his whole length over my foot; and when fairly beyond I suddenly jumped away, and then killed him—but of course I lost my buck."

"Brother John," said uncle Tommy, "that makes me think of my being lost twenty years ago—but dinner, I reckon, is most ready——"

"Oh! no, uncle Tommy," said Mr. Ashford, "we've time for that 'venture of yours."

This was enough for our Uncle Leatherstocking; for no man so delighted in telling adventures. Indeed, few men ever encountered more; and still fewer could orally relate them so well. He was not an educated man, or even a good English scholar; still he had read much and conversed much with intelligent persons: and so he was fluent in natural English, and could aptly coin words and pronunciations to suit new ideas and circumstances. I shall try and preserve his manner and spirit: but to enjoy his stories, one should sit in his lonely cabin of a winter's night away in the howling wilderness, and see his countenance and action, and hear his tones.

"Prehaps," said uncle Tommy, "you know my wife's father had considerable land on the Blue Fox River in Ohio; so, as we two wanted a leettle more elbow room, I says one day to Nancy, 'Nancy,' says I, 'I dad, 'spose we put out and live there. Game's mighty plenty there, and there's fine water and plenty a fish, and plenty a wood; and we can lay in stores enough at Squattertown to last more nor six months on a streech.' And sure enough, as I'm a livin man, off we sets and puts up a cabin in the centre of the track, and that give us room for the present: for the nearest white settlement warnt nearer nor four mile, and Squattertown, the county seat, was nigh on to twelve mile off. The Ingins, poor critturs, kim a huntin over our track, albeit, there was no regular town of theirn nearer nor twenty miles: but they never did us harm—no, not a *hait*—(little bit)—and Nancy got so used to their red skins that she never minded them. There's bad Injins that will steal and maybe *massurkree:* but most when they find a rale sinserity-hearted white, would a blame sight sooner sculp themselves than him. And I do believe me and Nancy was beliked by them: and many's the ven'sin and turkey they fotch'd as a sort of present, and maybe a kind of pay for breadstuffs and salt Nancy used to give them. Sartin, indeed, a white would now and then be killed: but when all the sarcumstansis was illusterated, it was ginerally found the white was agressur, and was kotch'd doing something agin their laws—and me and Nancy had a secret conscience that the white desarved his fate: and sometimes I felt like takin sides with the red skins myself, and shootin down the whiskey devils that made them drunk—but I'll not enter on that now.

"Well, I hunted and fish'd about whole days, the livelong blessed day, while Nancy she'd stay alone a readin Scott's Family Bible: so that she got three times right spang through it, from kiver to kiver—the whole three volumes, notes, practical observations, marginal references, and all! And, I dad, if she did'nt read clean through all our church histories, Milnursis, and Mush-heemisis, and history of the Baptisis and Methodisis, and never so many more books beside, for we always toted our books wherever we went. And when I fished I used to larn sarmins by heart out of Chrismas Evans, and President Davy's and Mr. Walker's, and that was a kind of help in preachin."

Uncle Tommy usually made the *dead* speak when he preached, and sometimes he would echo Bishop Shrub and Bishop Hilsbury, and other living apostles. And in this he acted wisely, not being competent to the concoction of his own sermons; and besides, when fully excited, he could do Christmas Evans' celebrated almanac sermon nearly as well as Christmas himself: thence among the "Baptisis," as he always called them, Uncle Tommy was greatly venerated, and was heaped up with titles like an English Bishop, being styled, "a mighty smart and most powerful big preacher!" Let not uncle Tommy's pulpit preparation be despised; even "high larned sheepskins," it is said, do sometimes lay both the living and the dead under heavy contribution, and that, too, when not endowed with our buck-eye-preacher's pathos and unction. We, indeed, of Glenville, always preferred that uncle Tommy should represent Davies and Walker—and even Evans—and not to give his own. But to the story:

"Well," continued he, "one morning early in December, I says to Nancy, 'Nancy, I dad,' says I, 'I do believe I'll jist take old Bet—a rifle—as we are out of meat, and go where I seen the turkies roosting last night:' you mind the morning, Nancy, my dear, don't you?"

"Bless you, Tommy Seymour, I'll never forget it—I was near losing you then, Tommy."

"Well, Nancy, I'll go on with the story."

This was one of the interlocutories that always varied and interrupted uncle Tommy's narratives, and nothing could excel the intense interest that most affectionate and devoted wife—wife and child to him—took in the stories, though heard the hundredth time. But uncle Tommy went on:

"And so I slips out of bed—it wasn't day quite—and slips on my clothes, and fixes my old gun by the fire and then opens the door to set out, when I dissarned a leetle sprinkle of snow and a likelihood for a snow storm. Howsomever, this didn't *faze* me, only I steps back for my old camlit cloak—little thinking, as I fixed it on, how I'd need the thing afore I'd git back agin.,

"Well, I starts for where I'd seen the turkeys, and gitting near, sneaked round a bit, but soon found the critters had been too quick, and like Paddy's flea, wasn't there. I heerd them, howsomever, fly, and so on I kept creeping slowly along till I'd got from home, mayhap, a matter of two miles; but the snow was so thick in the air that I never could dissarn the birds, and away they kept going flurry-wurry about seventy yards ahead—till I give up the hunt and turn'd to go home for fear Nancy might be waiting breakfast—"

"Yes, Tommy Seymour, I did wait breakfast for you——"

"Never mind, Nancy, my dear child, I got back at last you know"—replied uncle Tommy, and continued—"Well, I turn'd to go back, but I dad if I could jist exactly tell where I was precisely, the snow had so teetolly kivered my tracks, and it was now snowing so bodaciously fast as to kiver as fast as I made them. But I took a sharp look at the timber, and fixing on a course, I kept my line for near two mile—yet, I dad, if I could strike the cabin and couldn't tell whether it was too high or too low; and so up I went a short quarter, and down a short quarter, as near as could be guessed circumlocating for three hours, but no cabin was to be seen. Well, says I, I dad, if I aint about as good as lost; and so sits down in a tree top to reconsiderate, and take a fresh start—but soon starts up and hollows like the ole Harry—but nothing gives no answer and all was snow!—snow!—snow! not a smite of noise, only my breathing and a sort of pittinpattin sound of my heart! I found it wouldn't do to stand still as the scares begin to crawl in a leetle, and so off I sets at a venture; for the cabin must be, says I, somewhere near: and sometimes I conceited it to be ahead of me, but all at once it vanished and I seed it was only a case of fantis-mágery—and that I, Tommy Seymour, was actially lost!——"

"Yes! Tommy, and I couldn't give you any help!"

"Nancy! child, I wouldn't a had you there for the universal world."

"Well,"—resumed he—"there I was teetolly lost! I couldn't stay still—yet what use to walk on? And if I fired my gun, and Nancy heerd it, and I didn't git back, mayhap she'd think the Injins had killed me, and then she'd come out and git lost too!—and with that idee, thinks I may be she's out now!—and then I gits bodaciously sker'd and hollows agin like the very old Harry! and walks and runs this way and that way—the snow blinding my eyes—but all was of no use—I was lost! lost! lost! But it was only about Nancy here, I thought at this time;—and I dad, if I didn't ketch myself a crying like a child,—and, wished to be lost by myself without her coming out in such a storm!"—We here stole a look at aunt Nancy—I could not catch her eye as she had her work-bag over her face: but "I dad," as uncle Tommy used to say, if we didn't feel a *leetle* tender ourselves. And so, generous reader, would you have felt, hearing the tremulous thrill of the venerable old man's voice and seeing his eye affectionately turned towards that dear old lady that for so many years had shared his wanderings and sorrows.—"Well, I must 'a become crazy, running round and hollowing and crying—and all of no use—when all at once it quit snowing, and I was sperited up, hoping the sun would shine out next, and I could take a course for Squattertown or the Injin settlement. But it kept dark and cloudy and I begins to feel weak from fatigue and hunger—albeit I warn't sker'd on that pint, as I had ole Bet along—and so allowing it was about one o'clock, I determined to strike the Blue Fox, and keep down stream to the settlement on its bank thirty miles down. Well, off I sets to strike the river, and in about four mile comes to a little pond with a couple of duck swimming about. I stopp'd in my tracks—knock'd out damp primin—puts in fresh—and slams away and kills one duck; and the other flies away. And I gits the duck to land by pitching sticks in, but not wanting to lose time, I kept on going; and so picked off the feathers and sucked a little of it raw, till it 'most made me sick, and I thought it would be better to keep and cook it at night—which was now coming on black as thunder. Well, it was time to look out for a camp; and just about dark I came across a tree what had been twisted off by a harrikin, and was lodged the butt ind on the stump; and the top on the ground was puttee much of a dry brush heap, For all the world! there never was sich a place!—Providence seem'd to have blow'd it down jist for me! I could have camp'd there a week! And so we brushes away the snow and makes a fire in the top! and near the stump under the trunk, makes a comfortable bed out of chunks and brush wood: and then I goes to the fire and sits down to cook my duck.

"But, I dad, if I could help thinking about our cabin and every time I think of Nancy—I—; but I know'd there was a divine Providence and a heavenly Father—and so I prayed, and then eat one half of my duck, keeping the other; as game was mighty skerse and no human beings was in that direction till I struck the Blue Fox. And then, making a little fire near my bed for my feet, and kivering my powder-horn with a handkerchief to put under my head for fear of damp and sparks, I raps up in the ole camlit, and laid down, and was soon fast asleep.

"Well, after a while I gits to dreaming I was lost in a prararee, and that the grass had tuck fire, and that I was a kind of suffocated and scorch'd;—and I dreamed I heerd the awful roaring of flames, and seen a burning whirlwind coming towards me, and that so sker'd me that I woke right up—and, I dad! as I'm a livin man! if the woods all around me wasn't as light as day! And my tree was all a living blaze and burning splinters was tumlin on my ole camlit!—ay! and my cotton hankerchief round my powder horn was jist beginning to smoke and scorch!—I dad! my friends and bruthrin"—here, uncle T. insensibly glided into his preaching tone and manner—"but this was a most murrakulous dream! and show'd the nature of Providence and his care—or I'd 'a soon been burnt to death or blow'd up! And I didn't sleep no more—but kneel'd down and thank'd God for the deliverance; and then kept sitting near the fire till day, and then I once more started for the river.

"Howsomever, to make a long story short, I walked on and on the live-long blessed day, and never heerd or seen a living crittur; and I never came to any river—but at night I comes to a log that had been chopp'd off and this give me courage. And so I makes a fire, and eats now the other half of my duck—for I was somehow sartain I'd find a settlemint in the morning. Well, I slept the second night along side this log, and by daybreak I jumps up and feels something a kind of moving in my old camlit—and, I dad! if it wasn't a snake what the fire had smoked out of the log and what had crept into me to be warm! But I only shook out the reptile and never killed him, thinking only of some settlemint—although it was the *snake*, brother John told about, that made me think of my adventure—for the sarcumstance of the chopp'd log satisfied me, some was near, as it was no tommyhawk cut, but was done with a white man's axe. Well, I starts off puttee considerable peert and brisk, considerin I was weak, and, all at once, as I'm a livin man, if I didn't hear a bark! And so I stops and listens—and there was another—and another—and I was sartain it wasn't no fox or wolf but a dog—and then, I dad! if I didn't streak off that way like greased lightnin!—and begun and holler'd and fired!—and the dog bark'd louder and louder, and kept on coming nearer and nearer! and I a running and hollerin till all at once right in sight of me was—a human cabin! If I live a thousand years—and none of us, my bruthren, will live half that long—I'll never forget that moment—and if ever I thank'd God with a rale sinserity heart, 'twas then. But while I was reconsiderating whose settlemint it was, for things looked a kind of familiar, the dog what had kept on barkin, now bust out of the bushes, a yelpin and a prancin around me!—and why, do you think?—because the poor feller had found his lost master—and it was Nancy's little dog Ruff! And would you believe it?—my eyes was suddenly opened like a prophit's, and I found I was on my own trampin ground, and the cabin was ours!—and there stood my dear child Nancy, a lookin our way out of the cabin door! I dad! if I didn't snatch up Ruff and kiss him!—and the poor little crittur—he's dead now!—licked my face with his tongue!—and in that way I run over to Nancy."—Here the emotion of the old man and the agitation of his wife made a momentary pause—it was, indeed, as solemn as church.—"Well, after all was explained and illusterated, we kneel'd down and thank'd God: and then Nancy, she told how she thought I was killed and then maybe only lost, till she was jist goin to start for the next settlemint; and if I'd a come ten minits later, she'd been off after help!

"So, that's one of my scrapes; and it illusterates the filloso-fee that makes a man keep going round and round when he's lost; for albeit I must a walked more nor fifty mile in the two days, I wasn't never over seven mile from the cabin; and that's the pond where the duck was;—and when I come back agin, I didn't know at fust my own cabin—nor the chopp'd log, though I'd cut down the tree myself. And——"

Here dinner was fortunately announced; for nothing else *then* could have stopped Uncle Tommy—and we weddeners had a lucky escape from a long sermon on Providence; for Uncle Tommy greatly delighted in improvements, and "speretilizing" his adventures, and, indeed, all other matters, and usually wound up his land-yarns with notes and practical observations, in the manner of Henry and Scott.

The dinner-table was set in the diagonal of the room, and could accommodate about thirty persons; but as our company was twice that number, we were "to eat twice." As usual, the new married persons were seated at one end, and the groomsman and bridesmaid at the other: and then were seated all the married men, and after that as many as possible of the married women; preference on such occasions being shown—according to a rule of Latin Grammar—to the worthier gender. This inversion of the matrimonial chord arises mainly from the fact, that out there women reserve themselves to attend to the table;

and, therefore, when the "set up" is ordered, the gentlemen instantly seat themselves alongside, and partly *under* the table. Sheepish young chaps usually hang back, however hungry, and say, "Oh, there's no 'casion!" after which they give an acquiescing cough or two, or more commonly go to the door, and give a twang with the nose and finger instrument, and then drop, as if shot, down into a seat, jerking the seat under the table, till the mouth comes to its level, and is thus fixed for convenient feeding.

All Glenville had a seat at the first table; except John Glenville, who, partly out of policy, but much more out of true and gentlemanly feeling, preferred coming with the young people to the second table. And when the company were fixed—and fixed it was till one could barely stir a hand or foot—Uncle Tommy "asked a blessing;" when he made amends for a long story by a very short prayer. But even in that prayer, which certainly lasted no longer than two minutes, he contrived, among other things, to ask a blessing on the young folks, praying especially, "for them as had jist been married, according to the divine appointment in the garden of Eden, that they might, both of them, live to a good old age, and be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and see their children's children to the third and fourth generation, and that other young folks present might soon settle and have families, and become an honour and a blessin' in their day and gineration."

Many young gentlemen of "the second table" waited on us of "the first table," and among them John Glenville:—and this was taken so kindly, that before we went home declarations were heard about "taking him up for the legislature, fall come a year"—a hint not lost on us, and of which more hereafter. I am sorry the reader can only taste our *goodies* in imagination; and yet are we cruel enough to let him see what he lost.

And first, notice, all eatables, from "the egg to the apple," were on our table at once. Thus a single glance disclosed what amount of labour was expected:—our *whole* work was there, and no other jobs of eating by way of appendix. Nor were we plagued with changing knives, whipping on and away of plates, and brushing or removing cloths; no, no, we kept right dead ahead with the work from the start to the finish; the sole labour of the attendants being to keep the plates "chuckfull" of something, and ours, to eat! eat! eat!

The dishes next. First, then, and middlemost, an enormous pot-pie, and piping hot, graced our centre, overpowering, with its fragrance and steam, the odours and vapours of all other meats: and pot-pie was the wedding dish of our Purchase, par excellence! The pie to-day was the doughy sepulchre of at least six hens, two chanticleers, and four pullets, if it be logical to reason upward from legs and wings to bodies! What pot could have contained the pie is inconceivable, unless the one used for "tarrifying the barr." Why, among other unknown contributions, it must have received one half peck of onions! And yet it is to be feared that they who came after us were pot-pieless; for pot-pie is the favourite, and woodsmen sharp set are most *awful* eaters.

Around the pie were wild turkeys—tame enough now—with wonderful necks stretched out in search of their heads, and stupendous limbs and wings ready for flight, the instant the head should be discovered or heard from! The poor birds, however, were so done, over and under too, that all native juices were evaporated, and the flesh was as dry as cork: but by way of amends, quarts of gravy were judiciously emptied on our plates from the wash-basin-bowls. That also moistened the "stuff'nin," composed of Indian meal and sausages.

These two were the grand dishes: but sprinkled and scattered about were plates of fried venison, fried turkey, fried chicken, fried duck, fried pork, and, for any thing I could know, even fried leather; for, so complete and impartial the frying, that distinctive tastes were obliterated, and it could only be guessed, by the shape, size, legs, etc., which was what, and the contrary.

But who can tell of the "sasses?" for we had "biled petaturs"—and "smashed petaturs!"—and "petatursis!" i. e., potatoes rolled into balls as big as marbles, and baked brown. And there were "bil'd ingins!"—"fried ingins!"—and "ingins out of this here pie!" Yes, and beets of all known colours and unknown tastes!—all pickled in salt and vinegar, and something else! And there were pickled cucumbers, as far as salt and water could go; and "punkun-butter!"—and "punkun-jelle!"—and corn bread in all its glory!

Scientifically inserted and insinuated among the first course, was the second: every crevice and space being wedged up: and had the plates and saucers been like puzzle-maps, no table-cloth would have been visible through the interstices. And fortunate! the table itself was strong and masculine: otherwise it must have been crushed under the combined weight of elbows and dishes! This second course was chiefly custard; and that stood in bowls and teacups of cadaverous white, encircled by unknown flowers. A pitcher of milk was gracefully adorned by the artist with the pattern of an entrail, taken, doubtless, out of some school book on physiology. But we had also custard-pies! and made with both upper and under crusts! And also maple molasses—usually called "them 'ere molassisis"—and preserved apples, preserved water-melon rinds, and preserved red peppers and tomatoes—all termed, for brevity's sake—like words in Webster's Dictionary—"'sarves."

A few under crusts, or shells, were filled with stewed peaches and apples—an idea borrowed by Susan from Glenville: but so much was this like conformity to the pomps and vanities of life, that the careful mother had that very morning rebuked her daughter, and earnestly advised her not "to take to quality ways, but naterally bake pies with uppermost crusts's." And yet Mrs. Ashford soon got over her miff; and, won by the marked and *uncondescending* attention paid to her daughter and her daughter's husband by us, she was heard not long after the rebuke to say—"Well, arter all, they're a right down clever sort of folks, and that 'are Mr. Carltin is naterally adicted to fun."

Among the curiosities were the pound cakes, as numerous as apple dumplings, and about as large. These were compounded of some things found in pound cakes every where, and of some not found, maple sugar being, evidently, from the taste, the master ingredient; but their shape—that was the beauty! All were baked in coffee-cups! and after being disencupped, each was iced all over, till it looked, for all the world, exactly like an ill-made snow ball! The icing, or snowing, was a composition of egg, starch, and a species of double rectified maple sugar, as fine and white as table salt.

In addition to all these matters tea and coffee were severally handed, while the girls in attendance asked each guest—"Do you take sweet'nin?" If the reply was affirmative the same sized spoonful was put into every sized cup; and then, to save you the trouble, the young lady stirred the beverage with her own fair hand, and with as much energy and good will as if she was mixing molasses and water.

Now, we do hope no reader will think we of Glenville turned up our noses at all this. No, no, verily; but we eat as much and as long, laughing, talking, joking all the time too, as if native born. As for Mr. Carlton, he stuck mainly to pot-pie, the marbled potatoes, the custard, and the maple molasses; which last, by the way, is indeed as superior to all far east and down east molasses and syrups as cheese is to chalk.

The eventful day was, however, now closing, and some had already taken French leave, while many were rigging their horses for departure: hence we also began assembling our party to go homeward. But at the request of some young fellows, who offered to catch Dick and see the "gals" home, we left our helps to have some fun after the graver people should be gone away. About a dozen *volunteer* groomsmen and bridesmaids remained "to see it out;" viz., to torment Susan and Joseph: but Mrs. Ashford, a very watchful and discreet woman, told us afterwards, she "took care to stop all goins on, and made ev'ry livin soul and body of 'em go to bed an hour before herself and her old man went."

A different but no less effectual preventive was used by another new-married couple in the Purchase, where we had the honour of an invitation. The loft had been assigned as the bridal chamber, the sole access to which was a light ladder; and up this some of the "weddeners" intended to steal and upset the bed of the sleepers—but, alas! for the fun!—the groom, in anticipation of the favour,

Had drawn up the ladder!

CHAPTER XX.

"Parva leves capitant animos."
"Various, that the mind of desultory man."

The ladies of Glenville, in addition to various other matters, paid special attention in the winter to needle-work, also to reading: and, not a little in longing after the flesh-pots of Egypt! And yet there was much in the wild and rough wilderness;—much in the men and women of the woods, so in contrast with the culture of the city, that when the novelty passed, and we had time to reflect how in our day the neighbours could never be like us, nor we like them—how we were tolerated, rather than cherished—and were far away from sympathy—it was then we awoke to a sad and bitter remembrance of the past—yes, and that past in no way, to some of us, ever to be restored, to be revisited! In the far east were the graves of *their* fathers! —the graves of *mine*, I cannot find—for the Seymours were ancient, and in their day men of substance and renown. And Indians are not the only ones that love to linger among the graves of their fathers: not the only wanderers that see in vision the swelling mounds over their dead, and see, with melting hearts and dimming eyes! Mournful world! before we left the woods, graves of ours had consecrated two lonely spots in the wilds, and our dust was commingling with the dust of the red men: so that lonely now amid the graves in the east, we here sigh and weep for the graves in those western solitudes!

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As for myself, this winter, I made the closet for Carlton's study, and the one in Bishop Hilsbury's cabin; also two shuttles for the loom, one too light, however, the other, too heavy: and I aided in putting in and taking out "a piece," becoming thus adept in the mysteries of woof and warp, of hanks, reels, and cuts. I mended, likewise, water sleds, hunted turkeys, missed killing two deer for want of a rifle, played the flute, practised the fiddle, and ever so many other things. But my grand employment was a review of all my college studies; and hence, I was the very first man since the creation of the world that read Greek in the New Purchase! And it was I that first made the apostles talk out there in their own language! that first made the primal woods resonant with

"Tyture tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi!"

or thunder with Demosthenes! that first addressed the revereful trees in the majestic words of Plato—words that Jupiter himself would have used for the same purpose! aye, that first taught those listening trees the names of the Hebrew and Chaldaic alphabets, or made them roar like the sea with the *poluphlosboio thalasses!* And, hence, from the renown of all this, I was finally made a trustee of the State College at Woodville; which appointment afterwards brought me into contact with some adventures, to be narrated in their proper place. The appointment, however, was not given till Mr. J. Glenville took his seat in our legislature in 182–.

Our evenings were devoted to cracking nuts and jokes, visiting uncle Tommy, and Bishop H., to planning, to hearing adventures, or reading aloud; but, as it was not possible to have a centre-table, the grand family lamp was suspended in the centre of the parlour; and then around this we either all sat as an Iceland family, or raising the carpet-barriers, we lolled on the nearest beds in couch and sofa, and ottoman style.

The lamp in its primitive times was a patty-pan; but having spent its youth in different sorts of hot ovens, its tin had entirely shone out, and nothing remained save the oxydated iron; yet to this it owed its present elevated station in Glenville—humility before exaltation! In the edges were three holes punched with a tenpenny nail, and into these were put and fastened three several wires, which, united eighteen inches above the patty-pan, were joined by a strong twine, tied to a hook in a pole: and then the whole affair, when released from the hand, could, and did swing with a very regular irregularity over the middle parlour. The illuminator filled with lard or bear's oil, and supplied with a piece of cloth for wick, was touched with flame from a burning brand; and then away it blazed in glory, filling all things, even eyes and noses, with light and soot! But we soon got used to suffocation; and many were our pleasant nights around the pendulum lamp, spite of inconveniences within, and the cries of prowling beasts without, or the demon-like shrieks and howls of wintry tempests! Calm consciences in rude and lone huts bid defiance to most evils and dangers! Besides, who has not known the delight of lying in bed under an unceiled roof and of being lulled to slumber by the music of a pattering rain! So our delight arose often from a sense of entire security: and the dangers and evils of the dark and howling wilderness so near!—separated by a slight barrier!

During the day, this winter, I took lessons in axecraft; for, in addition to the "niggering-off," it became necessary as the cold increased, to chop off logs, especially as our fire-place devoured wood at the rate of half-a-cord per diem. Niggering belongs mainly to very large timber, and pertains rather to the science of log-rolling than of preparing fuel; but chopping is essential to nearly every branch of a woodsman's life, and must be learned by all who aspire to respectability and independence.

Awkward, indeed, were my first essays, and my strength, inartificially bestowed on every blow, was soon exhausted; but when we had "larned the sling o' the axe," then could we as easily execute a cord a day, as at first the fourth of the measure.

But oh! the way Tom Robison could flourish the axe! And proud am I to call Tom my master; indeed, all Glenville were indebted to his lessons. Tom was a fellow of gigantic proportions, longer than six feet three inches, and with enormous width of breast—about "the girth" like a columnar beech. He had also legs and arms to match. His face was as mild as a full moon's, and nearly as big; and in temper he was as good-natured and harmless as a chubby baby! Tom rarely bragged; although he could shoot well, drive wagon well, ride horses wild and tame, and walk as fast and nearly as far as an elephant: still he would boast a little about his chopping, being indeed as an axeman, the envy and admiration of all that part of the Purchase. Oh! I do wish we could paint Tom's smile of benevolent scorn as he took the axe from my awkward hands to "larn me the sling!" and saw me puffing at every ineffectual blow, striking every time in a new place, till a little weak amorphous chip was at long last haggled out with hashed edges —it was really sublime!

"Jeest* do it *so* like Mr. Carlton—a sort a hold your left hand here, allowin you're goin to strike right hand licks; and your tother hand so fashin, a toward the helf—but a sort a loose: then swing the axe out so, lettin the loose hand run up agin tother this away"—and here Tom's axe finished the sentence or speech by gleaming down and burying itself nearly to its back in the log: but next instant it was again quivering in the air, and changing its direction was gleaming and burying itself as at first, till out leaped elastic chips light as a feather, although these chips were twelve inches long, and two thick! And then the log would show two inclined planes as if wrought with a chisel!—and all the time Tom talking and laughing away, like a fellow whittling poplar with a dirk knife! Oh! it was really delicious to see such cutting; and it was surprising any body should call wood-chopping hard work—it was nothing but cutting butter with a hot knife.

Reader, Tom had actually done in axery, what Horace pronounces in writing, the perfection of the art, viz., ravishing and yet beguiling the reader into an opinion that he can write as well. Tom therefore was a master. In short, Tom could cut wood like lightning; and whilst some things can be done before a fluent tongue—female of course—can say *Jack* Robison, we defy any body to do the same things before *Tom* Robison could chop a stick off!

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* *Jist* becomes *jeest*, and *little*, *leetle* out there, when tenderness and affection or dimunition, etc., is to be designated.

We shall now describe our firemaking, not indeed to be imitated in here to the utter ruin of all moderate fortunes, but to show the grand scale on which we do even small matters out there.

The foundation of our fire was laid every day very early and required all hands. We men—hem! we men rose before sun-up; and then uncle John hauled out the relics of yesterday's fire—coals plenty and lively—the unconsumed centre of the back-log and chunks of foresticks; while Glenville and Carlton issued forth to select a new back-log. This was usually of beech, the greener the better, and about seven feet long and two in diameter. It was rolled to the door with handspikes; where, with the aid of uncle John, it was next rolled, lifted, pushed and coaxed into the centre of the parlour: and here we rested and blowed, uttering between the puffs—"plaguey heavy!" "a'most too long!" and the like. But directly, with a few united efforts the back-log was rolling and crushing over the coals and soon lodged with a thundering noise in its bed of hot ashes, and against the stone back of the inner chimney; we, during this process, alternately lifting our scorched shins, and then at the noise of the thunder, nimbly leaping back and rubbing them; till we could nearly have ventured at last to try the ordeal of the burning plowshares. The log was now covered with ashes to prevent too rapid a consumption; and then two delicate pig irons were pushed by a stick into proper position, being always, any time in the winter, too hot to be touched with the hand or even kicked with the foot. In case a cabin has opposite doors, much labour and many sprains may be saved and avoided, by tackling a horse to an end of the back-log and hauling it into the cabin; it is, however, rather a slovenly practice, and used mostly by women in the absence of the men.

Next in order were the second-story back-log, and the fore stick—equal in length, but different in diameter and material: the former being of beech and one foot thick, the latter of sugar tree and about eight inches thick. Each is often carried by two persons; but still oftener each is hipped. And hipping is done by one man who has some strength and more dexterity; who adroitly whips up the log on his hip, and trots off with it like the youngest quill-driver of a shop will do with Miss Troublesome's small bundle of silk under his arm. These timbers are also frequently shouldered—but I regret to say that a certain friend of ours when his turn came, used to roll his stick as far as the door, and then *hitch* it. Hitching is performed by getting the article on an end—no odds which—and then working it along by alternate corners: an operation that impressed on our puncheons numerous indented mementos of our friend's lazy ingenuity.

Meanwhile uncle John carried in brush enough to make a Jersey load of oven faggots; and the girl, baskets full of all sized chips, from the Tommyrobison kind down to the Carlton sort; and so when the upper back-log and fore stick had been arranged, there were present all the kindling and burning materials. An infant sapling, some three inches thick, lay between the back log proper and the fore-stick, forming thus a chasm for a bushel of burning coals; while other coals remained under and above the pile; and then across the upper coals were placed bits of small trees intermingled with hot chunks and cold chips, the whole being capped and climacterized with a brush heap.

Now issued, first, volumes of smoke, then a spiteful snap or two, becoming soon, however, a loud and decided crackling; and then appeared several fierce curly blazes, white, red, and blue, verifying the vulgar saying about smoke and fire; till the temperature of things getting to the scientific point—out burst simultaneously from all parts of the structure a wide, pure, living, roaring flame chasing soot-clouds up the stick-chimney, dispersing fire-builders as far as the carpet barrier, and lighting the interior cabin with the blaze of a volcano!

Combustion—hem!—was supported during the day on the most philosophic principles: by supplying *fuel;* not a small bladder of gas; not even an old-fashioned Philadelphia *iron* fore stick and *stone* black log; but real backwoods' fuel, chips, brush, bits of saplings and miniature timber. The fire was constructed regularly once only in twenty-four hours; although some back logs will last nearly twice that period.

Each firemaker had a *pair* of green timber an inch thick and six feet long; hence two persons lifting or poking in concert were equivalent to a *tong* of tongs. Usually we operated with only one tong; but by dexterity all can be accomplished with that one, that in here is commonly done with "tongses" and shovel to boot. True, our practice was incessant; since no man, woman, or child in the Purchase ever stood, sat, or lay near a fire without *poking* at it! Hence my determined and ineradicable hostility to a fire of coal, bituminous or anthracite—the thing won't be *poked!* And what's a fire for, if it aint to be poked? Our young woman now, in here, keeps everything in the shape of poker, and scraper, and tong, single or double, out of my way; and, when the grate or stove needs a little tussling, in comes *she* with some iron article or other: but always on going out takes the article with her—"for fear Mr. Carlton will spile her fire!"

Bah!—don't lecture me about furnaces and flues, and patent grates and ranges, and no-burns and all-saves, of this pitiful age! Give me my all-burn and no-save fire of beech and sugar and chip and brush—hand back my tong—let me poke once more! Oh! let me hear and see once more before I die a glorious flame roaring up a stick-chimney! There let me, on this celebrated cold Thursday, thermometer two and a half inches below zero, there let me stand by my cabin fire and be heated once more through and through! Oh! the luxury of lying in bed and looking from behind our Scotch wall on that fire!

Oh! ye poor frozen, starving wretches of our blind and horrible alleys, and dark and loathsome cellars; ye, I now see buying twopenneth of huckstered sticks to heat your water gruel for one more mouthful before ye die; ye, that are shivering in rags, begging of that red-faced carter in the pea-jacket a small, knotty, four-foot-stick of sour, sappy scrub oak just fallen from his cart, to hear it sob, sob, on the foodless hearth of your dungeon-like holes—away! for life's sake, if you starve not before, away! next summer to the woods!

Go; squat on Congress land! Go! find corn and pork and turkeys and squirrels and opossums and deer to eat! Go; and in the cold, cold, cruel winter like to-day, you shall sit and lie and warm you by such a fire! Go; squalid slaves! beg an axe—put out—make tracks for the tall timber—Go; taste what it is to be free! Away!—run!—leap!—and shout—

"Hurraw—aw! the ranges for—ever!!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

We had this year a very merry Christmas. For first and foremost we devoted the holidays to—hog-killing and all its accompaniments, lard rendering, spare-rib cooking, sausage making, and the like. And secondly, our cow Sukey performed a very wonderful thing in the eating and drinking line: she devoured a whole sugar-trough full of mast-fed rendered lard! The blame, at first, attached to Dick; but he could clearly prove an alibi; and besides Sukey had very greasy chops, and got horrid sick, as much so as she had swallowed a box of Quackenborg's pills: and when she did again let us have milk it was actually oily! And then, thirdly, there was aunt Kitty's mishap about the sausages.

Aunt Kitty was intended by nature for a dear delightful old maid; and she greatly mistook her vocation by marrying, although nothing but her being a great favourite with the beaux of the last century hindered the fulfilment of her destiny. She was the most amiable and kind-hearted woman—but a *leetle* too modest; so that, in her circumlocutions and paraphrases to get round the tough places of plain English, she often made us uneasy lest she stump; or, perhaps light on some unlucky word or phrase worse than the one she shyed at. She denominated the chanticleer, chickbiddie—or, he-bidde—or, old rooster; and the braying gentleman she styled—donkey; although she would venture as far as—Jack. Ancle, with her, was any part from the knee downward, and limbs were of course, her what-y' callums, and she milked the cow's dugs, and greased, not her bag, but her—udder.

Well, Aunt Kitty called things prepared for the reception of sausages, *skins;* and so this Christmas having prepared the skins by the scraping process, she laid them away in salt and water till the stuffing was to take place; but when the hour for that curious metamorphose of putting swine into their own skins came, behold! the skins could not be found—

"What! had Dick devoured them?"

Oh! no—the girl had accidentally thrown them all away. And this, indeed, was too bad; and no housekeeper can blame Aunt Kitty for being greatly provoked: but, alas! for delicacies, anger permitted no choice of words:—and by that it may be seen *how* angry Aunt Kitty was; for on learning the cause and manner of the irreparable loss she exclaimed:—

"Why, you careless—you! Have you really gone and thrown out all my g—ts! that I was keeping for skins!!"

Fourthly, we had a deer hunt, not only somewhat remarkable in itself, but memorable for the change it caused in the relations of Brutus and Cæsar—the dogs of Glenville. Of these, Brutus was the elder, and hence, though smaller and weaker, he managed to govern Cæsar: proof that among brutes opinion has much to do with mastership and reverence. An intimate acquaintance with old Dick and the two canine gentlemen has unsettled my early theories about instinct and reason: and as to the first named worthy, the theory that the power of laughing is distinctive of human beings must be received with limitation; for Dick, if he never indulged in a rude boisterous horse-laugh, could and did most decidedly and repeatedly *grin*—and that is all some very sober and sensible persons ever attain to.

As to the others, Brutus had possession of the premises before

Cæsar was even a whelp; and though only Cæsar's foster-sire, he had trained him in his puppyhood in all the arts of doggery; showing him how to worry infant pigs, then saucy shoats, and finally true hogs, and without regard of size or sex. He taught him how to chase poultry, and suck eggs; how to hang at a cow's tail and yet avoid both horn and heel; how to hunt squirrels, opossums, and racoons; and how even to shake a venomous snake to death and not be bit. And to his indefatigable care and example was owing the loss of our original bacon-skin hinges, and the ruin of sundry raw hides.

But when the cold meat, or potatoes, or buttermilk, etc., was set out in the dogs' sugar-trough, how instructive the dignity of Brutus as he walked up solus, and with no ravenous and indelicate haste, to eat his fill! And how revereful the mammoth and lubberly Cæsar, standing at a distance till his step-father had finished and retired! Cæsar, when very hungry or smelling something extra, would indeed crawl up with an imploring eye and piteous whine: but then the awful look and cautionary growl he received from the wiser dog, sent him away in a moment with a trailed tail and even to a greater distance than ever! And yet Cæsar was equal in strength and size to one Brutus and a half! Carlyle's theory of opinion, must be extended to dogs: and our deer hunt will confirm it.

One day during Christmas week Uncle John went a hunting. About two o'clock, however, he returned, having wounded a deer a mile beyond our clearing, and wishing after dinner—now on the table—to take the two dogs to put on its trail; when we should soon find the deer, and in all probability dead. Accordingly, on reaching the spot, and blood being here and there visible, the dogs were placed on the trail, and we soon came in sight of the poor deer. It was not dead, as had been conjectured, but was lying down sorely wounded, on a little island in the creek, hoping there, after baffling pursuit by the intervening water, to sob away its life unseen and undisturbed by its relentless enemies! Poor creature! mere accident led us to look towards its retreat; where, alarmed, it had incautiously moved; and no moving thing ever is unseen by the wary and stationary hunter—and then, at our shouts, up sprang the terrified animal, wounded, but bounding away as though unharmed! And away in pursuit leaped the yelping dogs; but in the excitement Cæsar, forgetful of all reverence, in the *lead!*

Following the uproar, I ran up on this side the creek about two hundred yards; and then the deer was seen recrossing the water a few rods higher, Cæsar close on the flank, the most noble Brutus panting far enough in the rear!

The poor hunted victim, blind and expiring, staggered, in its last agony, towards my station; and then, as Cæsar leaped to seize its throat, it fell stone dead at my feet; for the rifle ball had passed nearly through its body, and the chase had happily but accelerated death. The two brothers, for Uncle Tommy had joined us, now came up; and then, the feet of the dead deer tied in pairs, and a sapling, cut and prepared with a tomahawk, inserted longitudinally under the thongs, we shouldered our prey, and marched homeward triumphant:—i. e., we three rationals and the now opinionated and consequential Cæsar, who (or which?) strutted near, every few paces leaping up and smelling at the carcass. But Brutus, the hitherto lord of the woods and clearing, alas! dejected, lagged away behind, both crest-fallen and tail-fallen! yes, both, for he hung his head and kept his tail dangling without one triumphant flourish! He evidently felt his importance lessened, his dignity diminished by such a palpable and utter natural—not to say moral—inability, to be in at the death. Yes, opinion was changed! And he saw plain enough that Cæsar entertained notions of dog-authority now very inconsistent with peaceable subjection—ay! as different as when slaves first wake to the full perception of their powers and rights, and opportunities; their masters having injudiciously allowed them to discover themselves to be really men, and to have souls! Yes, yes, opinion had changed;—and these dogs read it in one another's eyes—for that very day the instant the entrails of the slain deer were thrown out as the dogs' reward, up rushed the unceremonious Cæsar; and when Brutus tried the experiment of the old cautionary growl, Cæsar, instead of modestly retiring, as usual, leaped ferociously upon his venerated step-father, and so bit and gored, and pitched and rolled, and tossed him, that away, away ran the elder dog at the first fair interval, howling with rage, vexation and pain! And ever after that memorable deer-hunt Cæsar continued to eat at the first trough, and Brutus at the second!

Part of the venison fell to Uncle Tommy's share, which I aided him to take home; and, in return, he insisted on my spending the evening at his cabin—and then the reader may be sure we had many a long story on hunting. The squatteree was a cabin just fourteen feet by ten, and most accurately built of small round saplings, very much alike in diameter and looks, and nicely dressed at the corners.

A large space inside was occupied by a bed-apparatus, constructed as follows:—uprights, at their lower ends were nailed to cleets on the floor, and on the uprights were pegged a side and foot-piece—the logs of the cabin making unnecessary a second rail and head-piece. Next was a sacking of clap-boards pinned down; and then a very thick straw bed, and over that a sumptuous feather bed; the whole very comfortable for the good old folks, especially as Uncle Tommy used to say of themselves, that they were "old and tough."

Opposite the bed stood the bureau; the door opening into the cabin between the two, and a narrow aisle or passage being left to the cooking and eating end of the nest. Adjoining the bureau was the puncheon table with its white oak legs; and which served for eating, sewing, reading, and indeed, all domestic uses; whilst opposite the table, and at the foot of the bed, were shelves for crockery and every article of squatter housekeeping. Over the fire-place was an extraordinarily wide mantel, sustaining canister behind canister, and bowl upon bowl, and bags, some of linen and some of paper; and having above itself two racks, one supporting an enormously long duck-gun, and the other, "Old Bet"—a black, surly-looking rifle—with the appurtenances of horns, punches, loaders, tomahawks and knives. There hung, also, several pairs of moccasins, and two sets of leggins; an old pair of green baize, and a new pair of blue cloth.

Over the table and bureau were shelves, but mainly for the library. The books were principally books of divinity and church history, and also of prayer and devotion; but yet were on the shelves Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Paradise Lost, Border Tales, Cooper's Works, Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts. The bureau-top was consecrated to Bibles and Hymn Books; and here was piled the famous Scott's Commentary, in five volumes quarto, and so often read, from "kiver to kiver!" Indeed, from their appearance, one would almost have judged them to have been read clean *through* "the kivers!"

The neatness, the quiet, the cleanliness, the comfort, the wild independence of this nest of a cabin—the hunt of the day—the stories—all, all were so like the dreams of my boyhood! How happy Uncle Tommy, now more than seventy years old! and Aunt Nancy, now more than sixty! Happy in themselves, in one another, in their home, and in their scriptural hopes of the future life!

* * * * * *

But the arrangement for getting water, when the old lady should be alone, and in wet weather, without leaving the cabin—that was the nicety! The nest was a few yards below a beautiful fountain, and over its running stream; then in the floor a light puncheon was fixed as a trap, so that, with a calabash at the end of a proper pole, Aunt Nancy could dip, as from an artificial reservoir!—and all without a water-tax!

Our supper to-night was of coffee, corn bread, butter, eggs, short-cakes, and venison steaks! Yes, venison steaks! Away with your Astor House, and Merchants' Hotel, and Dandies' Taverns; if you *do* want to know how venison steaks *do* taste—go to Aunt Nancy! We feel tempted to give Uncle Tommy's "murakalus" escape in fire-hunting! how he levelled his rifle at a "beast's eyes," and found, in time, it was light streaming through a negro hut, where, on Christmas eve, the merry rascals were dancing away to a cornstalk fiddle and a calabash banjo. But we must hasten to our

Fifth and last amusement during the holidays. Usually th the sabbath we attended our own meeting in the Welden Settlement; but bad roads and some other accidents often kept us at home; when our three families assembled at Uncle John's, where he read the Scriptures, and made or read a prayer, with occasional help from Uncle Tommy, while Glenville and Carlton conducted the choir and read sermons and tracts.

Sometimes, however, we attended meeting at Mr. Sturgis', out of compliment to our neighbour and Uncle Tommy; *never*, indeed, for fun, although we usually were more amused than profited; and always came back more and more convinced that a learned, talented and pious ministry was, after all, *not* quite so great a curse as many deem it. But of this the reader may, after reading the ecclesiastical parts and chapters of this History, judge for himself. And here we beg leave to affirm that our accounts of certain sacred matters are reduced, and very much below the truth; for while truthfulness is important in some writings, if on these matters ours were truth-*full*, we should hardly be credited. We dare not do our pictures up to life: and hence, while they are by no means truthless, they are yet less than the truth.

Neighbour Sturgis, it will be remembered, lived opposite the tannery, and on the top of a bluff rising from our creek. Compared with most cabins, his was good and spacious; and to accommodate some pet swine and a flock of tame geese, openings under his house were left, whither the favourites could retire for sleep, or as a retreat from unusual sun, rain, or wind. Here, whilst swine and geese were content with their several limits, gruntings and cacklings were modest and expressive of enjoyment: although joy itself would often squeal and scream too boisterously for some congregations. But if wantonness induced either piggy or goosey to pass the border; or if the dogs playfully ran in nosing up the pigs, slapping a tail against a strutty gander or a silly goose, then would the commingled din of bark, howl, grunt, squawk, squeal and cackle, furnish a better answer than the jest-book itself, to the question, "What makes more noise than a she-swine caught in a gate?" Answer, "Old man Sturgis' pet-pen in a riot."

Now, in the room exactly over the pet-pen, "meetins was held!" The seats were long benches with ricketty limbs, expanded, two-a-piece at each end, and double planks resting on rude chunks—all wishing to obey at once the great law of gravity, but prevented by their own inequalities, and those of the floor. Hence during "sarvice," as folks were constantly shifting centres of motion and gravity, no despicable noise of chunks and bench-legs was maintained, in addition to all other noises, rational and instinctive.

The pulpit was neither marble nor mahogany, being a tough chair, with two upright back pieces like plough-handles, and cross-bars to suit: and its seat was laced hickory withes, and wonderfully smooth and glistening from the attrition of linsey garments, tow inexpressibles, and oily buckskin unmentionables. And not *in*, but *behind* this pulpit stood the preacher, placing his hymn-book on its polished seat, and holding on to the two handles to squeeze by, in his energy or embarrassments. Hence he never thumped his pulpit in the manner of the Rev. Doctor Slapfist; but when necessary he raised the pulpit itself, and with it thumped the floor—making, of course, just four times the impression with its four legs that the Doctor does with his single hand.

The Rev. Diptin Menniwater usually preached here; but on New-Year's Sabbath all Glenville went, by invitation, to hear a new preacher: although in the Purchase, where preachers of a sort are plenty as acorns or beech-nuts, a new one frequently held forth, and held on too, greatly to the wonder of the hearers, and the disturbance of the pet-pen, at our neighbour's of the bluff. The new preacher to-day, doubtless apprised of the strangers' coming, in order to create confidence, and ward off any false shame and unworthy fear of man, struck off, after prayer and singing, with an open avowal of enmity to all learning and learned preachers, thus:—

"Brethurn and sisturn, it's a powerful great work, this here preaching of the gospul, as the great apostul hisself allows in them words of hisn what's jist come into my mind—for I never know'd what to preach about till I riz up—them words of hissin, 'who is sufficient for all these here things?' as near about as I recollect them.

"Thare's some folks—(glancing towards us)—howsomever, what thinks preachers must be high larn'd, afore they kin tell sinners as how they must be saved or be 'tarnally lost; but it ain't so I allow—(chair thumped here and answered by a squawk below)—no, no! this apostul of ourn what spoke the text, never rubbed his back agin a collige, nor toted about no sheepskins—no, never!—(thump! thump! squawk and two grunts.)—No, no, dear brethurn and sisturn—(squeak)—larnin's not sufficient for them things; as the apostul says, 'who is sufficient for them?' Oh wordlins! how you'd a perished in your sins if the fust preachers had a stay'd till they got sheepskins! No! no! no! I say, gim me the sperit.—(Squeals and extra gruntings in the swine's territory, and more animated squawks and cackles, as the preacher waxed warmer.)—No! I don't pretend to no larnin whatsomever, but depends on the sperit like Poll—(squee-e-el;)—and what's to hinder me a sayin, oh! undun worldlins! that you must be saved or 'tarnally lost—yes, lost for ever an dever!—(things below evidently getting on to their legs and flapping.) No! no! no! oh! poor lost wordlins, I can say as well as the best on them sheepskins, if you don't git relijin and be saved, you'll be lost, teetolly and 'tarnally forever an dever-ah! I knows I'm nuthen but poor Philip, and that I only has to go by the sperit-ah! but as long as I live, I kin holler out—(voice to the word)—and cry aloud and spare not—(squ-aw-awk.)—O! no, brethurn and sisturn-ah! and all evin high larn'd folks that's in the gaul, and maybe won't thank me for it no how-ah! O! ho! o-ah! I poor Philip-ah, what's moved to cry out and spare not-ah!—(sque-e-el!)—what was takin from tendin critturs like David-ah, and ain't no prophet, nor no son of a prophet-ah, O! ho-o-ah, how happy I am to raise my poor feeble-ah, dying-ah, voice-ah, and spendin my last breath, in this here blessed work; a warning, and crying aloud; o-ho!-o-ah! repent, repent, poor worldlins and be saved, or you'll all be lost, and perish forever-an-dever-ah!"

Here the storm *above* was getting to its height, although poor

Philip kept on some ten minutes more, waxing louder and hoarser, with endless repetitions and strong aspirations in a hundred places occasioned by his catching breath, and which we have several times marked with an *ah!* And the more frequent this syllable or such aspiration occurs in a torrent of boisterous words, the more is the preaching supposed to be from the heart, and therefore inspired: for nobody, it is supposed, would make such a fool of himself if he could help it.

Philip now began spanking one thigh with a hand, and ever and anon battering the floor with his pulpit, until he was compelled at last to place one hand under his jaw, and partly up his cheek to support his "jawing tackle." And, in the meanwhile, the fraternity *below*, after much irregular outcrying, had at length joined all their instruments and voices, and to so good a purpose as at times nearly to overwhelm the preacher. Two dogs, also, half wolf and half cur, now presented themselves at the door, and with elevated brows and cocked ears, stood wistfully looking at the parson, to know what he wished them to attack or hunt: but on finding he was not halloing for them, and being now too excited to be still, away they sprang towards the forest yelping and howling and determined to hunt for themselves. And shortly after the first hurricane ending, poor Philip hitting a favourite vein, went on with a train of reasoning—designing to show that native wit was as good as college logic—about cause and effect: but while he was again cheered from below in the manner of an English audience clapping an abolitionist, we shall not, by recording the applause, interrupt the narrative.

"No—no: nobody can make nuthin. Thare's only one what makes, and he made these here woods; he made these here trees; and them bushes; he made yonders sun—and yonders moon—and all them 'are stars what shines at night in the firmamint above our heads like fires;—and—and—he made—yes—he made them powerful big rivers a runnin down thare to Orleans—and the sea, and all the fishes, and the one what a sorter swallerd the prophit what was chuck'd out and swallerd —and—and—yes—and all them 'are deer, and them 'are barr, and them hossis what's tied out thare.—(Had Dick been there he would now unquestionably have slipped his bridle.)—And so you understand, worldlins, how no man could a ever made anything. And haven't we proof from nater that they was made, and didn't come, as high larn'd folks' sez, and grow of theirselves out of forty atims by chance.

"No—no, worldlins, you couldn't, the most high larn'd ither, couldn't make any of them thare things—you couldn't make woods—you couldn't make trees—you couldn't make fishes—no, you couldn't make airth—you couldn't make air—you couldn't make fire—you couldn't—hem!—he-e-m!—no you couldn't ——."—Sorry are we to record, but Mr. Carlton here was guilty of sniggering! and even Uncle John, in spite of his official dignity, did look as if he *would* laugh when meeting was out. Poor Philip, however, quickly emerged and went on.—"No—not one of you could make a spring branch nor the like."

Ah! poor Philip, had you only had a little of the learning you despised! Had you, at least, only seen Miss Carbon's Chemistry for Boarding Schools of Young Ladies! But did not Philip make us sweat for our sins, for he went on:

"Yes! yes! some folks laff in meeting, but wait till they gits to h—l, and maybe they'll laff tother side of their mouth. The fire down thare's hot, I allow, and will scorch off folks's ruffles and melt their goold buttins, and the devel and his angils will pelt them with red hot balls of brimrock and fire!"

But the two dogs had just now returned from an unsuccessful hunt, and forthwith they plunged headlong into the pit below; and then the barking and yelping of the dogs; the scampering and squealing of the pigs; the flapping of screaming geese's wings, and the squawking of insulted ganders, together with the hoarse and continued roaring of the preacher, produced a tempest rarely equalled in the best organized fanatical assemblies here, and never surely excelled. And the instant meeting was over, we of Glenville hurried away glad to escape from the noise of bedlam and the *almost* papistical curses of poor Philip.

CHAPTER XXII.

SECOND YEAR.

> "Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand—
> But thou wilt frame
> Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
> As thou hast power, and person."

Our second summer opened with the electioneering campaign of Mr. Glenville, the *people's* candidate, for a seat in the next legislature. His opponent, in all intellectual respects, was unqualified for the seat, being destitute of important knowledge, void of tact and skill, and having indeed—for he had been our representative before—only exposed himself and us to perpetual ridicule. He could read and write, and perhaps cipher a little, and therefore, was all along considered a smart fellow, till it was discovered we had one in the district, "a powerful heap smarter"—John Glenville, Esq., of Glenville. For John read without spelling the hard words, wrote like engraving, and could "kalkilate in his head faster nor Jerry Simpson with chalk or coal, although Jerry had been a schoolmaster." And our neighbour, Ashford, offered to stake five barrels of corn, that—"Johnny was jist the powerfullest, smartest fellow in the hole universal county, and could out sifer Jerry or any other man all to smash."

Glenville's ability, however, would have prejudiced our cause, had any doubt existed as to his moral integrity; for, a bad man out there was very properly dreaded in proportion to his cleverness—and therefore, power to harm.

Our opponents, therefore, neither insisted that Jerry was smarter than John, nor attacked John's character: but they contended that "Jerry could do no harm if he did no good, but that John could if he would, and would *if* he took a bad turn; also, that Jerry had been tried once and did no harm, but that

John had never been tried, and so no one could exactly tell what he would be till he was tried."

To this was answered, that "Jerry could do no good if he would, and had often voted so as to keep others from doing us any good, and so had prevented good if he had done no evil; that John, if able to do harm, was also able to do good, and as he had never done harm in private life, it was reasonable to believe he would do none in public life; and that as Jerry had had a trial and done no good, so John ought to have one too, and if he did harm, we could send Jerry the year after."

John was then attacked on the score of pride and aristocracy; and, as usual, all the sins of his family were laid at Glenville's door, especially his sisters' ruffles—our metal buttons—the carpet wall; and above all, Carlton's irreverent sniggering in meeting. But then, most who had met us at Susan Ashford's wedding said "we warnt so stuck up as folks said; and that mammy Ashford herself thought it was not a bit proud to have a carpet wall, or the like, and that Mr. Carltin was a right down clever feller, powerful funny, and naterally addicted to laffin." And to crown all, Mr. Ashford himself, and belonging to poor Philip's sect, publicly avowed that "he hisself had actially laff'd in meetin—for it came so sudden like—only he kept his face kivered with his hat, and nobody hadn't seen him."

The enemy then affirmed that Glenville himself had laughed: but he procured certificates from everybody at church to this point that "nobody had *seen* or *heard* John Glenville laughing;" and these were read wherever Jerry's party had made the charge.* For any silly charge, if uncontradicted out there, and *maybe* in here—defeats an election: either because the charge is deemed an offset against the candidate, or people like to see their candidate in earnest, and his rebutting allegations looks like zeal for their interest, and shows a due sense in his mind of popular favour. Beside, if one neglect a trifling charge, his enemies will soon bring larger and more plausible ones—whereas his alertness scares them.

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* However, since it can do no harm now, Glenville *did* laugh; but nobody either *saw* or *heard* him but *myself*—and of course I did not sign any certificate.

At last it was boldly alleged "that John *would* have laughed if he had not expected to be a candidate!" But to this it was triumphantly replied that "Jerry *would* have laughed if he had been at meetin"—for Squire Chippy and Col. Skelpum gave two separate certificates, that "Jerry Simpson *had* laughed when he heard tell of it!" Hence poor Philip's sermon was celebrated all over our district; and everywhere was spoken and even spouted the sentence "no one couldn't make airth," and so through all the four old-fashioned chemical elements: till all men were ashamed to bring even against "poor Carltin" a charge, to which all plainly showed, if they had been at meeting, they would have been equally liable themselves. And so our party triumphed over what once seriously threatened to defeat us.

Our social state was, however, always in ferment; for ever was some election, doing, being done, done or going to be done; and each was as bitterly contested as that of president or governor. In all directions candidates were perpetually scouring the country with hats, saddle-bags, and pockets crammed with certificates, defending and accusing, defaming and clearing up, making licentious speeches, treating to corn whiskey, violating the Sabbath, and cursing the existing administration or the administration's wife and wife's father! And everybody expected at some time to be a candidate for something; or that his uncle would be; or his cousin, or his cousin's wife's cousin's friend would be: so that everybody, and everybody's relations, and everybody's relations' friends, were for ever electioneering, till the state of nasty, pitiful intrigues and licentious slanders and fierce hostility, was like a rotten carcass where maggots are, each for himself and against his neighbour, wriggling and worming about!

Men were turned into mutual spies, and they all watched and treasured and reported and commented upon, looks, words and actions, even the most trifling and innocent!

The very boys verging on manhood were aware of their future political importance; and several years before voting, they were feared, petted, courted and cajoled, becoming of course conceited, unmannerly and disrespectful. Their morals were consequently often sadly hurt; and boys then voted fraudulently. Such depraved lads, destitute of reverence, will talk loud and long, and confidently, in any company, contradicting and even rebuking their betters—and all the time a *rabblerouser*—(New Purchase name for a demagogue)—affects to listen and admire such firmness and independence of spirit! Get out! you nasty puppy! and do not prate to me about religious cant; can anything come up to the cant and whine of a selfish, godless rabblerouser? And dare such a one say that evangelical missionaries are not safer guides, and better friends to the people than—he? Out with you!

We had, of course, in the Purchase a passion for stump-speeching. But recollect, we often mount the stump only figuratively: and very good stump-speeches are delivered from a table, a chair, a whiskey barrel, and the like. Sometimes we make our best stump-speeches on horse-back. In this case, when the horse is excited by our eloquence, or more commonly by mischievous boys, more *action* goes with the speech than even Demosthenes inculcated—often it becomes altogether circumambulatory.

Once a candidate stood near the tail of Isam Greenbriar's ox cart at Woodville, when some of his opponents—perhaps some of his own friends, for the joke was tempting—noiselessly drew out the forward pins, when at the most unexpected instant, and in the very climax of his most ferocious effervescence, Mr. Rhodomontade was canted into the dirt!

Again, our candidate for fence-viewer, with some half dozen friends, was once hard at work with certificates and speeches in Sam Dreadnought's wagon; when Sam, having several miles to drive before dark, and having already waited two good hours for matters to end, suddenly leaped on his saddle horse; and then, at a word and a crack, away dashed the team loaded with politics, very much to the amusement of the people, but much to the discomfiture of our candidate.

Nothing surpasses the munificent promises and at the same time the external and grovelling humility of a genuine rabble-rouser, just before an election. He shakes hands with every body, friend and foe; he has agents to treat at his expense at every doggery—(New Purchase term for a grog-shop or low tavern)—and in his own person he deals out whiskey and ginger-bread, as we have seen, to a long line of *independent* voters marching past him with drum and fife to the polls; and he drinks out of any drunken vagabond's bottle, laughing at his beastly jokes, and puts his arm round his filthy neck, and allows himself thus to be slobbered upon, while patting the brute on the back and being patted in turn!

Yet have we noble gentlemen who, when candidates, are courteous indeed, but who will not do base things, nor make absurd and wicked promises, and who when defeated back out with manly scorn of licentious opponents.

Glenville, though full of tact, was independent; although we did give credit for kip and neats-leather, even where it was doubtful whether our political friends would pay, and bought raw hides at higher prices than were paid at Spiceburg and Woodville. And Glenville did submit to, or rather he could not prevent a party with him in a canoe from upsetting the boat in the middle of Shining River; and who thus gave the candidate what they called a—"political baptising:" but whilst this was no dry joke, our friend still, on swimming to land with the others, joined in the laugh. This, too, was a fair type of his immersion into the troubled waters of political life; and the way he endured the ducking so established his reputation above Jerry's, that at the ensuing election a few weeks after, Mr. G. was successful by a clean majority of one hundred and seventy-one votes!

Politicians, even *in here*, I am informed, are also very frequently immersed, and into *puddles*, from which they rarely ever do flounder out; and when they do, it is said, they look *nasty* and *soiled*, and have *dirty* ways, all the rest of their lives! But maybe the less said on this point the sooner mended; and therefore as Mr. Glenville is now the people's man, the world expects his history, and we proceed to treat of the same in three chapters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,—
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

Mr. Glenville was born in Philadelphia. He had been destined to the counting house, but the removal of his friends to the west, changed his destiny; for he was invited by General Duff Green, then of Kentucky, to accompany a party to the Upper Missouri as assistant surveyor; which invitation was accepted.

This suited our hero's love of adventure and gave an opportunity of seeing—the world. Not the world as seen by a trip to Paris or London, but the world natural and proper; the world in its native convexity, its *own* ravines and mountains, its virgin soil, its primitive wilds, its unworn prairies! To float in birch bark canoes on the swelling bosom of free waters!—waters never degraded with bearing loads of merchandise, or prostituted to turn mills, or fill canals, or in any way to be a slave, and then to be let go discoloured with coal, or saw dust, or flour, or dyestuffs—marks of bondage—that they may hurry away, sullen and indignant to hide their dishonoured waves in the ocean!

He went to see the world as the Omnipotent made it and the deluge left it! He went to hear the thunder-tramp of the wild congregations—the horse and the buffalo—shaking the prairie-plains that heaved up proud to bear on their free heart the untamed, bounding glorious herds! He went to look at the sun rising and setting on opposite sides of one and the same plain; and where the rainbow spans half a continent and curves round the terrestrial semicircle! He went to see the smoke of a wigwam! where death flies on the wing of a stone-headed arrow, and the Indian is in the drapery of untouched forests and midst the fragrance of the ungardened, many coloured, ever-varied flowers!

What change from the smokes and smells of a city!—the outcry, war, confusion of its anxious, crowded, jostled, envious, jealous, rivalous population!—its contrasts of moneyed consequence and poverty smitten dependence!—its rolling vehicles of travelling ennui, and hobbling crutch of rheumatic beggary!—and its saloons of boisterous mirth adjoining the sad enclosure of silent tombstones! Oh! the change from dark, damp, stifling pent holes of alleys and courts, where filth exhales its stench without the sun!—to walk abroad, run, leap, ride, hunt and shout, amid the unwrought, unsubdued, boundless world of primitive forest, flood, and prairie!

After a few weeks, Glenville was detached from the General's party, and sent with the principal surveyor and one hunter to complete a survey.

One morning, when preparing breakfast on the bank of a river tributary to the Missouri, a large party of Indians appeared on the opposite bank, who, on espying our surveyors, came over to visit their camp, warriors and warriors' squaws, all wading with red and bare legs; and then, pleased with their reception and some small presents, they insisted that our friends should now go and take breakfast on the other side; a request that could not be declined without engendering distrust.

Happy that the appetite is often strong! and yet strong as it was, it was almost too weak for the occasion. The breakfast began with a drink of whiskey and complimentary smoking, after which came the principal viand, to wit: a soup, or hash, or *swill*, made of river water and deer-meat and deer-entrails all poured from a large iron kettle and smoking hot into—"an earthen dish?" No. "A calabash?" No: but into a sugar trough!—a wooden trough! and about as large as piggy uses in his early days, when fattening for a roast. Had the thing been as clean, our surveyors would never have flinched; but the trough was coated with oleaginous matter both within and without; and a portion of the interior coat, now melted by the absorption of free caloric, was contributing a yellow oily richness and flavour to the savoury mess! And on the crust more remote from heat frolicked *larvae*, with nice white bodies and uncouth dark heads, careless of comrades floating lifeless in the boiling gulf below.

From this aboriginal mess both red and white men fished up pieces of venison, with sharp sticks; and with tin cups and greasy gourds they ladled out broth till all was exhausted, except some lifeless things in a little puddle of liquid matter at the bottom, and a portion of entrail lodged on the side of the trough. Our folks, who had, indeed, seen "a thing or two" in cabin cookery, were nearly sickened now; for spite of clenching the teeth in sucking broth, they were confident more than once, that articles designed to be excluded, had *wormed* through the enclosure. And yet why not apply *de gustibus non* to this breakfast? The classic Romans delighted in snails; the sacred Jews in grasshoppers. The Celestials eat rats and dogs, and the elastic Parisians devour frogs, and sometimes *cats*. And may not American Indians eat, without disparagement, entrails and brown and yellow grease, and fly-blows?

Not many days after this breakfast, our people met in a prairie a party of Osages, and mostly mounted on small, but very active horses. The chief ordered his troop to halt, and all dismounting, he made signs for the whites to advance; upon which he stepped up to Glenville—the Mercury of the three—and began an unintelligible gabble of English and Osage. At length he felt about Glenville's person, with his hands, and even into his bosom and pockets, till our friends became a little alarmed: when Glenville, remembering what he had heard, that nothing so quickly disarms and even makes a friend of a hostile Indian, as the show of courage, begun to look angry, uttered words of indignation and even jerked away the chief's hand. Upon this the warrior stepping back, laughed long and loud, and with manifest contempt looked at the dwarf dimensions of the white, but with approbation at his spunk; both natural feelings, when he beheld a little white man, five feet seven, and weighing nearly one hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois, boldly resisting and repelling a big red one, more than six feet three, and weighing about two hundred and thirty-five pounds! In a few moments, however, the Indian again advanced, but with the greatest good-nature; and while he now patted Glenville with one hand on the back, with the other he felt in our hero's side pocket, whence he soon abstracted a small knife and immediately transferred the same to his own pouch. After that, going to his pony, he returned with a magnificent buffalo robe wrought with rude outlines of beasts and Indians; which, throwing down before Glenville as a fair exchange of presents, he once more went to his horse, and then leaping on the animal's back, the chieftain gave the sign, and away the free spirits of the brave were again gallopping towards the hazy line of the horizon!

This robe, during my sojourn in Glenville, was in the winter the outer cover of our bed. And to that was owing one of my curious dreams:—a vast buffalo bull, stripped of his skin and charging with his horns upon a gigantic Indian in an open prairie, while the Indian kept the bull at bay with a sugar trough in one hand, and a great dirk knife in the other. Only think! reader—to sleep two winters in a log cabin, in a bran New Purchase, near a chieftain and a warrior's grave enclosed with logs and marked by a stake painted red! and under the hairy hide of an enormous prairie bull!—a bull killed by a gigantic Osage chief!—a hide dressed by his squaw, the queen, or his papooses, the princesses! a robe bestowed as a king's reward for my brother-in-law's courage! Take care—I feel the effect even now—*hurra—waw-ah* for the savage life!—Hands off!—*let* me go. I *must* go, and at least *draw a bead* on something with my rifle!—*flash!*—bang!

The surveyor's party, having in a few weeks finished their work, commenced descending the Missouri in a canoe, intending to reach the place where they had left their horses; after which they would proceed by land to the rendezvous.

One night as they were borne down rapidly by a very strong current, after having by the dim starlight barely escaped many real snags, planters, drifts and the like, and after having imagined in the obscurity a hundred others, they were at length driving towards a dark mass; but whether real or not could at first be only conjectured. Alas! it was no fancy; but before the direction of the canoe could be altered, it was driven violently against a drift-island, and upsetting, was carried directly under it, and so effectually hid or destroyed as never to be seen again. One man at the instant of collision, leaped upon the island: the others were thrown into the water; but they succeeded, although torn and bruised in the attempt, and with much difficulty, in gaining the floating mass and getting on it. All their property, provisions, clothes, surveying instruments, guns, etc., were lost, except the rifle which the hunter always kept in his hand, the clothes on their persons, and the notes and records of the surveys which Mr. Glenville had accidentally put early that evening into his hat and pockets!

The comrades now made a survey of their territory, and found they owned an island of logs, tree-tops and brush, matted and laced every way, with an alluvion of earth, sand and weeds; the whole *running*, at present, due north and south, one hundred yards, with easting and westing of nearly fifty yards. No sign of human habitation was visible nor trace of living animal; and it soon became morally certain the island was desert: and hence our friends began to devise means of abandoning the involuntary ownership. But the sole means appeared to be by swimming: and in that was great hazard, yet it must be done, unless they should wait for accidental deliverance. After a gloomy council it was unanimously decided, therefore, to swim away from their island.

The hunter immediately offered to adventure the first; promising, on reaching the shore, to stand at the best landing point, and there shout at intervals as a guide to the others. Contrary to all entreaties and dehortations, he was resolved to swim with his rifle—that weapon being, in fact, always in his hands like an integral part of his body. His only reply was—"She's"—(rifles in natural grammar are *she's;* to a true woodsman a rifle is like a beloved sister; and he no more thinks of *he*-ing and *him*-ing, or even *it*-ing the one than the other)—"she's bin too long in the family, boys, to be desarted without no attempt to save her; no, no, it's not the fust time she's bin swimm'd over a river; uncle Bill, arter that bloody fight with the Injins, jumped down the cliff with her and swimm'd her clean over the Ohio in his hand, and I can outrassle and outswim uncle Bill any day: no, no—we sink or swim together; so good-by, boys, here goes, I'll holler as soon as I git foothold." The splashing of the water drowned the rest; and away with his heavy rifle in one hand, and striking out with the other, swam the bold hunter; till borne down by the fierce current he had soon passed out of sight and hearing.

With intense anxiety the remaining two waited for their comrade's promised shout; but no noise came save the rushing of the boiling and angry water past and under the drift-wood. Twenty long minutes had elapsed, and yet no voice—ten more —and all silence, except the waters! Could it be, as they had all along dreaded, that the hunter was indeed sunk with his favourite gun!—or had he been carried one or more miles down before he could land? The force of the current rendered this probable; and, therefore, they would wait an hour, to give him time to walk up the bank opposite the island and shout. But when that long and dreadful hour had elapsed, and no voice of the living comrade yet came across the dark and tumultuous waves, the agony of the hunter's only brother—for such was the surveyor on the drift with Glenville—became irrepressible, and he said, "I *must* see what's become of poor Isaac—I can't stand it any longer, here's my hand, Glenville, my poor boy—farewell!—if I reach the shore I'll holler, if not, why we must all die—farewell." The next instant the surveyor was borne away; and the noise of his swimming becoming fainter and fainter was soon imperceptible, and John Glenville stood alone!

Reader, my brother-in-law was then, compared with men, only a boy; and yet he stood there alone and without fear! And was there nothing of the morally sublime in that?—a very young man *thus* alone in the middle of the Missouri, on a dark and cold night; beyond the outskirts of civilized life; far enough away from his mother's home, and affectionate sisters; and listening for the shouts of that second swimmer—and without fear? True, thoughts of his mother now rushed in uncalled; but these only nerved his purpose, and he resolved, with God's aid, to use his art and skill for their sakes; or, if he must perish in the tumultuating flood of the wilderness, to die putting forth his best exertions to live—hark! what comes like a dying echo?—*can* it be!—yes, hark! it comes again, the voice of the second swimmer—there it is again! Thank God—*one* is safe, but where is the other?

Thus encouraged, Glenville prepared for his conflict with the waves. He was an expert swimmer, and often in early boyhood had swum from Philadelphia to the opposite island in the Delaware. Accordingly he divested himself of all clothes, except shirt and pantaloons, made up the garments taken off into a small bundle, in the midst of which securing the papers of the survey, he fastened it, together with his hat, between his shoulders, and then, wading out to the end of a projecting tree, he earnestly implored God for help, and cast himself boldly into the turbid waters of the dark and eddying flood. He swam now as much as possible towards the point whence at intervals was borne to his ears the shouting of his comrade; till, in some fifteen minutes he landed unhurt and not greatly wearied about one hundred yards below the voice, whither he instantly hastened, and to his heartfelt joy, was soon shaking hands not only with the surveyor, but also with the hunter. Yes! poor fellow—he had found his favourite too heavy, and one arm, powerful as it was, too weak for his long battle with a king of floods. Long, long, *very* long had he held to his gun; but half-suffocated, his strength failing, and he whirling away at times from the shore almost reached, to save his life he had at last slowly relaxed his grasp, and his rifle sank. Yet even then repenting, he had twice gone down to the bottom to recover the weapon: and happily, failed in finding it—for his strength never would have sufficed, encumbered again with a gun, to reach the land.

Indeed, when he gained the bank he was barely able to clamber up, and could scarcely speak, or even walk, when discovered by his brother: who had easily reached the shore himself, and, after shouting once or twice to Glenville, had gone down on the bank a full quarter of a mile before finding the hunter.

Upon reconnoitering, it was conjectured that they must be near the squatter's hut, with whom had been left their horses; and hence taking a course, partly by accident and partly by observation, not long after they were cheered by the distant bark of his dogs, and next by the gleam of fire through the chinks of his cabin.

In the morning they obtained supplies of skins and blankets, agreeing to pay their host if he would go with them to the rendezvous; which he did, and was suitably and cordially rewarded. It was now perceived, that if the poor hunter had left his rifle on the drift-island, she could have been regained by means of a raft: but to tell where *she* had been abandoned in the river was impossible. Our hunter, therefore, came away disconsolate; and, indeed, as from the grave of a comrade—almost in tears!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
Cùm ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Eruere agricolæ certatim: illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat:
Vulneribus donec, paulatim evicta, supremùm
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam."

OUR party reached the rendezvous only a few hours beyond the appointed time. Here, as a bee-tree had been just reported, it was unanimously determined to commemorate the deliverance and safe arrival of our three friends, by a special jollification. In other words, it was voted to obtain the wild honey; and then, in a compound of honey, water and whiskey, to toast our undrowned heroes, and their presence of mind and bravery:—no small honour, if the trouble of getting the honey is considered. For, on following the ærial trail of the bees, the hive was ascertained to be in a hollow limb of the largest patriarchal sire of the forest—a tree more than thirty feet in circumference!

And this is a fair chance to say a word about the enormous *circumambitudialitariness* (!) of many western trees. It is common to find such from six to seven feet in diameter; and we have more than once sat on stumps, and measured across three lengths of my cane, nearly ten feet; and found, on counting the concentric circles, that these monsters must have been from seven to eight hundred years old—an age greater than Noah's, and almost as venerable as that of Methusaleh! Shall we feel no sublimity in walking amid and around such ancients?—trees that have tossed their branches in the sun-light and winds of eight centuries!—that have scorned the tempests and tornadoes, whose fury, ages ago, prostrated cities and engulfed navies!—that have sheltered wildfowl in their leaves, and hid wild beasts in their caverns from the dooms-day looking gloom of many total solar eclipses! and have gleamed in the disastrous light of comets returning in the rounds of centenary circles!

Such trees, but for the insidious and graceless axe, that in its powerlessness begged a small handle of the generous woods, such would yet stand for other centuries to come, at least decaying, if not growing: they are herculean even in weakness and dying! And dare finical European tourists say *we* have no antiquity? Poor souls! poor souls!—our trees were fit for navies, long years before their old things existed! Ay, when their oldest castles and cities were unwrought rock and unburnt clay! Our trees belong to the era of Egyptian architecture—they are coeval with the pyramids!

Near the junction of the White River of Indiana and the Wabash, stands a sycamore fully ninety feet in circumference! Within its hollow can be stabled a dozen horses; and if a person take the centre of the ground circle, and hold in his hand the middle of a pole fifteen feet long, he may twirl that pole, and yet touch no part of the inner tree! He may, as did Bishop Hilsbury, mounted on a horse, ride in at a natural opening, canter round the area, and trot forth to the world again! But to the bee-tree.

It is a proverb, "He that would eat the fruit must first climb the tree and get it:" but when that fruit is honey, he that wants it must first cut the tree down. And that was the present necessity. No sooner was this resolved, however, than preparation was made for execution; and instantly six sturdy fellows stood with axes, ready for the work of destruction. They were all divested of garments excepting shirts and trowsers; and now, with arms bared to the shoulders, they took distances around the stupendous tree. Then the leader of the band, glancing an eye to see if his neighbour was ready, stepped lightly forward with one leg, and swinging his weapon, a la Tom Robinson, he struck; and the startled echoes from the "tall timber" of the dark dens, were telling each other that the centuries of a wood-monarch were numbered! That blow was the signal for the next axe, and its stroke for the next; till cut after cut brought it to the leader's second blow: and thus was completed the circle of rude harmony; while the lonely cliffs of the farther shores, and the grim forests on this, were repeating to one another the endless and regular notes of the six death-dealing axes! And never before had the music of six axes so rung out to enliven the grand solitudes!—and a smaller number was not worthy to bid such a tree fall!

Long was it, however, before the tree gave even the slightest symptom of alarm. What had it cared for the notching of a hundred blows! Yet chip after chip had leaped from the wounded body—each a block of solid wood—and the keen iron teeth were beginning to gnaw upon the vitals! Alas! oh! noble tree, you tremble! Ah! it is not the deep and accustomed thunder of the heavens, that shakes you now!—no mighty quaking of the earth! That is a strange shivering—it is the chill shivering of death! But what does death mean where existence was deemed immortal! Why are those topmost branches, away off towards the blue heavens, so agitated! Tree!—tree!—no wind stirs them *so!*—they incline towards the earth!—away! hunters, away, away! Hark!—the mighty heart is breaking! And now onward and downward rushes yon broad expanse of top, with the cataract roar of eddying whirlwinds; and the far-reaching arms have caught the strong and stately trees; and all are hurrying and leaping, and whirling to the earth, in tempest and fury! *Their* fall is *heard* not! In the overwhelming thunder of that quivering trunk, and the thousand crushings of those giant limbs, and the deep groan of the earth, are lost all other noises, as the slight crack of our rifles amid the sudden bursting of the electric cloud! There lies the growth of ages! Once more the sun pours the tide of all his rays over an acre of virgin soil, barely discerned by him for centuries!

Well might Glenville feel rewarded and honoured, when for his sake such a tree lay prostrate at his feet! And yet in all this was fulfilled the saying—the sublime and ridiculous are separated by narrow limits; for, could anything be grander than such a tree and such an overthrow? Could any be meaner than the purpose for which it fell?—viz: *To get a gallon of honey to sweeten a keg of whiskey!*

CHAPTER XXV.

"Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves."

After many other trials and adventures Glenville returned safe to his home in Kentucky. Here with his wages he loaded a boat with "*produce*," and set float for New Orleans; intending with the cash realized by the trip, on his return, to go into Illinois with a stock of goods and "keep store."

Glenville did, indeed, get home and with some money from a successful sale; but he was worn and emaciated, and many months passed before he could cross the Ohio and set up his store. But evil came now in a form demanding stout heart and steady nerves. Our dark and illimitable forests *then* hid men of lion hearts, of iron nerves, of sure and deadly weapons! *Perhaps* such dwell there yet; if so, wo! to the enemy that rashly arouses them from their lairs and challenges, where civilized discipline avails not! and where battle is a thousand conflicts man to man, rifle to rifle, knife to knife, hatchet to hatchet! And Glenville, boy as he was, proved himself worthy a name among the lion-hearted!

We stood once on a solemn spot in the wilderness and leaned against the very tree where the bloody knife of the only survivor had rudely and briefly carved the tale of the tragedy. It stood nearly thus:

"18 injins—15 wites—injins all killed and buried here—14 wites kill'd and buried too—P. T."

Laugh away, men of pomatum and essence, at Hoosiers, and Corncrackers, and Buckeyes: yes! lace-coats, mow them down in an open plain with canister and grape, you safely encased behind bulwarks; or cut them to pieces with pigeon-breasted, mailed and helmed cuirassiers—but seek them not as enemies in their native or adopted woods! The place of your graves will be notched in their trees, and you will never lie under polished marble, in a fashionable and decorated cemetery!

But Glenville, in store-keeping witnessed a farce before his tragedy. Among his earthen and sham-Liverpool, were found some articles, similar to things domesticated in great houses, and which, although not made unto honour, were in the present case very unexpectedly elevated in the domestic economy. These *modesties* occupied a retired and rather dusky part of the store; when one day an honest female Illinois—a Sucker's wife—in her travels around the room in search of crocks suddenly exclaimed: "Well! I never! if them yonder with the handles on, aint the nicest I ever seen! Johnny, what's the price?—but I must have three any how; here Johnny do up *this* white one—(rapping it with her knuckles)—and them two *brown* ones up thare."

A large purchase, to be sure, of the article; but curiosity asked no questions: and in due time the trio were packed and hanging in a meal bag from the horn of the lady's saddle; who, on taking leave, thus addressed our marvelling shopkeeper:

"Mr. Glenville, next time you go gallin, jist gimme and my ole-man a call—we've got a right down smart chance of a gall to look at—good-by."

Our hero, who had early discovered, that store-keeping is none the worse when the owner is in favour with the softer sex, did not forget this invitation, and in due season made his kind friends a visit: and when supper was placed on the table by the smiling maid and her considerate mother, what do you think was there?

"Corn bread?"

Hold your ear this way—(a whisper.)

"No!—he! he! he!"—

Yes, indeed, and doubledeed!—the white one full of milk!! And after that you know our *humblest* democrat may well look up to the presidency.

It had become about this time necessary for Mr. G. to visit Louisville. For that purpose, he left his store in charge of a young man; the latter promising among other things to sleep in the store; instead of which, however, he always slept at a neighbouring cabin. Hence what was feared happened—the store was robbed. Not truly in the eastern style, of small change in the desk, some half dozen portable packages, or paltry three dozen yards of something—no no, the robbery was on the wholesale principle commensurate with the vastness of our woods and prairies. The entire stock in trade was carried off—bales, boxes, bags, packages, and even yard-sticks and scales to sell by—yes! and hardware, and software, and brittleware—crocks with and without handles, whatever may have been their standing in society—all, *all*—were taken! so that when the clerk came in the morning to retail to the Suckers, there was, indeed, a beggarly account—not of empty boxes, these being mostly carried away—but of empty shelves, and empty desks, and empty store. Glenville's occupation was even more completely gone than Othello's.

On the river bank were, indeed, traces enough of a mysterious departure of merchandise; but whether the embarkation had been in skows, or "perogues," and other troughlike vessels, was uncertain. Nor could it even be conjectured for what port the store had been spirited away; or for what secret cove or recess of tall weeds matted into texture with sharp briars and thorny bushes!

Previous to Glenville's return, a fellow that had been noticed lurking in the woods near the store for two days before the robbery, was recognized in a small village, the day after, and in suspicious circumstances. He was, therefore apprehended; when, after a short imprisonment, he confessed having been employed by some strangers to steer a flat-boat loaded with something or other from Glenville's landing. On his return, our merchant went to the sheriff; who, indignant at a villainy that had so completely ruined a very young man after years of toil and danger passed in acquiring his little property, did himself suggest and offer voluntarily to aid in a scheme to compel the prisoner to disclose, at least, where the goods were concealed, and before they should be removed from the country or ruined by the damp.

We are not advocates for Lynching; but we do know that where laws cannot, and do not protect backwoodsmen, they fall back on reserved rights, and protect themselves. We know that such woodsmen will go better armed, to slay, and not unrighteously, on the spot, every unholy apostate that *maliciously* and *wilfully* strikes down and stamps on God's image! And when the day comes that the avenger of a brother's blood wakes in our land—let no canting infidel blame those that now resist the abrogation of divine laws!—but let him blame hypocritical juries, rabblerousing governors, and all that are now deserting the weak, the innocent, the unwary, the defenceless, and crying "God pity, and defend, and save, and bless—*the murderer!*" and "Shame on the *dead*—poor lifeless victim!"

The sheriff and Glenville, with two fearless and voluntary associates, prevailed on the jailor to *loan* them the prisoner for a day or two, making known their scheme and giving suitable pledges for his redelivery. The loan was made; and then, on reaching a fit place, the prisoner was dismounted, and Glenville proposed to him the following:

"My friend, we know very well you helped to rob my store, and that you know well enough where your comrades are, and how the goods can be recovered; now, if you will tell, not only will we get you out of jail, provided you will leave the country, but I will give you also ten dollars; but if you won't tell, why then we'll flog you into it—come, what do you say?"

"Well, he be some-thing'd if he know'd; and if he did, he wasn't going to be lick'd into tellin—and he'd sue them for salt and battery."

Peril, indeed, was in this illegal process; but the party had good reason for believing the fellow a desperate robber, and so they seemed to be preparing for a severe flagellation, when he, supposing all was solemn earnest, said he was ready to confess, and, provided Mr. G. would forgive and not prosecute, he would conduct the present party to the plunder, or a part of it. The promise was readily given, and the fellow was unbound and remounted without any trammel, but with this comfortable assurance, that if he tried to escape or to betray them into any rendezvous of robbers, he should be instantly shot down, and that whether they died themselves for it or not.

The fellow accordingly led them into a deep ravine on Big Wolf Creek; and there, sure enough, some in a cave and some in a hollow tree, were portions of the merchandise—it being evident also, that within a very few hours a still larger portion had been removed to some other depot! By the force of additional threats, promises and entreaties, the rascal named the other robbers, he being merely a subordinate; but as no small hazard would be encountered in attacking the temporary cabin, where the principal robber and the remaining goods were, it was determined, first to get additional volunteers and make more suitable preparation. Packing the damaged and soiled goods on their horses, the sheriff's party returned with their prisoner to the village of Shanteburg, and redelivered him to the jailor, intending, if his information proved substantially correct, to have the fellow not only liberated, but otherwise rewarded.

Two others volunteered to join in the robber-hunt. And early on the next morning they came in sight of the cabin.

When within fifty yards, the robber stepping to his door, let his rifle fall in that peculiar manner that belongs to a practised marksman, at the same time warning off his visitors, and solemnly swearing he would kill the man that first approached his barricade. At the instant, however, of the man's appearance, and even before he had fairly uttered a word, our friends had "treed" in a twinkling, and now stood with pointed weapons and keen eyes towards the bold thief. Glenville, on leaping from his horse, instead of treeing, stood boldly out, and thus exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all: "Sheriff, you are all running this risk for me—'tis my duty to lead. I'll attack the scoundrel; if he shoots me—avenge my death!" With that he fearlessly advanced with his levelled rifle, and then halting, called to the villain: "Throw down your gun—in ten seconds one of us is a dead man—one, two, three:" and so the two stood, each with his bead darkened by the other's breast—the sheriff's men, also unwilling to shed blood—yet with a finger every man on his set trigger—till Glenville called "seven"—when the robber suddenly threw up his muzzle, and cried out "surrendered!" The next instant he was seized and bound. This was the leader. His main accomplices were not discovered, and only another portion of the stolen goods; which, together with the robber, were now conveyed in triumph to Shanteburg. That afternoon the fellow was lodged in jail, and of necessity in the same room with the subordinate thief: yet, while all possible care was used to prevent escape, in less than forty-eight hours both contrived to get out! and from that hour neither they, nor the remainder of the merchandize was ever seen or recovered.

This pleasant adventure, terminated Mr. G.'s first essay at store-keeping. It gained him, however, a character, and no one would have become so popular in the New Purchase, but for mistaken opinions in the neighbours about "Mr. Carlton's big-buggery and stuckupness." As it was, Glenville nearly went over Simpson rough shod. And all these little affairs aided our firm in disappointments and losses; for then the senior would say—

"Well!—we might have had better luck."

And the junior would reply,

"Why, yes—and another consolation: this is not the first disappointment, and it wont be the last."

We, in short, thus learned to imitate the sailor, who, in witnessing a conjuror's tricks, was pitched into the yard by the accidental blowing up of some gunpowder; but supposing this to be one of the tricks, he held on to his bench, and exclaimed: "*Well!—what next?*"

CHAPTER XXVI.

> "———— O Cromwell! Cromwell!
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Is the way of a transgressor hard? that of a politician is not much easier. He is usually a slave first, and a time-server afterwards. In the Purchase, the sovereign people are the most uncompromising task masters; and he that wishes to serve them, had better first take a trip to Egypt and learn the art of doing brick without straw. In certain districts, fitness, mental and moral, is a secondary qualification in a candidate; he must be a clever fellow in the broad republican sense. For instance, he must lend his saddle to a neighbour, and ride himself bareback; he must buy other people's produce for cash, and sell his own for trade or on credit; and, on certain solemn occasions, he must appear without a coat, and in domestic muslin shirt-sleeves;—his overalls hung by half a suspender, and a portion of the above named muslin curiously pouched between his vest and inexpressibles. His face must wreathe, or wrinkle, with endless smiles; and his ungloved hand be ready for a pump-handle shake with friend and foe alike: because a foe often presents his hand to ascertain if "the fellow aint too darn'd proud to shake hands with a poor man!"

Is the man of honour invited to eat? he asks no questions for conscience' sake, or the stomach's—the two things being in many people the same. Is he asked to stay all night? he never wonders where they will find him a bed—there being only three in the room, and the family consisting of one old man, and one old woman, two grown sons, three daughters, and some little folks—he naturally lies down on the puncheons, with his certificate wallet for a bolster. Or does he share a bed with two others?—then he recollects it is a free country, and if one man needs votes, another needs brimstone. And why turn up a nose at an odoriferous blanket?—has a bed any right, natural or political, to more than one sheet?—and why should not the sheet be under and the blanket above you?—Let go your nose! has not a long succession of "your *dear fellow citizens*" slept in the same bed, and between the same articles; and what, pray, are you better than they to wish clean things?" "Yes—but I'm nearly stifled." Tut man!—you'll never mind it when you get to sleep. "But it certainly will kill me?" Not it: men of honour are not so easily destroyed.

"And do any politicians endure all this?"

Certainly: and persons who aspire to rule ought surely first to serve. Many *remarkable* men in Congress, be it known, had a long training in some Purchase—their meannesses are not of toadstool growth, if they are of toadstool flavour.

Reader! are you religious? Then do write a tract to be scattered any where on election days; and here is your text or theme:—"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." Among other matters, set forth how it requires not one-fourth the labour, toil, anxiety, watchfulness and none of the base sacrifices of time, comfort and independence to save a man's soul as to win an election; and, how the worldly honour is not worth after all even the worldly price paid for it, and much less, the immortal soul usually thrown in with the rest to boot.

We, of course, did not do *some* things, and hence Mr. Glenville was soon permitted to remain in private life; still we were compelled, for electioneering objects, to attend this summer, several Log-Rollings. For the benefit of our surplus young lawyers, and other ambitious gentlemen who have neither trades nor stores, and who are desirous of rising above the political horizon, and are meditating to emigrate to the west, we shall here give a full account of one Grand Log-Rolling, which Glenville and Co., attended this season.

On reaching the place, we found a large and motley assembly of fellow-creatures—men, women, boys, girls, horses, oxen, dogs—all of whom, and which, came either to aid or listen, except the dogs, and these came simply out of philanthropy. They spent the time mainly in wagging their tails, barking at rolling logs, and thrusting in their noses wherever there was a pretext for seeming busy while others were so hard at work; and yet, excepting some three dozen snakes, four skunks, two opossums and a score or two of insignificant field rats and mice and ground squirrels, the dogs caught nothing the whole blessed day.

Indeed, some secretly thought it would have been just as well if the musk-cats had been allowed to escape, for, after their capture, the dogs were not altogether so agreeable; yet no candidate or candidate's friends or even their enemies kicked or whipped a favourite wag-tail. It was hardly politic to curl your nose. What was a fellow fit for, that minded *such* things?—was *he* the man to go to the legislature and carry *skins* to a bear?

The whole intended field, however, was resounding with all kinds of cries, noises, and echoes, such as shouts—orders—counterorders—encouragements—reproaches—whoas, gees and haws—hold-on's and let-go's, and that's your sort's—up with *him's* to male logs, pull *her* this way, to female ones, and down-with-it to *neutrals;* with clatter of axes and tomahawks; the thunder of rolling trunks; the crash of brush; the crackling of flames: and, over all, agreeably to Gardiner's "Music of Nature," were heard the shrill outcries of females; the screeching of boys; the snorting and winnowing of horses; and the howling and barking of dogs! Never was scene more exciting; and our appearance in working trim, was hailed with the most enthusiastic cheering; which compliment being suitably returned, we speedily joined the nearest working party. As for myself, surely I never did halloa—(holler)—louder in my life: and I certainly never did work harder for a whole entire *hour*, dressed en costume, to wit:—in tow-trowsers, cow-hide boots, and unbleached hemp linen shirt, but without coat or vest, and with shirt sleeves rolled above the elbows.

We did not attend the gathering, purely out of rabblerousing feelings; we wanted to hear the speech of *ours* John intended to let off at Jerry: for something was expected to-day of Glenville, and he was only a novice in stump elocution, and so we had, being "high larn'd" and a "leetle" of a politician, made John's first speech ourselves! Had John been as great a nincompoop as Jerry, he could just as readily have spoken nonsense off hand; but he knew too much to speak sense without preparation: and so Mr. Carlton had prepared the maiden speech. This, however, our friend, like some manuscript preachers, delivered more than once; yet always with variations and additions, till at last the very theme and text were both changed, and our stump-orator gave, towards the end of the campaign, a much better speech than he had commenced with.

Our historian, as has been hinted, did not figure a very long time with the handspike, having luckily discovered some pretext for soon joining a squawking and frolicsome squad of boys, girls and young women, engaged in the "niggering-off." Where it is designed to make "a clearing," the owner has the trees, cut down, or "deadened;" that is girdled by a deep cut, two inches wide. If the majority of the trees are thus girdled, the field is called—"a deadening,"—otherwise it is "a clearing." Now, it is to a clearing the log-rolling, or, for brevity's sake, "a rolin," pertains. In order to the rolling, the owner has had all prostrate trunks cut into suitable lengths, and the bushy tops preserved as fuel for the log-heaps; still many trees remain to be prepared even on the grand rolling day; and such of course require the neighbours' axes and hatchets.

In fifty or more places of the clearing, in many parts of the same prostrate trunk, logs are making, and with wonderful celerity, by another process—an almost noiseless process, too, and requiring, like Yankee factories, only women, girls and children. And this is the *niggering-off.* It is thus performed: A small space is hacked into the upper side of the trunk, and in that for a while is maintained a fire, fed with dry chips and brush; then at right angles with the prostrate timber, is laid in the fire a stick of some green wood, dry fuel being yet added at intervals, till the incumbent stick, sinking deeper and deeper into the burning spot, in no very long time, if properly attended, divides or *niggers* the trunk asunder.

The terms of this art are derived from the marvellous resemblance the ends of charred logs have to a negro's head—another fact on which abolitionists may dilate with great pathos in the next batch of popular lectures, on the wickedness of our prejudices; although, it must be remembered, that our black rascals out there invented the term themselves!

The axe is truly a mighty agent in the civilization of new countries. Fire is a greater—and only in a New Purchase, and in the niggering operation is the famous copy-book sentence illustrated properly—"Fire is a bad master, but *a good servant:*" its mastership belongs to our log-burnings. Without the aid of fire, the stoutest heart must be appalled at the thought of hewing out with the axe a farm from our forests; and yet with the aid of fire, even females may achieve that enterprise.

When the logs are all cut, or niggered, they are then *rolled,* and dragged together, in different parts of the clearing; and usually to the vicinity of some huge tree deadened, or perhaps living, and waving its melancholy arms over the mutilated bodies and mangled limbs of its slain children and friends. Ah! happy if the tree be dead; for it is destined, if not dead, to a dreadful end—to be burned alive! Oh, poor tree! thy former friends are compelled to become thy worst enemies—their several trunks are gigantic faggots! Alas! the pile rising up, as log after log rolls heavily against thy quivering column, amid our labour, and shouting, and uproar, that pile, now surrounded, and crowned with a tangled world of brushwood, is thy sumptuous and magnific pyre! Monarch! of a thousand years, thou shalt die a kingly death! Nor wouldst thou be spared—only to sigh among strange harvests, soon to spring around—to sigh for the shades and shadows, and touching branches and kissing leaves of departed trees! No—thou wouldst not choose to survive thy race!

The piles are sometimes lighted at the end of the rolling; oftener by the settler's family at their leisure. To-day, however, as we were a very large party, and had, therefore, finished the rolling early in the afternoon, it was resolved, that immediately after the candidates should have done speaking, all the heaps and piles should be kindled at once. Now, to their praise be it *forever* recorded, that both John and Jerry had, as their friends allowed, "worked most powerful hard and steady:" but their enemies must determine whether this diligence was out of disinterested love to the settler, or with a *single* eye to the vote of the settler's eldest son, who, as his father *accidentally* remarked, would be entitled to a vote at the next election. Indeed, as the zealous partizans had closely imitated their respective candidates, more unfigurative, practical and innocent log-rolling was done to-day than was ever witnessed; and I secretly made up my mind that our next log-rolling in Glenville should *happen* just before the fall election; when we could get the opposing candidates to lead the work. It is not improbable that our host to-day had had the same thought; at all events, our candidates certainly sweat for their expected honours; and if John did gain them, he worked for them—but Jerry! alas! he toiled in vain! And alas! it blistered my hands! But then, after this I was unanimously voted "a right down powerful clever sort of a feller!" and more than one very pretty young woman "allowed she'd be Mr. Carltin's second wife, when his *old* woman died!"

After all, candidates *are* of some use; and the great majority can do more good in natural log-rolling than in the metaphorical sorts common among the dirk and pistol lawgivers of *deliberative* assemblies. Nay, a very few hundreds of rival and zealous candidates would, in a year or so, if judiciously driven under proper task-masters, clear a very considerable territory.

As Mr. Jerry Simpson declined speaking, the candidate to-day stood not on a stump to make his address, but on a very large log heap, sustained by a living oak more than three hundred years old!—an incident to me full of interest. Our first speech—the first of the sort I ever wrote—the first he ever uttered—our first speech was poured forth over the ruins of greatness—a prostrate wilderness! The youthful speaker, the dear friend of many years, stood on a funeral pyre! while above him waved the sheltering branches of the tree, soon to be sacrificed and writhe in a tempest of fire! And ours was the first, the last, the only oration ever made by a Christian under its protection! the grand old tree seeming to wonder at the semi-civilization that had wrought such havoc in its domain—while it knew not that the ceasing of Glenville's voice would be a signal for lighting the fires!

The speech need not be described. It was, of course, rather ad-captandumish; well written, however, but still better delivered and handsomely varied. Hence, if it gained no new votes, it secured the old ones. And that is no light praise, where a word, a look, a gesture, or even a smile changes voters. Not to lose is then to gain. The new settlers acted with the strictest impartiality—they divided their interest. The father had "know'd Jerry's father, and often heern tell of Jerry himself—and so he would never d'sart an old friend;" but the son, "darn'd his eyes (a peculiar kind of stitching) if he wouldn't go for Glenville; as cos he hisself was a young man, and so was tother—and as cos he'd give him a sort of start in his clearing, he'd give him a sort of start as a public funkshune'er." And thus the balance of power was adjusted to a nicety; and thus, also, if the new comers did neither party any *good* they did them no *harm:* pay enough for a hard day's work, considering. For, certainly, a wide difference must appear between having *nothing* in your favour and *two somethings* against you, and so it was now; hence John and Jerry felt—or at least said so—as much gratitude as if they had received not a negative quantity, but a positive favour.

The speech ended, we were divided into Firing Committees to light the different piles: after which was to be a grand supper previous to going home. Very soon then at each heap, were assembled about half a dozen men, while in all directions were tearing, scampering, screeching, and yelling women, boys, girls, dogs and puppies—some carrying fire on clapboard shingles—some with remnants of burning niggering sticks—others with dry and blazing wood—and the canine helps, some with sticks and chips in their mouths, and some with the dead snakes and polecats—so that almost instantly and simultaneously fires were kindled in several parts of each, and every heap and pile throughout the whole clearing. Combustibles had been built in with the piles; and now a gentle wind was fanning all into devouring flames. Yet, after the first crackling blaze, the fires subsiding, became, at a short distance, barely visible; save in parts where dry logs had become quickly ignited; and there a taper-pointed intense flame, shooting up, would remain fixed a few seconds, and then trembling from its own gathering fury, it would rise higher and higher, and ever expanding its base as it elevated the apex.

But by the time our feast was ended, and the shadows lengthening from the forest told the coming reign of darkness, a hundred-hundred fierce points of taper flame gleamed in wrath from every crevice, or darted from the dense clouds of black smoke; and in many places, several points had united their bases, and were now in one broad fiery mass, careering in spiral columns of mingled darkness and light. Now fiercer winds were rushing into the vacuum. The equilibrium disturbed through an aerial circumference of many leagues' diameter, the storm spirits aroused and excited, came flying on the wings of a sudden earth-born tempest! This augmented the number and intensity of the flames; and these, augmented, invoked in their madness more furious winds, till a broad, deep and awful tide of air poured through the clearing, with the force and vengeful roar of the hurricane! and up leaped all the fires in frightful columns and pyramids of living flames quivering with wild wrath, and coiling, like demon-serpents, around and up the mighty trees that sustained the pyres! Here and there sheets of flame thrown forth horizontally, and seemingly by an intervening body of smoke, detached from the mass of fire, resembled clouds on fire, and burning up from their own lightning!

No breath of life could any longer be drawn in that field of fire! It was abandoned as a wide tumultuating flood, where unseen and dreadful spirits held a terrific revel amidst the roar, and crash, and thunder of flaming whirlwinds!

Far and wide the forest was grandly illuminated; and in returning home I often looked back and saw the noble trees at the pyres, tossing their mighty arms and bowing their spreading tops for mercy and succour—like beings sending forth cries of agony unheard in that fiery chaos! Our home was several miles from this clearing, but the next night, on ascending the bluff on the creek, we could yet see in that quarter a lurid sky, and now and then fitful gleams of brightness; and even a week after, as I passed that clearing, the arena was yet smoking, although nothing remained of that part of the primeval forest, save heaps of ashes and a few blackened upright masses that for so many centuries had been the living bodies of the lately martyred trees!

CHAPTER XXVII.

> "A merrier man
> Within the limit of becoming mirth
> I never spent an hour's talk withal,
> So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Reader, will you be asked a question?

"Certainly."

Do you ever go to the post-office?

"What a question!"

Well, but are you thankful for a daily mail?

"Pshaw! I never think about it."

Just as I supposed. I was a thoughtless person myself, once. Now, however, I am thankful to Uncle Samuel every time I walk to the post-office.

In our part of the Purchase the nearest office to Glenville was at Spiceburg, always nine miles off, sometimes two or three more. To that office the mail—if such may be called a dirty, famished, flapping, scrawny pair of little saddlebags, containing three or four letters in one end, and half a dozen newspapers in the other—the mail came regularly (in theory) once *a month*, till the Hon. J. Glenville exerted himself in favour of his constituents, and then it came very irregularly once in *two weeks*. Sometimes there was an entire failure in the saddlebags' arrival. And this was occasioned by the clerk at Woodville Office, who, whenever he discovered no letters for Spiceburg retained the papers for private edification, and to be forwarded next mail: at least Josey Jackson, *our* postmaster, said so. Sometimes our mail failed because of high waters; although our post-boy, Jack Adams, a spunky little chap, would often in such cases swim over: but then the half-starved wallet was twice washed away; and when recovered, the news in both letters and papers was too diluted and washy for any practical purpose.

Reader, it was truly sickening, after waiting four endless weeks with the most exemplary impatience, and after toiling, not over, but through a road always nearly impassable, and when passable full of peril, to learn that no mail would arrive till next month; or what was even worse, that it had indeed come, but with only one letter, and that maybe for the Big-Bear-wallow settlement![*] No wonder we finally ceased from all correspondence, contenting ourselves with hiring a man, for a remnant of sole leather, to bring our newspapers when he could *get* them: which luckily he did as often as once in three months! No wonder during all our western sojourn, the world never heard of us: although in this we had a very ample revenge, as in that time, we heard nothing of the world.

But this autumn I expected a letter from my old friend Clarence; and so, on a delightful September morning, off I started, confident of finding his letter. The road, also, was less bad; and with diligence we should get home about the middle of the afternoon. And Dick, too, was in high spirits; for he always regarded as a holiday, the exchange of the bark mill for such a jaunt; and he now trotted along the bottomland with voluntary and most uncommon speed till of a sudden the old fellow scented, or saw, or heard something which made him very fidgetty and uneasy.

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[*] All things out there are big: if two things of the same name are to be distinguished, one is called big, and the other *powerful* big.

What *could* it be? Dick, it was known, had some finical ways, but he was now manifestly alarmed, and made some desperate attempts to wheel—when, sure enough, a strange figure emerged from the tall rank weeds into the road before us, and continued to move in front, apparently never having noticed our approach. This figure was undeniably human; and yet at *bottom* it seemed a man, for there were a man's tow-linen breeches; at *top* a woman; for there was the semblance of a short gown, and, indeed, a female kerchief on the neck, and a sun-bonnet on the head! Then again the apparition wore enormous masculine leather boots, and under one arm carried a club; although both of the hands seemed to be holding above the hips, rolls of woollen cloth, very much like a furled petticoat! Whether the affair would turn out a man dressed in woman's upper articles, or a woman, in man's lower ones, was to be discovered. The suspense, however, was not long; for at the noise of Dick's sneezing—who saw how matters stood, and gave warning by way of delicacy—the hands of the figure instantly relaxed their hold on the linsey rolls; and down dropped a sudden curtain all round over breeches *and* boots, in the shape of a veritable petticoat! and before us walked a genuine daughter of the woods!

The universally favourite attire of females (indescribables) is not, we presume, to be traced to French milliners, male or female. It originated in the necessities of a new country, where women must hunt cows hid in tall weeds and coarse grass, in dewy or frosty mornings. And to that is owing brief frocks; although out there, such when allowed to fall to the natural hang of the articles, shut from view the indescribables—or very nearly so. Dressed thus in the husband's boots as well as his thingamies—the limbs of which are worn as our fathers wore them within, and not without the boots—our fair lady this morning, bade defiance to wet grass, running briars, snake-bites, ticks, and all and every evil incident to cow-hunting!

Of course we exchanged compliments on passing; but Dick was so dumb-founded by the miraculous transformation at the sudden fall of the screen, that he shyed and passed without a word. The truth is, I was all but frightened myself!

I need not tell all the silly things that entered my mind at the thought of such an exhibition in certain places and assemblies—but I was not fairly recovered on reaching Spiceburg; and the event had perhaps rather increased my good-nature, and encouraged the hope of finding a long-expected letter. On approaching the cabin-office, and while *hanging* Dick to a gate post, a glimpse caught of Josey trying to escape out of a back door into the woods gave me a sudden pang; for this was Josey's way of getting off, when there were no letters for his friends, leaving the matter of explanation to his wife as he "naterally hated," he said, "to see folks so powerful disapinted." But I was too quick, and so hailed:

"Hillo! the house, Josey!"

"Ah! hillo; how are you? come walk in—I was a sort a steppin round the other way—powerful fine day."

"Very—Well, Josey, anything this time?"

"Well—there was three letters and some papers kim day afore yesterday—but I wan't in—and Polly, she put them away—and I aint heern her say that there was anything for your settlement up thare."

"Why, Josey, one *must* be for me; it can't be possible the letter, that a month ago was to be here, is not come this mail!"

"Well—I should a sort a think one of them mought be the letter. Glenville's goin a-head most powerful in this part of the district—Jerry's a clever feller—but we go tother way down here: if Glenville gits in, we'll try old Uncle Sam, and have the mail twice a month in these here diggins."

"Yes, but if they manage no better at Woodville or some other place, we shall only be disappointed twice a month instead of once."

"He! he! he!—yes—well, let's go back, Mr. Carltin, and take a look."

Josey's wife now appeared *en dishabille*, being occupied with her wash-tub in the space between the cabin and the kitchen; when Josey, to prepare and smooth the way to my disappointment, said to his lady:

"See here, Polly! don't you think one of them thare three letters mought be for Mr. Carltin?"

"Nan!" (she *heard* well enough.)

"Don't you think one of them thare three letters what kim day afore yesterday, mought be for Mr. Carltin?"

"Well, no, I don't jist exactly mind—(remember)—but I a sorter allow maybe prehaps two's for the Snake Run Sittlemint's folks"—washing away as if the article was very hard to get clean—"and tother was tuk out more nor an hour ago."

Which way, Mrs. Jackson,"—said I, eagerly, as a glimmer of hope arose—"which way did the person come—perhaps it was Tommy Robison, as I asked him the other day to call here, and ——"

"Well—I kind a sorter think as maybe prehaps the man said the letter was hissin—and I actially seed him a readin on it!"

"Well," said Josey, very tenderly—"let's go into the back room anyhow, and overhaul the bureau—maybe some how or nother we mought a overlooked last month—or maybe arter all one of the two's yourn."

The back room was a closet boxed off with poplar boards, its junctures pasted over with strips of deceased newspapers; and it held a bed for the postmaster and mistress, and—a bureau; of which two drawers were Uncle Sam's Cabinet, the top drawer for *living* letters and papers, the second—descending—for *dead* ones. Into this sanctum I was now invited out of compassion, with the privilege of rummaging for myself.

First, then, the *live* drawer was jerked out, and Josey and myself began our search with great system and good judgment, collecting, as a preparatory step, all the living newspapers into one corner, amounting to nearly two dozen, two or three with envelopes and directions: the rest naked, and thumbed and dying:—all destined, I fear, to the *dead* drawer. This completed, *one* letter only remained, instead of two, and that sure enough for—

"Missus Widder Dolly Johnsin, at Snake-Run-kere of her brother near Spiceburg"—(*on one corner*)—"case he's gone to Orleens, p. m., send it to the Widder herself."

But what had become of the other letter? Josey here was much disturbed, as he knew it had not been called for. At my suggestion, a shaking of each newspaper was commenced, when pretty soon out tumbled the second one—and that too, for Snake Run. A very scrutinizing search was next instituted under, and into, and around a half-knit stocking, and some little calico bags nearly full of squash or calabash, or cucumber seeds; and even a square box half full of roasted store coffee—but no chance letter for me could be discovered. I was about, therefore, to go away much chagrined, when it occurred, that as a living letter had been concealed in a dying paper, maybe, a letter might have been buried alive among the defunct articles of the next drawer: and accordingly a request was made for a peep into that tomb. To this, Josey, after a momentary hesitation, replied: "Oh! it's no use no how—still, if it will satisfy a feller crittur, let's have the overhaul:"—and with that forth came the repository of departed news, written and printed, and with such a vengeance—for it stuck a little—that the dead things, many of them, bounced into the middle of the room, like criminals' carcasses when galvanized.

Ah! painful sight! that drawer like other graves—in some cities—was too full!—it contained more than the living world! And the frightful way that papers and letters were huddled, must soon have killed a delicate and sensitive thing—a love letter, for instance, if by any mischance it had come down from the upper drawer alive! Well, we rummaged—and shook—and tossed—and pitched for a good quarter of an hour, till out leaped a letter—a real living letter—folded in a civilized way—and actually superscribed:

"Robert Carlton, Esq. Glenville Settlement, etc., etc."—and post-marked—"Princeton, N. J."

Josey was, of course, completely mystified, and began twenty awkward apologies; but, although not a little provoked, I was so rejoiced at the resurrection of my letter, and Josey was so sorry, and after all, so clever a fellow, that he was cordially forgiven:—and that, reader, argues me not spiteful.

I now prepared to return home: but just then, a young chap rode by on his way to Johnson's store; for Spiceburg was a large village, containing, first, Mr. Johnson's Store; second, a blacksmith's establishment; and third, Josey Jackson's post-office, which last was also a tavern, and now becoming a kind of opposition store: although an opposition post-office would have been more serviceable, both to town and country. The chap named, immediately hailed me, and made a proposal for me to wait till he had done his purchases, when we could ride home in company. As Sam lived in an adjoining settlement, and I really wanted company—to say nothing of political news—I readily agreed to wait, although we well knew it would be some hours before the bargains were concluded.

In a New-Purchase country, "going to store" is as much for recreation as business, and preparation is made as for any other treat or amusement. The store is, too, the place for news, recent and stale—for gymnastics, wrestling, pitching quoits, running—for rifle shooting—for story-telling, etc.—and hence, a purchaser's stay is not in direct ratio to his intended bargains, but rather in the inverse; a fellow having only six cents to spend, will sometimes lounge in and around a store for six hours! Nor must even that be wholly imputed to the fellow's idleness. It is in part, owing to his unwillingness to part with—cash; and when it is considered how very difficult it was then, and maybe now, in the New Purchase to get hold of "silver," then it will appear that to lay out even a fippenny-bit must have become a matter for very solemn reflection, and very *lengthy* chaffering.

My friend Sam had come to town with two silver-fippenny-bits, and a roll of tow linen; and he intended to buy four panes of glass, eight by tens, half a pound of store coffee, eighth of a pound of store-tea, one quarter pound of gunpowder, and a pound of lead: also, if they could be got cheap, a string of button moles and a needle. Sam prided himself on being a hard hand at a bargain, and Mr. Johnson, I well knew, although an honest man, was a prudent dealer; and, therefore, I determined to remain in the store and witness the trading. The colloquy opened thus, after Sam had deposited his roll of linen on the counter:

"Well, Johnson, you don't want no tow linen to-day, I allow—do you?"

"If 'tis good. What do you want for it?"

"I allow to take half trade and half silver as near about as we can fix it."

"Sam, you're joking—we don't give cash for anything but pork and lard."

"That's powerful stingy—well, what's this piece worth—it's powerful fine."

"This;" (examining)—"'tis pretty good—'tis worth ten cents in silver. We give twelve in trade."

"Ketch a duck asleep!—if that 'ere tow linen thare aint worth fifteen cents in store-tea or coffee ither, I'll bet old Nan—(his rifle)—again two-shot gun! Howe'er I'll track round a little—I wants any how to go over to the post-office, maybe thare's a paper come."

Now this, reader, was all gum; Sam could not read a word. He intended this as a threat to deal in the opposition store, and Mr. Johnson so understood it: in fact he had anticipated such a move, and for that purpose had underrated the linen, intending to rise to the true value as if induced so to do by Sam's superior dexterity, by which the linen would be secured and his customer pleased. And therefore, Mr. J. thus answered:

"Sam! Sam! you're a hard Christian: but I've large payments at Louisville, and you've been a pretty good customer, and a cent or so aint much—and rather than let you go to Josey's, I'll give you thirteen cents."

Now this Sam thought just one cent higher than the linen was worth; yet it was in reality precisely half a cent less—and that other half cent Johnson intended finally to give him. Hence when Sam replied, "Well! I raythur allow as maybe prehaps Josey would a sorter give fourteen cents; but I don't like to d'sart old friends, and so says I, jist gimme thirteen and a half cents, and it's trade!" it was what Mr. Johnson was prepared to hear. Accordingly, after affecting to consult a book of prices—I think it was an old counting-house almanac—and after figuring away at the double rule of three in vulgar fractions, at all which Sam stared as at a magical operation, Johnson at last looked up, and scratching his head, said:

"Let's see—eight-sixteenths is four-eighths, and that is one half—and half is two fourths—and five per cent—and tow linen at a discount—why, Sam, you'll break a fellow some day or other—still I can't lose more than a fraction of a cent on a yard, and I must not let you go to Josey's. Well, I'll give thirteen and a half, and it's a bargain. Now, what will you have?"

"Well, I'm goin to see how the new skow's comin on—and you may measure the linen till I get back, and then we'll take it out in something or nuther."

It was a full hour before Sam's return; and then the quantum suff. of tea, coffee, glass, etc., etc., being furnished, the balance of trade was found against him, and he owed the store precisely nine and a quarter cents. In lieu of this Mr. J. offered to take one of Sam's silver fips, which although a liberal discount in Sam's favour, he regarded as right down Jewish usury; and the storekeeper was obliged to book the nine and a quarter cents, to be paid in "sang." Nor was this conduct of Sam's so very surprising, when it is recollected that for one hundred and twenty-five cents could be bought a whole acre of land! bottom land! trees! spice bush! papaws! and all! Hence to ask for six and a fourth cents, was asking a pretty good slice off an acre! Sam was, therefore, really indignant.

He now was getting ready to start home, when spying a string of button-moles, he remembered he was to buy a fip's-worth; and supposing a prime bargain was to be had for cash, he proposed to pay right down one of his silver pieces for the half of the string, worth in all twenty-five cents.

"Come now," said he, "Mr. Johnson, here's the silver cash money, right slam smack down, for one half jist of that 'ere leetle bit of a string—"

"Oh! no, Sam, we can't go that—I'll give you so far," replied Johnson, measuring a minor third.

"Well—I've traded a most powerful piece of linin here this mornin—and I'll be teetotally darned if I wont try Josey, and see if he won't give me more moles for silver cash money."

Our storekeeper well knew Josey had no moles, and so, after a feint to retain a customer, he let him go; but no sooner had he got out of hearing, than our merchant took down his string of moles, and laughing as he slipped off nearly half into a drawer, he said to me, "Sam will be back directly, and then I mean to sell him a little more than the worth of his fip." He then suspended the diminished string in its former place, and shortly after Sam came back, and began:

"Well, I don't like, arter all, to d'sart old friends, and so says I, jist gimme one half of that blame leetle string—for it's time me and Mr. Carltin was makin tracks home."

"Ah! Sam, how shall we live these hard times? but I suppose if I must, I must—so down with your dust. And here's a full half—and now take which end you like."

Sam chose; and then the dealer stripped off the half, amounting to a good eight cents' worth; while our man of cash pulled out a small dirty deer-skin pouch, and untying its mouth, he emptied all the contents on the counter, viz: two silver fips three "chaw'd bullits," a damaged rifle wiper, four inches of pigtail tobacco, and three worn gun-flints. But he was evidently even yet scarcely determined to part with his cash; for he took up first one and then the other fip, apparently more than once about to return both to the pouch, and offer more "sang:" till at length, believing he had got nearly double as many moles as he could obtain for "trade," he handed over, with the air of one making another's fortune, the worse looking and more worn fippenny bit; and then the other articles, together with the button-moles, being put into the pouch along with the widowed fip, he was ready to ride, and we in a few moments more were on our way home.

My comrade was in high glee at the way in which he "had made it off o' Johnson," i. e., the way he had just got the worth of his money. I too was in high glee, hoping to secure an additional vote for our candidate; and we, therefore, jogged along very harmoniously.

Not long after our quitting the three blazes, and turning into the unblazed trace at the Indian grave, it became quite dark; and we were compelled to ride in Indian file, Dick and myself in the van, Sam and his quadruped in the rear. Be it remembered, part of his purchase was four small panes of glass, intended to illuminate their new cabin, and make its native darkness visible in the day. A sort of window had, indeed, been made by skipping a log in the erection; but our friends had begun to be richer, and it had been lately voted to have a sash of four lights at ten cents each; it being most specially for this, the twelve yards of tow-cloth had been woven, and this very day sold at Spiceburg. And, even now, Sam, the eldest son, twenty-one years old last spring, was actually riding homeward with the long coveted glass, done up in two sheets of coarse demi-paper, and tied across two ways with strong packthread—yes, all safe under his arm!

More than once during the afternoon had he introduced the subject of glass and windows; and every conversation would begin and end with a self-complacent, and rather lofty look at the articles under his arm—the glass by which their cabin was to be elevated in the scale of architecture, and the family established among the forest aristocracy! Once or twice as we passed an old cabin without a sash-window, Sam would commence—

"Mr. Carltin, I allow this here glass here of ourn's near about the right size—aint it?"

"I think so."

"Well—it will look a sort a powerful—hey?"

"Very—we had a sash made last summer, and it helps matters *powerful.*"

"He! he! he!"—(a giggle of exquisite satisfaction—like the cackle of a hen that has laid a new egg, or the mild squawking of geese just emerging into the dusty road from a hole in a grain-field fence)—"he! he! he!—Mr. Carltin, aint it a sort a funny them ere settlers what's been in the Purchus longer nor us aint got no sashes?—I allow, it looks a sort a idle in 'em."

But now, as we rode in the dark, a fire suddenly gleamed from the crevices of a cabin, upon which, Sam, with wonderful anticipative exultation, halloed from the rear—

"Hillow! Mr. Carltin—that's Bill Tomsin's cabin!—what a most powerful heap of shine his ere fire would make through this here glass of ourn if they was all in a winder——"

To this Mr. C. made no reply; for, at the instant his neighbour's thoughtless, blundering brute of a horse tripped over a root, on to his nose! and away went his rider, not indeed out of the saddle, but off from the blanket, his only saddle! and alas! alas! away went the brittle eight by tens!—and in spite of the forty cents paid in tow-linen, in spite of Sam's chagrin and almost superhuman efforts to save them, in spite of the woful disappointment of the expectants at home, the whole four panes were, all and each, and every, so cracked and broken as to defy all emendations from dough or putty! Yes! in one short moment, and that a moment of triumph, all visions were dissipated—visions of a window from without, and visions through one from within!

Poor Sam! he was not hurt by the fall: although, I do believe for a moment he wished it had been his arm, and not the glass. And certainly, had I not been present, he would have abused his unlucky horse in very irreverent terms, calling him as it was:—

"A most powerful rottin darn'd old carrin—for to go stumlin and smashin *glass* that 'are away!"

I tried to console my neighbour in the most approved way, by telling misfortunes of my own, and at last did bring on a faint laugh—much like one a person makes in trying not to cry—by narrating the fall of our waiter of glasses. But still, forty cents' worth of good tow-linen was no trifle for folks in my comrade's humble circumstances to lose; and I did so pity him, as to say, if he would ride home with me we would give him an extra pane, procured to mend our own sash in case of accident, and also three sheets of paper, which, when oiled and fixed according to directions, would answer almost as well as glass itself. This cheered him up a good deal; and on reaching uncle John's, a search was instituted, and to our great satisfaction, two panes were discovered, which were both cordially bestowed on our friend; and also two sheets of foolscap, with directions how to oil, or grease and paste them on the sash, and to secure, by two strings diagonally fastened, or as he better understood it—"kattekorner'd-like."

Sam never forgot this small kindness. Hence, as you may easily think, reader, not only did he vote our way, but he became an active and rather violent partizan in electioneering, every where giving, too, a magnific version of the glass and paper story. Nay, on the election day he overheard a person saying to another—"Yes, John Glenville's well enough—if he hadn't stuck up folks around him—and that brother-in-law of hissin, Carltin's a reel 'ristekrat—and hates poor folks like pisin:"—upon which what does Sam do, but forthwith strip off his coat and break in with his doubled fist, as follows:—

"See! here, I say, mister! you're a most powerful darn'd liar!—now jist shut up—'cos case you jist go for to say that say agin—if I don't row you up salt crick in less nor no time, my name's not Sam Townsend."

Happily, my complimentary neighbour had no wish for that pleasant little excursion—"up crick," and no further disturbance ensued. I would merely add, that, passing Sam's cabin a few days after his mishap, I had the pleasure of seeing the sash in its place, with two glasses in the lower tier, and two papers in the upper; and to be sure the papers were sufficiently greased; indeed, so well, as to keep out light as well as water and air; although, in spite of our use of "diagonal," and its being rendered into popular language, "kattekorner'd-like," the strings were nearly perpendiculars to the sides, and crossed each other almost at right angles, and not very far from the centre.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"—— neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo."
"Pleasure after Pain."

When the Indian tribe were departing from the New Purchase, a distinguished chieftain had suddenly died, and been buried in aboriginal style, in the spot known in our settlements as the Indian grave. That spot I could never pass without feeling myself on hallowed ground, often contemplating the scene with indescribable emotion—more than once with unbidden tears. The burial place itself was a beautiful natural mound, abrupt on the side towards the county road, but otherwise of a regular shape and gradual swell, being hardly, indeed, supposed a mound on the approach by the Glenville path. On the summit of this mound was the grave. It was inclosed by a fence of small logs, and covered with poles: while a rough post, carved with Indian hieroglyphics, and its point or top painted red, marked where the warrior's head rested.

This place was too far from Glenville for a walk, and we never hunted in that direction; but, even when hurrying on a journey, as I rode by, I could not pass till I paused some moments to gaze, and with a melancholy soul, on this resting-place of the savage king: and with the most profound sadness and shame, after learning that this wild and lonely, and regal grave had been violated!

Around that grave had stood a band of exiles and houseless wanderers—children of the forest! Trusting to the white man's faith, they had asked a few yards of earth, where but the day before the whole mighty wilderness had been theirs—a few yards where they might lay in his rest their chief, their lawgiver, their father! Yes! yes!—there bitter agony of the soul had been felt, although proudly, perhaps, sternly concealed! Mournful enough to bury a king and a patriarch in a borrowed grave; yet was it some alleviation that he was to lie in no dishonoured ground! If there was sadness, there was grandeur too, in the thought, that his was the *only* grave; and that it made venerable and sanctuary-like so large a forest space!—ay, that for long years to come white men's children would point and say, "Behold that little mound yonder!—that is the grave of Blue Fire!—the mighty Indian warrior and chief!" That grave would remain a monument, speaking to successive generations of the pale-faces, and saying—"This was all once the red man's land!"

What would that tribe of mourning warriors have felt? what would they not have done, had some fierce and proud apparition from their spirit-land, revealed that the base sons of white men would despoil that grave of its treasure, even before the impress of the departing exiles' feet should be covered by the fall of the coming autumn leaves? Yet so it was. Reader! the poor Indian is often cursed for his indiscriminate massacres—has he no provocations? Do not civilized and nominal Christian men, with deadly weapons, watch near the sepulchres of their fathers and sons to wreak sudden vengeance on the robbers of the tomb? And dare we condemn the poor, hunted, defrauded Indian, who, finding his father's grave desecrated and rifled, cools the phrenzy rage of his burning soul in a bath of white man's blood?

Once on my way to Timberopolis, I sat gazing and dreaming on my horse, near that sad mound; when, not without an emotion of fear, I saw appear a large party of mounted Indians, going, as it afterwards was discovered, to visit the Potawatamies living on a reservation in the north. The party did not halt at the grave, as probably they would have done, if no pale face had been there to notice: if they had, although no sign apparently could lead to the discovery that the sacred deposit was gone, I should have felt, if not afraid, yet truly ashamed. Our way being for several hours in their direction, we often passed and repassed one another; and occasionally I rode among the party, and held a conversation with a half breed that could use a little English—till at last, they encamping on the bank of the beauteous and silvery river, once their own! we parted—my way leading across the stream, and their path still further up on its bank. I felt a strange wish to plunge with them into the dark, tangled wilds of that vast forest, where no white man then lived—so strong is the love of the uncivilized in some hearts!

But to our story. Several years prior to our arrival in the Purchase, two young men, whose youth and ignorance is their best apology, students of Dr. Sylvan's, on hearing of the burial of Blue Fire, determined so soon as the Indians should resume their march for the Mississippi, to take up the body; partly for anatomical purposes, and partly out of rash boldness: for some nerve was necessary to the work, while many lagging Indians were yet straggling in the woods. And unhappily for our honour, they succeeded; but not until after a very remarkable interruption and temporary defeat. And that defeat is my story. It shall be given, however, in the words of the renowned "Hunting-Shirt Andy," the leader of the party that terrified the resurrectionists, and almost to insanity, and from whose lips we ourselves received the narrative.

Be it premised, that at the time of our story, not more than three cabins were between Woodville and the river; that on the Woodville side of the river, the nearest house from the grave was more than three miles, a wide bayou and marsh intervening—it being absolutely necessary, in passing and repassing to and from Woodville to the grave, to cross the river. In many places were fords, and near them also dangerous holes, from four to six feet deep; and into these, not only inexperienced travellers, but even we neighbourhood people, often plunged; and hence escape from such holes to a terrified man, running from savages, would be almost miraculous. On our side, the cabin nearest the grave was two miles up the river; so that if any Indians came unexpectedly upon the young fellows, they would be in hazard of meeting a pretty summary vengeance—and not, I *must* say, wholly undeserved.

Our narrator was called Hunting-Shirt-Andy, mainly because he lived like an Indian, and always wore a very wonderful leather hunting shirt—his second hide or skin—most curiously frilled, and elaborately ornamented with bits of skin, birds' and beasts' claws, and porcupine quills dyed red and green, and yellow; and also to distinguish him from his second cousin White-Andy, so named because he lived like the rest of us civilized woodsmen, in a cabin. The story was given in Uncle John's cabin, at the united request of myself and others, and is as follows:—

Hunting-Shirt-Andy's Story.

"Well, Mistur Carltin, if you reely wants to hear about them two young fellers, I don't kere to tell about that Blue Fire scrape; but case you put it in your book, don't let on about thare namses—as the doctor's nevy is a most powerful clever feller and tended me arter in the agy, and charged 'me most nuthin at all, although he kim more nor once all the way over more nor twenty miles—and the tother one what got most sker'd is a sort of catawampus, (spiteful) and maybe underhand wouldn't stick to do you a mischief if he thought you made a laff on him —albeit, he's been laffed at a powerful heap afore.

"Well, we heern the two was a comin to git up Blue Fire, and bile him for a natumy, as they call'd it; and all us neighbours was powerful mad about it; as cos couldn't they allow the poor Injin to lay in his grave; and as cos the Injins still a sort a squattin and campin round, mought hear on it, and it moughtn't be so good for folks's consarns then. And so we talks over the thing, and allowed we'd make the chaps let Blue Fire lay; and so, says I to Bill Roland, Bill, says I, let's you and me make on to be Injins, and skere them doctur fellers; and don't let them go for to bile the poor red savage for the natumy. Agreed, says Bill, and then we goes and gits ole man Ashford, and fixes up like reel gineine Injins, and paints our faces red and clean up our arms, away up here (showing,) and all on us gits on blankits and leggins and moksins, and teetotally greases our hair back so—slick-like, and I gits a bit of tin round my hat, and we takes our tomhoks and rifles and puts off and lies hid near the grave. 'Twas just thare, Mr. Carltin, along by the black walnut stump what I cut down the very next day arter for rails for Bill Tomsin's yard. Well, thare we all on us lays down in the bushes on our bellies, a little over fifty yards from the grave; for we know'd the young fellers was to come at sich a time; cos they kim to Squire Brushwood's the night afore; and the Squire he sends up his little gal to ole man Ashford's afore sun-up to sort a let us know: and so we was all ready, when what should we spy a comin but the two young doctor chaps with a couple of hossis, and a meal-bag, and a spade, and a hoe.

"Well, we lays teetotally still, and they goes fust and fassens their hossis to the swinging branch of that thare sugar west o' the place, and then goes and begins a takin down the pen, and when they gits it down, they off's coats and begins a diggin like the very *divil.** And jist then we raises up a sort a on our kneeses; and all draws a bead at that knot in that thare beech at the tail ind of the grave; I'll show you the knot any day, and you'll see it's more nor half a foot good above their heads when they stood up agin the beach, although they arterwards tried to make the knot out only two inches above their heads; and then I gives a leetle bark, like a growlin Injin—and up they pops both on 'em, right under the beech, and looks about most powerful skittish, and then we lets fly three balls crack-wack right into the knot, and makes bark peel right sharp in that 'are quarter; and then out jumps we and raises the yell, with tomhoks agoin to fling ——"

At this very moment our narrator was interrupted by a terrific burst of thunder, which shook our cabin with much violence, and caused the dry clay of the chinking to curl up in dust around us like smoke! After a short and reverential pause, Andy resumed:—

"That's a most mighty powerful big clap of thunder, and most mighty near! but it's not a bit more skery than our bullits above them two young doctors' heads and the reel Injiny

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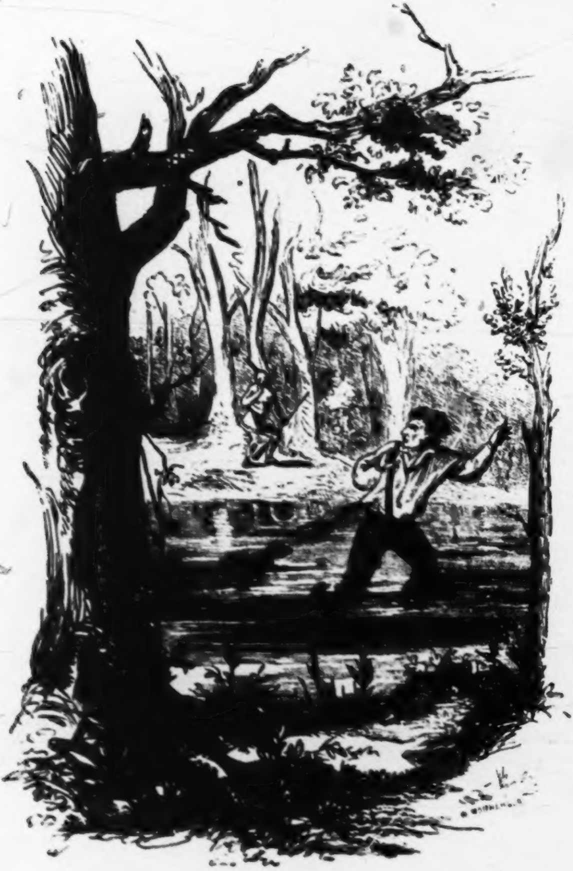
* Soft way of swearing out there.



Hunting Shirt Andy cries, "Sta-w-p Doctur:" but the Doctor has no notion of doing a silly thing. Stop, indeed! Page 217 yells us three screeched out! The way they drops tools and made tracks was funny, Mr. Carltin, I tell you! You see! I've seed runnin in my days that's sartin—but if them chaps didn't git along as if old Sattin was ahind 'em, then I allow I never killed no deer, and that would be a wapper!

"Well—they divides, and the doctur's nevy, he tuk strate up stream; and ole man Ashford and Bill, they pretends they was a follerin him—howsom'er they couldn't a ketch'd up no how—and so the nevy he runs clare up two miles and gits safe into Pete's shanty on the bottum, and sker'd Pete hisself so powerful he was afeer'd to come down, till we sends up and lets Pete into the secret.

"But tother chap, he was so sker'd he didn't see where he runn'd, and kept right study ahead slash through weeds and briars to the river—and me slam smack arter him, as cos I was afeerd he'd run in and git drownded; for thar's where the water is deepish, and jist about where you swim'd your hoss, Mr. Carltin—and so I runs and hollers like a screechowl—'*stop!—doctur!—staw-u-up!*' But the more I hollers, the more he legs it; case he was more nor ever sker'd to hear an Injin holler Inglish—Graminy! Mr. Carltin, if he didn't make brush crack and streak off like a herd of buffalo!—and me all the time a keepin arter, as I was sentimentally afeer'd now he'd git drownded; but, darn my leather shirt (Andy *would* put this profane stitch into his shirt when he was excited) darn my leather shirt, if arter all I could make him stop; and in he splash'd kerslush, like a hurt buffalo bull, and waded and swim'd and splash'd and scrabbled even ahead rite strate across and up tother bank—when he stops for the furst time to blow and takes a look back! And then he sees me a standin on our side and without no gun, a bekenin on him to stop; for I was too powerful weak a laffin to holler any more—but darn my leather shirt, if the blasted fool didn't set off agin like a tarrified barr, and wades clean in all through the bio! and the buttermilk slash tother side! and never stops agin till he kim to the three mile cabin! and thare he tells them as how the Injins had all got back agin, and had killed tother doctur and tuk his skulp!!

And you may naterally allow, Mr. Carltin, the hull settlement over thare was a sort a sker'd, and sent out scouts and hunters to see: but when it was found how it all was exactly, then if they warn't a mighty powerful heap of laffin, I never kill'd no deer.

"Howsever the Doctor's nevy was good pluck; for he gits another chap to help, and two days arter when we warn't a watchin, he digs out the poor Ingin and totes him over to Woodville, and biled him up for a natumy for their shop arter all—and so that's the hull story, Mr. Carltin;—but I must be a sorter goin. I'll fetch that jerked vensin about next week—and them 'are deer skins:—but afore I starts, wont you jist play us a toone on that flute of yourn, Mr. Carltin?"

"Most certainly, Andy—I'll play you a dozen if you can stay—what will you have?"

"Well!—let's see—thare's one I don't mind it's name now—but a powerful toone; I heard Mr. Johnsin a fiddlin on it at Spiceburg—but thare's a somethin about river in it, and it was talkin of the young doctur's splunge, made me think of the toone."

"Was it this, Andy?"—(Mr. C. plays.)

"That's him! that's the dentikul toone!—let's see—what do you call him?"

"Over the river to Charlie." And accordingly this "powerful toone" was done now in first-rate double-shuffle style, with very curious extempore variations, and very alarming embellishments; while all the time Andy patted the puncheons with his moccasin'd feet, and seemed barely able to refrain from leaping up and dancing; till the music ending, he remarked:—

"Ie! Ie! darn my leather shirt if I didn't know 'twas river somethin!—and I tell you what, Mr. Carltin, if you don't jist about know the sling of it, about as good as Mr. Johnsin—and maybe a leetle bit betterer—and the way he makes it hum on the fiddle!—I tell you what! Well, well—I must be goin, but I should like to stay and git you to play that 'ere meetin toone, Pisger—(*Pisgah*, a great favourite then with our religious world, but which had better been named Gumsnorter)—but I can't stop—I'm off—good-bye, folks."

And off he was sure enough; while I treated him during his exit with Yankee-doodle. And this compliment Andy felt so much, that he began capering and yelping, and tossing his legs and arms, till he reached our bars, which he cleared like a bounding buck at a flying leap: but within the bushes beyond he paused a moment, and gave, first, an Indian grunt and bark, and then such a yell!—it rung in my ears for twenty-four hours! Then once more he leaped away, shaking the bushes, scattering old leaves, making brush crack, and at the same time screaming out—"Sta-up doctur!—sta-a-a-aup!" in all which he designed a scenic exhibition of his late story; playing like other celebrated actors different parts, first, his own Indian character, and secondly, the flight of the young doctor.

Reader!—do you believe life is all moping in the West? Now be well assured we *have* other recreations there than "*going to church*"—the only one certain *hic* vel *hæc* English tourists grant to us and *never* use themselves!

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Quack! Quack!! Quack!!!"
Vide Voices of Natural History.—Vol. X.

Not many weeks after Hunting-shirt-Andy's visit, a very great and yet very little stranger, for some time expected, arrived at Glenville. Her name not before, but after this arrival, was Elizabeth Carlton: and she bounced in among us, after all, by surprise, and about two o'clock one morning. A curious figure somewhere had been missed, and the young lady gave an unexpected notice in some mysterious way of her intention to join our colony, precisely one week too soon: a common case, I am informed, with all that have the right of primogeniture; others, are better arithmeticians.

It had been arranged that our worthy friend, Dr. Sylvan, of Woodville, should honour Glenville with a visit on this occasion: but now, about nine o'clock, P. M., Dick was scampering away at the nominal rate of six miles per hour, towards Spiceburg, with a pressing invitation for the company of the learned Professor Pillbox, a member of the faculty, and who boarded with our friend Josey, P. M. This change of medical gentlemen arose from the urgency of the case, as Spiceburg was not so far as Woodville. No one in this *very* enlightened era can possibly think we trusted Dick to deliver the request—although if a four-legged being could have done so, Dick was he or it—but still, to prevent misapprehension and the sarcasm of the increasing critical acumen of the times, we now state that John Glenville went with Dick; and hence, about three o'clock in the morning, they returned, having secured the professor and another horse.

This person—of course, the doctor—not being honoured with any other skin or parchment than the one he was born in, we, like the Great Unknown, the North American College of Health of Yankeysville, do, by the native right of every white-born American, our ownselves dignify with the title of Professor. And never was title more appropriate, as he professed even more than Brandreth's Pills! He could cure warts!—eradicate corns!—remove pimples!—and obliterate moles and freckles. He knew how to destroy beards so as to prevent shaving—and how to fertilize the most barren skull till it would produce a large crop of black hair, in case you preferred that to red, yellow, or flaxy! He had never-failing remedies for fevers of every type, grade, and colour—intermittent, remittent, nonitent, bilious, antibilious, rebellious, red, saffron and yellow! Hence, the Professor utterly and most indignantly scouted Thompsonianism and all other loud-screaming quackeries of our quacking epoch:—and setting the highest value on number one, he cared not for number six.

His language, in bold contrast to his figure, was by that very comparison heightened in its magniloquence; we mean his medical diction, for other he rarely indulged in, because language about common affairs was too small for his large utterance. His were lofty words, and demanded a lofty subject; and HIS profession admitted an amazing technical grandiloquence. Professor Pillbox, M. D., was exactly one yard, one foot and ten inches—low. The Professor's horse, on the contrary, was remarkably high, and large and spirited. When, therefore, the Professor was seated on his saddle, and safely ensconced between two hugeous leathern cartouch-boxes made for bottles, barks, lint, forceps, etc., and above all, for the pills and powders, and the like cartridges for his principal execution, he seemed not dissimilar to a monkey-shaped excrescence growing to the back of the steed! Now his *modus loquendi* was truly gigantic! and not only did he always spout forth the hardest technicalities, but even these laden with additimentalities, i. e., *Coxicalities*, and elongated elaborifications of sesquipedalia: which last he would freely have bought of us if not for silver, yet for trade and in exchange for what he always styled his "medicamentums!"

Poultices, with Professor Pillbox, were always cataplasms—and the patient who had only barked his shins, was always greatly terrified on hearing that "there was manifest symptomatic manifestations through the outer exterior epidermis of his having infracted the tibia!"—for the poor wretch at once gave over his legs as ruined after that awful sentence on them! Doses of salts were never mixed with water and swallowed in our Professor's practice; but he "prepared an aquatical solution of the sulphate of magnesia, and then—exhibited it!"—i. e., made the patient *look at it* before he drank. In this way the disagreeable taste was properly increased; and so, to speak in style, the "medicamentum seemed to act with still greater potential efficacity:"—for, indeed, some robustious stomachs out there that would never have budged at the plain dose, were pretty well stirred by "an aquatical solution!"—proving the virtue of words.

Our friend never bled a man—he only "opened a vein!"—nor did he ever feel a pulse without parading a huge silver watch, and seeming, with the care-worn and ominous brow of Jupiter—in Virgil—to be counting the motions of the second-hand: a curious contrast to Death with an hour-glass! although to some nervous patients nearly as frightful.

One of our neighbour women, who was often ailing, used to send for Aunt Kitty to tell her what the Doctor meant; whence Aunt Kitty came to be regarded nearly as "high larn'd as the little doctor hisself," and was elsewhere in demand as "the little doctur's intarpretur:" but she always resisted persuasions "to set up docterin" herself, telling the folks "one *old woman* was enough in the Purchase."

An honest woodsman went once with a severe tooth-ache to Spiceburg, when the Professor, after a long examination of the patient's mouth, declared with a very solemn little phiz that, "an operation in dental surgery seemed necessary in order to extract two of the principal molares!" At which the affrighted sufferer said, "he was in powerful pain, and didn't kere to let the Doctor pull out a couple of his old rottin back teeth—but he'd rather bear the tooth-ache a hull year nor have the *dentul suggery* or the *principal mol'lerees* ither done on his mouth." Finally, however, one tooth was pulled, the other broken off—and half and half, is all *patent doctoring* does—cures one and kills another!

The Professor did not rely on symptoms *in* the morbid body itself: for instance, he rested not satisfied with the inspection of the tongue, which he always had *protruded* instead of vulgarly *put-out* of the mouth; but he wisely kept two keen eyes out on the watch for external symptoms—being well disposed to that way of judging, which determines, if a saddle is *under* the bed, that the person *in* the bed is sick, or dead, from eating the horse. Hence, on the present occasion, he came at once to a very infallible judgment of the case, wholly by external symptoms; for on hearing an infantile cry, which had commenced just an hour before his arrival, and broken out at intervals since, he instantly and without feeling anybody's pulse, or inspecting anybody's tongue, or asking a question, but with a very grand and imposing air, said—"that the lady was as well as could be expected!" But he learned, however, a very useful piece of knowledge, viz: that there is at least one other thing beside time and tide that waits for nobody.

Still, it was quite edifying to witness the anxious bustling, and to hear the learned remarks of our dwarf Esculapius; who, among other things, was constrained to acknowledge that—"unassisted nature had yet mighteous potential efficacity of her own intrinsic internal force, and that she sometimes required only the co-elaborative aid of a skilful practitioner to conduct to a felicitary tendency her wonderful designs!" Hence "he would only order now the exhibition of a few grains of his soporific sleep-producing powder, to induce a state of somnorific quiescence!!—because he was decidedly of opinion that "with proper care and no misfortunate reactions, the lady would without dubiety become convalescent in the ordinary time!!!"

And, would you believe it, dear reader?—all came to pass precisely as he predicted!—and stranger yet to tell, without the aid of the soporific powder! For that, by a blameable negligence, Mr. C. himself, who was charged with—the exhibition, never mixed!! But then to atone and for fear some living creature might accidentally swallow the exhibition all at once, and so sleep too long, we very considerately the next day put the whole paper of somnorific quiescence into the fire.

In the morning, after a very early breakfast, Professor Pillbox, having received the usual fee for his invaluable aid in enlivening the western solitudes, leaped with amazing agility on his mountainous horse; which he, indeed, styled "a quadrupedal conveyancer;" and was quickly peering over his cartouch-boxes on the way to Spiceburg.

But, reader!—beware of calling this mighty little personage a quack: for he had, if not a diploma from a college, a regular *license* from the State! Oh! the potential efficacity of a true republican legislature! What can it not achieve? By a mere vote, or a legal volition, it can out of nothing—yes, *ex-nihilo!*—or *next* to nothing create any and every man a lawyer—a physician!—a teacher!—or even a *Jackass!!* And these creations all become the greatest of their sorts!—greater even than the very legislators that first made them!—streams getting higher than their fountain!

No, no, reader, our Professor, like others of the kind, had so great an abhorrence of quackery, that he would not allow Josey

Jackson, his landlord, to keep a single *duck!* And two years after the Hon. J. Glenville's services ended, when Professor Pillbox himself was sent to the House, he had influence sufficient to procure by a unanimous vote, the passage of the following resolution, and which remained in full force when we left the Purchase, viz:

> "*Resolved*:—that no *quacks* but those that are *licensed*, shall recover the amount of their medical fees by law."
>
> Vide Journals of the House, VI. Fol. p. 95.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Instant in season and out of season."

The future historian of the Western church may learn, from this chapter, that the company of believers of which Mr. Hilsbury was a bishop, whenever about three or four such can be found, form an ecclesiastical court, with spiritual jurisdiction over a given district. A court of this kind was constituted this autumn in Glenville at the episcopal residence. The smallest legitimate number of clergy composed it, and every reverend gentleman was honoured with an office: Mr. Hilsbury was made President, Mr. Shrub, of Timberopolis, Clerk, and Mr. Merry—a bishop, in transitu—Treasurer. And thus was shown, after all, the practicability of Locke's celebrated Fundamental Constitution of Carolina, found impracticable in Sayle's province—the offices and dignities requiring every man in the colony.

But, allow us to introduce the clerk of the court—Bishop Shrub. Of this gentleman we shall merely say, that if a profound and an extensive acquaintance with all the important and various subjects of ecclesiastical learning, together with uncommon research in most other kinds; if the command of elegant style in writing, and the power of rich and copious elocution in preaching; if a pious and a conscientious mind, an ardent zeal in the service of his Master, and incessant labours for the good of men; if the most engaging and winning manners in conversation; if all these and similar excellences, possess charms, then would the reader have rejoiced to know Bishop Shrub, and would have classed and cherished him among the most highly estimated friends.

As Mr. Merry will speak for himself in this chapter, the reader may say what he thinks of this person after reading his Buckeye Sermon, delivered at Forster's Mills.

Among the decrees of the New Purchase Council, it was ordained that Brothers Shrub and Merry should perform a missionary tour of some weeks between 41° and 42° N. latitude, and in a region destitute of any spiritual instruction; a region indeed almost destitute, it proved, of inhabitants too, the thin "sprinkle" having, in all probability, sought a place free from all trammels, political as well as ecclesiastical. The brethren took neither purse nor scrip, and expected no present reward farther than the pleasure of doing good; and yet they laboured as if in expectation of being at the end of the tour, thrown into a modern bishop's see—not of glass, but of silver and gold, and other clinking evils. Having myself long desired to visit the country now laid out as missionary ground, I begged permission to join the party; which request being cheerfully granted, away we started as—*missionaries*—hem! See, then, reader, "how we apples swim!"

During the excursion, three discourses were delivered daily, the ministers alternately preaching, and the times being usually ten o'clock, A.M., two o'clock, P.M., and five o'clock in the evening. In proceeding up the river—the Big Gravelly—appointments were left for our return, and also sent on before us, by any chance person found going towards the polar circle. Nor did any one show reluctance to bear the message; although on overtaking once a woodsman, and begging him to name some place where we could preach next day, at ten o'clock, he replied:—

"Well, most sartinly, I'll give out preachin for any feller-critturs whatsoever—and Forster's saw-mill is jist about the best place in all these parts—but I sorter allow 'taint no use no how much—as folks in them diggins isn't powerful gospel-greedy." And then excusing *himself* from hearing Bishop Shrub that same evening, he rode suddenly down an abrupt bank of the river, and plunged into water, barely admitting his large horse to go over without swimming: yet he faithfully made the appointment at the mill for his "feller-critturs," although of our neighbour himself we never saw more.

Our churches, of course, were usually cabins, our pulpits chairs; but the church at Forster's saw-mill deserves special commemoration from the odd oddity of the place, the audience, and the sermon of Brother Merry.

The church was literally in the mill; nor was this a frame building, painted red, with flocks of pigeons careering round, or perched on its dormer windows, or strutting and billing, and cooing and pouting along the horizontal spout; while on a neighbouring elevation stood a commodious stone house, the owner's and mason's names handsomely done on a smooth stone, near the summit of its gable; and smiling meadows stretched away along the dancing waters—concomitants rendering a mill so enchanting in old-countries! no, no:—here was a naked, unplanked saw-mill! a roof of boards, twisted, warped and restless, on the top of a few posts; the prominent objects being the great wheel, the saw itself, and the log in the very act of transition into plank and scantling!

No human dwelling was in sight, and it was afterwards found that the owner and his men lived three miles from the mill; that they went home but once or twice in the week, eating during the day, when hungry, of cold corn and fat pork, and sleeping during the night in the snuggest corner of the mill-shed, and drinking both day and night, when thirsty or otherwise, freely of water and—*whiskey*. For prospect around was an ugly, half-cleared clearing, with piles of huge logs, not to be burned, however, but sawed. The dam was invisible. A large, square trough conducted a portion of the Big Gravelly river to its scene of paltry labour; and there the water, after leaping angrily from the end of its wooden channel, and indignantly whirling a great lubberly, ill-made, clattering wheel, as in derision of its architect, hurried impatient along a vile-looking ditch, half choked with weeds and grass, to remingle with the sparkling, free stream below!

Meeting, then, was to be held on a few loose planks, constituting the floor, laid *ad capsicum!* The pulpit was to be the near end of the log, arrested for a time in its transformation to lumber; while at the far end was to be the congregation—at least the sinners, who might sit, or lean, or recline, or stand, as suited convenience. The congregation was big of its size, consisting of the saw-miller, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Forster's two men—and also, three hunters, who, accidentally hunting in the neighbourhood, had chanced to stop just now at the mill—in all six sinners; more, however, than are allowed in a Puseyite cathedral, where conversions are unfashionable!

As we rode up, a few minutes before ten o'clock, the saw was gnashing away its teeth at the far end of the log, nor did it cease till we had entered the shed; and then, the owner unwillingly stopped the performance, seeming, by his manner, to say—"Come, let's have your preaching powerful quick, the saw wants to be cutting agin." This was far from encouraging; yet Mr. Merry, whose turn was to preach, began his preparations, observing, in a conciliatory way, that he would not hinder his friends very long, but that we felt it would not be right to pass any settlement where the neighbours were kind enough to give us an opportunity of preaching. The preacher's manner so far won on our sullen congregation, that Mr. Forster and two others took seats in a row on their end of the log; while two leaned themselves against the saw-frame, and one against an adjoining post: Brother Shrub and Mr. Carlton sat among the saints at the pulpit-end of the log, like good folks and penitents in churches with altars.

In this combination of adverse circumstances, great as was our confidence in Mr. Merry, who was as used to this sort of matters as are eels to skinning, we feared for his success to-day. Yet he began seemingly unembarrassed, holding a small Testament, in which was concealed a piece of paper, size of a thumb, and pencilled with some half a dozen words, constituting the parson's notes! And notes in the New Purchase and the adjacent parts are always concealed by preachers who use them; for the use of such argues to most hearers, a want of *heart* religion; beside that no place is found in our pulpits to spread out written discourses. To have used in Forster's mill-meeting to-day, any other than the thumb-paper just named, would have been considerably worse than ridiculous—it would have deserved a scratch or so from Mr. Forster's saw-teeth, or what is next to it, a scourging from Lord Bishop Baltimore.

Brother Merry quickly perceived that even the plainest and almost child-like topics with suitable language and illustrations failed to preserve his *spectators'* attention. One man began to look at the ditch where now the water was trickling along with a subdued voice; another, to cut a clapboard with his scalping-knife; and Mr. Forster looked wistfully at his saw, evidently more desirous to hear its music than both our preachers' voices together. Something desperate must then be attempted to arrest attention, or hope of doing good at present abandoned. For while true that men cannot hear without a preacher, it does not follow that they will always hear with one: and hence Mr. Merry, after some vain attempts to convert spectators into auditors, suddenly stopped as if done *preaching*, and as if *talking*, commenced thus:

"My friends and neighbours don't you all shoot the rifle in this settlement?" That shot *was* central: it even startled the Rev. Shrub and myself. The man using up the clapboard looked like an excited dog—his very ears seeming on full cock; and Mr. Forster was so interested that he answered in the affirmative by a nod. "So I thought. No hardy woodsman is ignorant of that weapon—the noble death-dealing rifle. Ay! with that and the bold hearts and steady hands and sharp eyes of backwoodsmen, what need we fear any *human* enemies." (Approving smiles from all accompanied with nods and winks) —"And no doubt you all go to shooting matches?"—(Assent by a unanimous nod and wink)—"Yes! yes! it would be strange if you never went. Now, my dear friends, I have no doubt some of you are first-rate marksmen, and can drive the centre off-hand a hundred honest yards." (Here one man on the congregational end of the log stood right up, and with a look and manner equivalent to "I'm jist the very feller what can do that.") "Yes! I see it in your looks. I'm fond of shooting a little myself; 'tis very exciting—and when I indulge in shooting, I have to keep a *powerful* guard over my heart and temper. For don't we feel ourselves, neighbours, a right smart chance better than persons that can't shoot at all? Perhaps we feel a sort of glad when a neighbour makes worse shots than ourselves—perhaps we even secretly hope the man firing against us may miss, or that something may happen to spoil his chance? And then, when we make good shots, don't we walk about sometimes and brag a little—even while we hate to hear anybody else bragging? Come, my honest friends, don't we all on such occasions do some things, and say some things, and wish some things, that when we get home, and are alone, and begin to think over the day, make us feel sorry about our conduct at the shooting? Come, we are all friends and neighbours here, to-day—aint it so?" (Several nods in assent—but no smiles as at first—with fixed attention, and a go-on-Mr. Preacher-look, at the far end of the log)—"Yes, yes, my dear friends, it is so—that is honest and noble in us to confess: now there is a rule in this Book—you all know what it is—a rule saying, that we ought to do to others, what we, in the same circumstances, would wish them to do to us. And surely, that is a most glorious and excellent rule! Well, don't we often forget this rule at a shooting match? and in more ways than one? And again, every sensible man well knows how mean pride is, and we all despise the proud—and yet, aint we guilty ourselves of something like pride at a shooting match?

"Well, it seems, then, by our own *allowing*, we may be secretly guilty of some bad and mean things, even when we are not openly wicked and guilty, say of *swearing*—(shot at a venture)—or maybe *drunkenness*—(one of the sinners stole a look at the whiskey jug)—or any other bad practice; and we see, a man in his heart may be very proud like, and hate his neighbour, even if we do wear homespun, and live in a cabin. (The brethren were neatly, but very plain clad.) Ah! dear friends, our hearts, mine as well as yours, are much worse than we usually think—and a shooting match is a place to make us find out some of our sins and wickedness. You all know, how as we are going through a clearing, we sometimes see a heap of ashes at an old log heap—and at first it all seems cold and dead, but when we stir it about with a piece of brush, or the end of a ram-rod, up flash sparks, and smoke, too, comes out. Well, 'tis exactly so with our natural hearts. They conceal a great deal of wickedness, but when they are stirred up by anything like a shooting-match, or when we get angry, or are determined to have money or a quarter section of land at all hazards—ah! my dear friends, how many wicked thoughts we have! how many wicked words we say! how many wicked things we do!" (Winks and nods had ceased—there was something in the benevolence, and earnestness, and tenderness of our preacher's voice and manner, that kept attention rivetted; and it was plain enough, conscience was busy at, I believe, *both* ends of the log.) "Well! now, my friends and neighbours, do our own hearts condemn us and make us ashamed? Look up to yon blue sky above us—that is God's sun shining there! Hark! the leaves are moving in the trees—it is God's breath that stirs them! and that God is here! That God is now looking down into our very hearts! He sees what we now think, and he knows all we have concealed there! That glorious law we spoke of in this book, that we have so often broken, is his law! Friends!—would we be willing to die at this very instant? And yet die we all must at some instant; and if we repent not and seek forgiveness through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—you, dear neighbours, I myself, and every one of us must perish, and—for ever!"

I can never forget how that word rang out into the adjacent forest—nor the echo returned, as if sent back from the invisible spirit land—*for ever!*

I shall not repeat any more of Mr. Merry's discourse. His point was gained. Attention was fixed; salutary convictions were implanted in the auditors' minds; and they evidently increased in depth and intensity as the preacher proceeded. Nay, when he in a strain of peculiar and wild and impassioned eloquence, dwelled on the only way of escape from divine wrath through the blessed Son of God, our poor foresters gazed on his face with tears in their eyes, and remained till the conclusion of the services, without even the smallest symptom of impatience.

When meeting was out, the woodsmen cordially shook hands with us all, and especially with Mr. M.; and expressed a unanimous wish to have, if possible, another meeting at the Saw Mill. Bishop Shrub was so tenderly affected that as we rode away and had got beyond hearing at the Mill, he exclaimed—"Amen to that shooting, Brother Merry! we shall never in this life see again these poor men—but the effect of this day's preaching must be lasting as their lives: surely we shall meet them in heaven!"

Little specially interesting occurred after this, till our return was commenced. And then early one bright morning we turned aside to visit a deserted Indian town. A few wigwams in ruins were the only habitations left for the living: but in a sequestered loneliness on the margin of the river, we found by the swelling mounds and other marks of sepulture that we walked amid the habitations of the dead! I have ever been deeply moved by the sorrows and the injuries of the Indian—ever since childhood—but now so unexpectedly among their graves —the sacred graves around which Indians linger till the last! which they so mourn after when exiled far away in their wanderings!—when we looked on the pure white waters where the bark canoe had glided so noiseless; and heard the wind so sweet and yet so sad, like moaning spirits, over the tall grass and through the trees—a feeling so mournful, so desolate came over the soul, that I walked hastily away to a still more lonely spot, and there sat down and cried as if my heart were breaking for its own dead!

When we rejoined one another tears were in the eyes of all! None spoke—the white man's voice seemed desecration! We were true mourners over those graves. Poor Indians! at that solemn moment it was in our hearts to live, and wander and die with you in the forest home—to spend life in teaching you the way of salvation! Blessed! blessed! be ye, noble band of missionaries, who do all this!—ye shall not lose your reward!

To-day the evening service was in the neighbourhood of Mr. Redwhite, for many years a trader among the Indians. He being present, insisted on our passing the night at his house. We consented. For forty years he had lived among the aborigines, and was master of five or six Indian languages; having adopted also many of their opinions on political and religious points, and believing, with the natives themselves, and not a few civilized folks, that the Indians have had abundant provocations for most of their misdeeds. Hence, Mr. Redwhite and Mr. Carlton soon became "powerful thick"—i. e., very intimate friends.

The most interesting thing in Mr. Redwhite's establishment, was his Christian, or white wife. She, in infancy, had escaped the tomahawk at the massacre of Wyoming, and afterwards had been adopted as a child of the Indian tribe. Our friend's heathen, or red wife, was a full-blooded savagess—the *belle* and the *savage*;—and had deserted her husband to live with her exiled people: and so Redwhite, poor fellow! was a widower with one wife—viz., this Miss Wyoming! Much of this lady's life had passed among the Canadian French: and she was, therefore, mistress of the Indian, the French, and the English; and also of the most elegant cookery, either as regards substantial dishes or nicnacry. And of this you may judge, when we set on supper. But first, be it said, our host was rich, not only for that country, but for this: and though he lived in a cabin, or rather a dozen cabins, he owned tracts of very valuable land, presented to him by his red lady's tribe—territory enough, in fact, to form a darling little state of his own, nearly as small as Rhode Island or Delaware. Beside, he owned more real silver—silver done into plate, and some elaborately and tastefully graved and chased, than could be found even in a pet bank, when dear old Uncle Sam sent some of his cronies to look for it.

Well, now the eatables and drinkables. We had tea, black and green, and coffee—all first chop, and superbly made, regaling with fragrance, and their delicacy aided by the just admixture of appropriate sugars, together with richest cream:—the additamenta being handed on a silver waiter, and in silver bowls and cups. The decoctions and infusions themselves were poured from silver spouts, curving gracefully from massy silver pots and urns. Wheat bread of choice flour, and raised with yeast, formed, some into loaves, and some into rolls, was present, to be spread with delicious butter, rising in unctuous pyramids, fretted from base to apex, into a kind of butyrial shell-work:—this resting on silver, and to be cut with silver. Corn, too, figured in pone and pudding, and vapoured away in little clouds of steam; while at judicious intervals, were handed silver plates of rich and warm flannel or blanket cakes, with so soft and melting an expression as to win our most tender regards. There stood a plate of planed venison, there one of dried beef; while at becoming distances were large china dishes, partly hid under steaks of ham and venison, done on gridirons, and sending forth most fragrant odours:—so that the very hounds, and mastiffs and wolf-dogs of the colony were enticed to the door of our supper-cabin by the witchery of the floating essence!

But time would fail to tell of the bunns—and jumbles—and sponge-cake—and fruit ditto—and pound also—and silver baskets—and all these on cloth as white as—snow!

Reader! was ever such contrast as between the untutored world around and the array, and splendour, and richness of our sumptuous banquet? And all this in an Indian country! and prepared by almost the sole survivor from a massacre that extinguished a whole Christian village! How like a *dream* this!

And thou wast saved at Wyoming! Do I look on thee?—upon whose innocent face of infancy years ago gushed the warm blood of the mother, falling with her babe locked to her bosom! Didst thou really hear the fiendish yells of that night?—when the flames of a father's house revealed the forms of infuriate demons dancing in triumph among the mangled corses of their victims! Who washed the congealed gore from thy cheek? And what barbarian nurse gave strange nourishment from a breast so responsive to the bloody call of the war-whoop that made thee motherless?—and now so tenderly melting at the hunger-cries of the orphan! And she tied thee to a barken cradle, and bore thee far, far away to her dark forest haunts!—and there swinging thee to the bending branches, bade the wild winds rock thee!—and she became thy mother, and there was thy home! Oh! what different destiny thine in the sweet village of thy birth—but for that night!

And yet, reader, this hostess was now so wholly Indian and Canadian, that when she talked of Wyoming it was without emotion!—while *I* was repressing tears! Alas! she had not one faint desire to see the land of her ancestors! Could this be Campbell's Gertrude?

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Tend me to-night!
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more!"

The missionary party was dissolved at Timberopolis, and I set out for Glenville alone. One night was to be passed on the road: and I, therefore, so ordered matters as to tarry that night with a friend, who had cordially invited me to make his house my home in case I ever should travel that way.

It was early in the evening when I reached his cabin; but no one, to my surprise, appeared in answer to repeated calls; yet there being manifested signs of inhabitants, I dismounted, and entered the house without ceremony. And of course I found the family—but all in bed! Yes! the mother—and every mother's son of them, and daughter too:—they had the ague!

Reader!—supposing *one* thus far—perhaps you have discovered that the writer is disposed to laugh as well as cry: not maliciously—but in a spirit of—of—"Good nature, Mr. Carlton?" That is it, my dear reader; however, our delicacy and good taste preferred another to praise us. Well, we have found that such spirit, within its due bounds, is a great help in sustaining misfortunes and adversities, especially our—*neighbours';* and it does seem a compensative in some natures that their melancholy states may be followed by joyous and sunny ones.

This premised, what was more natural than that we should laugh at the Fever and Ague—when our neighbours had this twin disease? At last, however, I was seized with this mirth-creating malady myself: and of course you wish to know how I behaved myself. Well, at first I laughed as heartily as ever—just as I once did in the first stage of sea-sickness. And then I took emetics, and cathartics, and herb-teas, and barks, and bitters, and quinine, and hot toddies seasoned with pepper, oh! with such winning smiles!—that the folks all said—"it was quite a *privilege!*—hem!—to wait on me!"

Fye! on our hypocrisy and selfishness! all this captivating behaviour arose from a persuasion that it would aid a speedy cure! And for a time the enemy seemed willing to be smiled away—with the "coelaboration" of the above smile-creating doses—and, I do believe, we got to laughing more than ever. But one day after my *cure*, on returning from a little walk extra—with a rifle on my shoulder—a very gentle, but rather chilly sensation began very ridiculously to trickle down my spine—and there, would you believe it, was our Monsheer Tonson again!

Now, be it remembered, here was a surprise and a cowardly and treacherous assault, if I now for the first looked—grum: besides it was evident good nature was no permanent cure for the ague. Nay, Dr. Sylvan told me that once he had the ague, and repeatedly after he was *cured* the thing kept sneaking *back* and down his *back;* till on the last occasion coming, after it had seemingly been physicked to death like some of the patients, he was so incensed at its impudence as to set to and so kick and stamp and toss and dance and wriggle about, that the fit was actually stormed out! and from that hour no ague, dumb, vocal, or shaking had ever ventured near him! Had I heard this in time, my insidious foe would have been treated to a similar assault and battery. But, perhaps, so violent exercise on my part might have only accelerated and made fatal a crisis now approaching; for soon I became so alarmingly ill that John Glenville was posting to Woodville for Dr. Sylvan: but before he could have reached that place I was raging in the delirium of fever!

Two things in the events of that dreadful night seem worth mentioning: first, while nothing done to or for me was known, I have to this day the most distinct remembrance of my phrenzy visions; and secondly, that hours dwindled into minutes; for seemingly only to shut and open my eyes, it was said afterwards that then I had slept even two full hours!—and that my countenance and motions indicated a state of fearful mental agitation. In that state two visions, each repeated and re-repeated with vivid intensity, and seeming to fill spaces of time like those marked by flashes of lightning, were so terrific and appalling as to force me to violent gestures and alarming outcries.

One vision was this. A gigantic cuirassier, more than twenty feet high, and steel clad, was mounted on a mammoth of jet black colour and glistening, and moving with the grace and swiftness of an antelope. On the rider's left was couched a spear, in size like a beam, and its barbed point flaming as the fires of a furnace: while in his right hand was brandished an immense sword of scimetar shape, and so intensely bright as to blind the beholders. To oppose this apparition was drawn out in battle a large army, with all the apparatus of war, swords, spears, smaller fire arms, and the heaviest artillery—the troops being in several lines, with cannon in the centre and rifles on the wings; and all ready with levelled weapons and burning matches awaiting the onset of the terrific rider—Death! Soon came a signal flash from the heavens clothed in sackcloth looking clouds—a kind of meteor sunlight—and at its gleam the cuirassier, on his Black Mammoth, like a tempest driven by a whirlwind, swept rushing on!—the nostrils of the strange beast dilated with fiery foam, his hoofs thundering over the rocks and streaming fire; while the rider, upright in the stirrups, poised with one hand his spear, and with the other flashed his scimetar, and uttered a war-cry so loud and clear as to reach the very heavens and appal and confound the stoutest hearts! At this instant would I be possessed with a strange and invincible furor, and pouring forth shrieks and outcries in answer to the war-cry of the warrior-spirit, I would strike with my clenched hands as if armed with weapons—while the army awaiting our now combined onset raised their responsive shouts of defiance, and then poured out against us stream after stream of fire, with the clatter and crash and roar of many thunders—but in vain!—On, on, on we rushed!—the earth shook and groaned and broke asunder into yawning gulfs and sulphureous caverns!—and down, down, down sank the troops, smitten, dismayed, crushed!—while the Black Mammoth, reeling from ten thousand balls, and spears and barbed arrows, with the fiendish voice of many demons, plunged headlong into the discomfited host, and there falling with the shock of an earthquake, crushed men, cannon, horses, spears, into one horrible, quivering mass! Then, from amidst this ruin, up sprang the giant-spirit, with triumphant shouts, and strided away to mount another Black Mammoth, and renew with variations this battle of my exhausting vision!

My other vision was as solemn to me as ever can be the very article of death. Methought I lay in a little, narrow, frail canoe, and with power neither to move nor speak—yet with as keen perceptions as if I were all senses. The canoe itself was at the head of a gulf, tied to its bank with a twine of thread and trembling on its violent waves; the gulf being between walls of rock towering away up smooth and perpendicular for many hundred feet, and running with dark and dismal waters very swiftly towards a narrow opening through an adamantine rock. That opening was an egress into an unknown, bottomless, shoreless, chaotic and wildly tumultuating ocean!—I felt myself quivering on the current of time just as it was sweeping into Eternity!—I saw strange sights!—I heard unearthly sounds! Oh! the unutterable anguish and despair as I lay helpless and awaited the sundering of my cobweb tie—in the twinkling of an eye should I pass into that vast and dread unknown!

Reader! was this really sleep—and did I only dream?—or was it the summoning of the spirit to see in a trance what awaits us all? Aye! be assured our dreams are not always dreams! A spirit-world is around us—and it is perhaps in such visions God designs we should catch faint glimpses of that other state.

* * * * * *

When Glenville returned from Woodville, he was accompanied not by Doctor Sylvan, but by the Doctor's nephew—one of the two young gentlemen of Indian grave memory. And he brought a long paper of written and minute directions; and among others, the Doctor's favourite plan of changing the character of agues—for making a *dumb* ague speak or shake. Here is an extract from the Doctor's paper, so that it can be better judged whether my refusal to try the mode of cure was altogether owing to obstinacy:—

"———— and then, as the shaking ague is altogether tractable, his dumb ague must be immediately changed into the other. Carry then your patient into the passage between the two cabins, or into the open air, and strip off all his clothes that he may lie naked in the cold air and upon a bare sacking—and then and there pour over and upon him successive buckets of cold spring water, and continue until he has a decided and *pretty powerful smart chance of a shake.*"

Ohhoo! ooh!—(double *oo* in moon, with very strong aspiration)—it makes me shake now!

Well!—at long last the dumb thing left me; so that I lived to write more books than two: but we shall not say how often we "put on a damp night-cap and relapsed," nor how apparently near what began in laughing came to ending in tears. Only let our reader draw from this case two practical resolutions:—

First—to cultivate a fixed determination never to get any kind of an ague—if he can help it: and

Secondly, to indulge in no unseeming pleasantry when he sees a neighbour shiver or shake—unless that neighbour insist manfully that you shall laugh rather than cry with him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THIRD YEAR.

"Our dying friends come o'er us, like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardour, and abate
That glare of light which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged paths to death."

THE commencement of our third summer was marked by an event very sad to our little self-exiled company in the woods—the death of Mrs. Glenville.

Were all here said affection prompts and truth warrants, a volume might be easily written, interesting to most, but specially to that comparatively small yet most excellent class, known as religious people: for never had such a brighter ornament or safer pattern. No one, except the inspired person who first gave the exhortation, could more truly have said with her *lips* to her friends as she did by her *life*—"Be ye followers of me as I am of Christ." But none ever was so unwilling to appropriate that or similar expressions: she was too pious, too humble and meek and childlike ever to think her lovely temper, resigned spirit, and disinterested goodness to be, as they were, a bright and burning light.

In early life she was said to be surpassingly beautiful. But danger and temptation from beauty were soon prevented; in the midst of her bloom her enchanting face was for ever marred by the fearful traces of the small-pox. Yet spite of this, and even in advanced life, rare was it to behold a countenance more agreeable than hers; in which was the blended expression of pleasing features, benevolent feeling, pure sentiment, and heavenly temper. The original beauty of the countenance had seemingly been transferred to the heart; whence it beamed afresh from the face, refined, chastened, renovated. Her person was tall and finely proportioned; and so imposing her mien, from a native dignity of soul, that had her original beauty remained, Mrs. Glenville must have always appeared a Grace.

She was well educated and extensively read in history, and many other important secular subjects, but her chief reading had always been that best of books—the Bible: indeed, to this, during the last few years of her sorrowful life, her whole attention was given. She, however, read now one other book—a book we name, although with no expectation of its obtaining favour in an unreflecting age—"Ambrose's looking unto Jesus." And these two books, in the latter months of her life, owing to the nature of her disease, she read on her knees! That disease was an aneurism of the femoral artery, of long continuance, and towards the last exceedingly painful—and which, from an early period of its existence, had been pronounced fatal. Yet all this created in her no alarm, produced not the slightest murmur, and abated not her customary cheerfulness and playful vivacity. Nay, she tried even to comfort and encourage our little settlement—being really more joyous in anticipation of a removal to the better land, than we could have been in returning from exile to vast temporal possessions and a beauteous earthly home!

Reason was unimpaired till within a very few moments of death; and we all stood around her bed in the rude cabin, while she, placing her hands on the heads of her grandchildren, offered a solemn prayer for their welfare;—and then, with an interrupted voice of the utmost tenderness, she, looking on us for the last, and smiling, said—"I am dying—all—peace!" The king of terrors was there—to her an Angel of beauty—to us dark and frightful!—and he rudely shook that dear frail tabernacle with a severe, perhaps a painful convulsion! But that loved heart, after one throe of agony, was still!—a deep sigh breathed from the quivering lips—and she was *not*, for God had taken her! A blood ransomed and sanctified spirit was in its true home! * * * * * * * *

Two days after we laid her in a lone and forest grave. And there all were mourners. None walked in that procession of the dead but the people of Glenville—brothers, sisters, children! In that solitary spot we laid her, far away from consecrated ground and the graves of our fathers!

* * * * * * * * *

But what! though night after night around that spot was heard the melancholy howl of the wild beast!—what! though the great world knows not, cares not to know of that leaf-covered grave! The dust that slumbers there shall live again—and die no more! Better far lie in an unknown grave and rise to the resurrection of the just, than under a sculptured monument amid the lofty mausoleums of kings, if one thence must rise

—To die the endless death!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"

"Where should this music be? I' the air, or the earth?"

IMPORTANT changes to the Glenville settlement soon followed the death of Mrs. Glenville. It was found necessary to connect a store with the tannery; and hence, after due deliberation, it was decided that Mr. Carlton should now remove to Woodville and open the store;—the ex-legislator, J. Glenville, to remain and conduct the leather department with old Dick, and also buy up produce for the Orleans market, and all along shore there. He—not Dick, but Glenville—was now also a candidate for Prothonotary; although not from elevated and *pure* patriotism, as in his other campaign—the fact is we had had *honour* enough and—*loss*. An eye was now fixed on the salary; we wished to serve the people, provided, like other great patriots, we could also serve ourselves; bad men serve *only* themselves, good ones both themselves and the people.

Uncle John and Aunt Kitty were to stay with Glenville in the patriarchal cabin; but Miss Emily Glenville was to go with us to Woodville, where she and Mrs. Carlton would set up an Institute for Young Ladies!—the very first ever established in the New Purchase.

In due season, and after innumerable dividings and packings of goods and chattels, off we set; a good two horse wagon and its owner and driver, a robust youth of the timber world, having been hired to take us and "the plunder." Aunt Kitty insisted on going over to see us safe at our new home and to help *fix;* and old Dick, poor fellow! looked so wistfully at me, that I agreed to ride the honest creature to Woodville, if he would consent to come back tied to the tail of the wagon; and to that he made no objection whatever. And so he went along too.

Nothing important occurred on the journey, only a curious complimentary mistake of the bustling hostess during the night we were compelled to pass on the road. This sagacious lady, seeing a baby in the party, inferred, in Pillbox's style, that somebody was married; and as Aunt Kitty carried the little "crittur," and made an awful deal of fuss, and Mr. C. used once or twice nursery diminutives, the landlady concluded that if I was "*faddywaddy*," Aunt Kitty must be "*mammywammy.*" Hence, about bed time, she considerately said—"I want to 'commodate near about as well as we can fix it, and so *him*—(pointing to Mr. Carlton)—and *you* ma'am—(speaking to Aunt Kitty)—kin have the room up loft thare; and them young folks —(Mrs. Carlton, Emily C., and the driver)—kin have this room down here all alone to 'emselves!"

Now, reader, had I a very grave and solemn countenance in my youth, or was Aunt Kitty, then just thirty-five years and six months my senior, a very pretty, youthful looking woman? And what could have deceived our Hoosierina? that when informed of her error, she should have exclaimed:

"Well! now! I never seed the like on it! Why if I didn't sentimentally allow you was the two old folkses, and them two likely young gals, your two oldermost daters—and that leetle crittur, you look'd like you was a nussin, your last and youngenest!"

Awh! come now, reader, act fair; for Aunt Kitty was after all a right down good-looking body, and as lively as a young lady of plus-twenty. And do not fine, handsome young fellows sometimes marry good-looking aged ladies very rich?

Next day we came safe to Woodville. But now, alas! was to be the parting with old Dick! True, he let them tie him to the tail of the wagon—but evidently, he was trotted off contrary to his secret wishes, and a good deal faster than he was accustomed to go; for our driver, desirous of reaching the river by night, and having no return load, drove away at a Jehu gait. I, standing at our upper story back window, cried out, as he wheeled into his retrograde position—"Good-by, Dick, good-by!" and, would you have believed it? He cocked back his ears!—rolled up his eyes!—and with head and neck almost horizontal, he made not only desperate efforts not to trot, but to slip his halter! In vain! The brute horses in front, were too many for the poor fellow, and away, away they jerked him; till the party, entering the woods, turned suddenly into the road to Glenville, and he was forced round with an ample sweep of his rear quarters; and the last I ever saw of my poor dear old comrade was a most indignant flourish of his venerable tail! For, before my visit to the former home, Dick, who would not grind bark alone, and John could not be constantly with him, was sold to a neighbouring teamster; and then, in about a year after, he ended his earthly career as he had begun it—a wheel-horse to a wagoner! Whether from the infirmity of age, or heart-broken at quitting our family, he dropped dead, holding back in his place, on the descent of a precipitous hill!! * * * * * * Poor Dick! poor Dick!—Don't pshaw at me, reader! I'm *not* crying, any such thing—yes! he's dead now! *I* shall never *see* him again! and *you* will never *hear* of him. If he has plagued you some in this work, he will not, like some bipedalic and quadrupedal heroes in certain other books, plague you all through!

Behold us, then, one step back towards the worldly world. And so now we shall have a little backwoods *town* life, with an occasional excursion to our country-seat at Glenville, like great shopkeepers of eastern cities.

Our first step at Woodville was to write and fasten up at the post-office, court-house, jail, doctor's office and other public places, copies of our prospectus for the Woodville young ladies' institute. This was necessary for sixteen reasons: Firstly, there was no printing office nearer (then) than one hundred miles; secondly—Oh! I see you are satisfied—I'm not going on. Wonderful care, however, had been used to make our notice a specimen, both of penmanship and patriotism; and hence more was accomplished in our favour than could have been done by sixteen line pica and long primer. For instance, heading the foolscap, was a superb American eagle, in red ink flourish, and holding in his bill a ribbon, inscribed—"Young Ladies' Institute." Then came the mistresses' names in large round hand—then the location in letters, inclining backward, like old Dick when wheel-horse—(Oh! pardon, he shall *not* hold back for us again—I was off my guard); and then the word PROPOSE that introduced the page-like matter, in capitals of German text, with heads and tails curled and crankled and interlaced, so as nearly to bewilder the reader about the meaning! And yet, so adroitly was this word contrived, that if one pertinaciously and judiciously kept on through all the windings, he would emerge safe enough at the final flourish of the E; and be not a little triumphant at twisting unhurt and unscared through the labyrinth of "sich a most powerful hard and high larn'd hand-write!"

Leaving this prospectus to produce its own effects, I set out for Louisville to lay in goods, and also to bring out for our school-purposes, a piano. Now this *was* the very first that "was ever heern tell of in the Purchus!" Hence no small sensation was created, even by the bare report of our intention. Nay, from that moment, till the instrument was backed up to our door to be removed from the wagon, expectation was on tip-toe, and conjecture never weary. "A pianne! what could it be? Was it a sort a fiddle-like—only bigger, and with a powerful heap of wire strings? What makes them call it a forty pianne?—forty—forty—ah! yes, that's it—it plays forty tunes!"

Some at Woodville knew well enough what a piano was, for there, as elsewhere, in the far west, were oddly congregated, a few intelligent persons from all ends of the earth: but these did all in their power to mislead conjecture, enjoying their neighbours' mistakes. After a narrow escape of being backed, wagon and all, into the creek, already mentioned, as having the *ford* just seven feet deep, and notwithstanding the roughness, or as my friend, lawyer Cutswell, used to say, "the asperities" of the road, the instrument reached us, *and* in tune—unless our ears were lower than concert pitch. At all events, we played tunes on it, and vastly to the amazement and delight of our native visitors; who, considering the notes of the piano as those of invitation, came by day or night, not only around the window, but into the entry, and even into the parlour itself, and in hosts! Nor did such ever dream of being troublesome, as usually it was a "sorter wantin to hear that powerful pianne tune agin!" But often the more curious "a sort o' wanted the lid tuk up like to see the tune a playin, and them little jumpers (dampers) dance the wires so mighty powerful smart!"

All this was, indeed, annoying, yet it was amusing. Beside, we might as well have bolted the store, and left the Purchase, as to bolt our door, or quit playing: and beyond the ill-savour of such conduct in a backwood's republic, it would have been cynical not to afford so many simple people a great pleasure at the cost of a little inconvenience, and some rusting of wires from the touches of perspiring fingers. An incident or two on this head, and our music may, for the present, be dismissed.

One day a buxom lass dismounted, and after "hanging her crittur" to my rack, walked not, as was usual, into the store first, but direct into our parlour, where she made herself at home, thus:—

"Well! ma'am, I'm a sort a kim to see that 'are thing thare—(pointing to the piano)—Jake says it's powerful—mought a body hear it go a leetle, ma'am?"

Of course; Mrs. Carlton, let it "go a leetle," and then it was rapturously encored, rubbed, patted, wondered at, asked about, etc., for one good solid hour, when our familiar made the following speech, and retired:—

"Well!—pianne tunes is great! I allow that pianne maybe prehaps, cost near on to about half a quarter section, (forty acres, valued at fifty dollars.) I wish Jake and me was rich folks, and I'd make him go half as high as yourn; however, I plays the fiddle, and could do it right down smart, only some how or nuther I can't make my fingers *tread* the strings jist exactly right!"

A very respectable woman, wife of a wealthy farmer, seven miles from Woodville, having been one day in town till towards evening, thought she would step over, and, for the first time, hear the famous piano; and that, although she was to ride home by herself, and by a very long and lonesome road. Our best tunes were accordingly done, and with flute accompaniments; at which our honest-hearted neighbour, raising both hands, and with a peculiar nod of the head, and wonderful naivete, exclaimed:—

"Compton—(her husband)—Compton said it was better nor the fiddle!—but I'm sentimentally of opinion it's as fur afore a fiddle, as a fiddle's afore a jusarp!"

Illustrious shade of Paganini! what say'st thou to that?

Once, however, a fine, yet unpolished young man came, but evidently with an impression that some invitation was necessary, as he rapped at the parlour door, and would not enter till invited by Mrs. Carlton. She was playing at the time, and well knowing the cause of the visit, she soon asked if he was fond of music, to which he answered:—

"Oh! most powerful fond, ma'am; and as I heern tell of the pianne, I made a sort a bold to step in—and maybe, prehaps, you'd play a tune."

Tune after tune was accordingly played; while the young man, who, abashed at his entrance, remained near the door, now arose, and advancing as if drawn by some enchantment, little by little, he stood at the end of the instrument, absorbed in the music, and his eyes fixed with an intense gaze on the lady's countenance—and at last, when the music ceased at the conclusion of some piece of Beethoven's, he heaved a profound sigh, and thus fervently said:—

"If I had a puttee wife and such a fixin, I'd never want nothing no more no how!"

Reader! that man had a soul! Sweet sounds and a fair face—my mother-in-law had been a very beautiful woman,—now touched chords in his heart never before *so* vibrated; and there came ill-defined, but enraptured visions—so lofty! so ærial! so unlike his cabin, his sisters, and, perhaps, his sweetheart! Wo to the fop who then should even have looked impertinence towards the musician! Ah! sweetheart! for an instant thy image was away! Thy lover had caught a dim glimpse of a region and atmosphere where a more refined lady-love only could live!

And so we were now fully under weigh at Woodville, selling, buying, keeping school, and playing the piano—the last important affair being sadly interrupted by the duties of housekeeping. Mrs. C. began more clearly to understand an elegant phrase, addressed to her at our entrance into the wooden country—"the working of one's own ash-hopper." A girl was indeed caught—although the creatures were shy as wild turkeys—about once a month; but the success was only small relief to the mistress.

Hence a New Purchase is not the most pleasant place in the world for boarding-school young ladies—or indeed for any *females* who have not muscles of oak, and patience of an ox. Let, then, no fair lady who *can* remain in an old settlement, venture into a new one from mere poetical reasons; or till she has long and deeply pondered this phrase and its cognates—"to work your own ash-hopper!" And if a *nice* young gentleman engaged to be married to a pretty, delicate lily-flower of loveliness, is meditating "to flit" to a bran new settlement, let him know that out there rough men, with rare exceptions, regard wives as squaws, and as they often expressed their views to Mr. Carlton, "have no idee of sich weak, feminy, wimmin bodies as warnt brung up to sling a dinner-pot—kill a varmint—and make leather brichises!"

MORAL.

Better to marry in the Range.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"——quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi."
"——I am slow to believe fish stories."

Our Board of Trustees, it will be remembered, had been directed by the Legislature to procure, as the ordinance called it, "Teachers for the commencement of the State College at Woodville." That business, by the Board, was committed to Dr. Sylvan and Robert Carlton—the most learned gentlemen of the body, and of—the New Purchase! Our honourable Board will be more specially introduced hereafter; at present we shall bring forward certain rejected candidates, that, like rejected prize essays, they may be published, and *thus* have their revenge.

None can tell us how plenty good things are till he looks for them; and hence, to the great surprise of the Committee, there seemed to be a sudden growth and a large crop of persons even in and around Woodville, either already qualified for the "Professorships," as we named them in our publications, or who *could* "qualify" by the time of election. As to the "chair" named also in our publications, one very worthy and disinterested schoolmaster offered, as a great collateral inducement for his being elected, "*to find his own chair!*"—a vast saving to the State, if the same chair I saw in Mr. Whackum's school-room. For his chair there was one with a hickory bottom; and doubtless he would have filled it, and even lapped over its edges, with equal dignity in the recitation room of Big College.

The Committee had, at an early day, given an invitation to the Rev. Charles Clarence, A. M., of New Jersey, and his answer had been affirmative; yet for political reasons we had been obliged to invite competitors, or *make* them, and we found and created "a right smart sprinkle."

Hopes of success were built on many things—for instance, on poverty; a plea being entered that some thing ought to be done for the poor fellow—on one's having taught a common school all his born days, who now deserved to rise a peg—on political, or religious, or fanatical partizan qualifications—and on pure patriotic principles, such as a person's having been "born in a canebrake and rocked in a sugar trough." On the other hand, a fat, dull-headed, and modest Englishman asked for a place, because he had been born in Liverpool! and had seen the world beyond the woods and waters too! And another fussy, talkative, pragmatical little gentleman, rested his pretensions on his ability to draw and paint maps!—not projecting them in roundabout scientific processes, but in that speedy and elegant style in which young ladies *copy* maps at first chop boarding-schools! Nay, so transcendant seemed Mr. Merchator's claims, when his *show* or *sample* maps were exhibited to us, that some in our Board, and nearly everybody out of it, were confident he would do for Professor of Mathematics and even Principal.

But of all our unsuccessful candidates, we shall introduce by name only two—Mr. James Jimmey, A.S.S., and Mr. Solomon Rapid, A. to Z.

Mr. Jimmey, who aspired to the mathematical chair, was master of a small school of all sexes, near Woodville. At the first, he was kindly, yet honestly told, his knowledge was too limited and inaccurate; yet, notwithstanding this, and some almost rude repulses afterwards, he persisted in his application and his hopes. To give evidence of competency, he once told me he was arranging a new spelling-book, the publication of which would make him known as a literary man, and be an unspeakable advantage to "the rising generation." And this naturally brought on the following colloquy about the work:—

"Ah! indeed! Mr. Jimmey?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Carlton."

"On what new principle do you go, sir?"

"Why, sir, on the principles of nature and common sense. I allow school-books for schools are all too powerful obstruse and hard-like to be understood without exemplifying illustrations."

"Yes, but Mr. Jimmey, how is a child's spelling-book to be made any plainer?"

"Why, sir, by clear explifications of the words in one column, by exemplifying illustrations in the other."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Jimmey, give me a specimen ——"

"Sir?"

"An example ——"

"To be sure—here's a spes-a-example; you see, for instance, I put in the spelling-column, C-r-e-a-m, *cream*, and here in the explification column, I put the exemplifying illustration—*Unctious part of milk!*"

We had asked, at our first interview, if our candidate was an algebraist, and his reply was *negative;* but, "he allowed he could '*qualify*' by the time of election, as he was powerful good at figures, and had cyphered clean through every arithmetic he had ever seen, the rule of promiscuous questions and all!" Hence, some weeks after, as I was passing his door, on my way to a squirrel hunt, with a party of friends, Mr. Jimmey, hurrying out with a slate in his hand, begged me to stop a moment, and thus addressed me:—

"Well, Mr. Carlton, this algebra is a most powerful thing—aint it?"

"Indeed it is, Mr. Jimmey—have you been looking into it?"

"Looking into it! I have been all through this here fust part; and by election time, I allow I'll be ready for examination."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir! but it is such a pretty thing! Only to think of cyphering by letters! Why, sir, the sums come out, and bring the answers exactly like figures. Jist stop a minute—look here; *a* stands for 6, and *b* stands for 8, and *c* stands for 4, and *d* stands for figure 10; now if I say $a+b-c=d$, it is all the same as if I said, 6 is 6 and 8 makes 14, and 4 subtracted, leaves 10! Why, sir, I done a whole slate full of letters and signs; and afterwards, when I tried by figures, they every one of them came out right and brung the answer! I mean to cypher by letters altogether."

Mr. Jimmey, my company is nearly out of sight—if you can get along this way through simple and quadratic equations by our meeting, your chance will not be so bad—good morning, sir."

But our man of "letters" quit cyphering the new way, and returned to plain figures long before reaching equations; and so he could not become our professor. Yet anxious to do us all the good in his power, after our college opened, he waited on me, a leading trustee, with a proposal to board our students, and authorized me to publish—"as how Mr. James Jimmey will take strange students—students not belonging to Woodville—to board, at one dollar a week, and find every thing, washing included, and will black their *shoes* three times a week to *boot*, and—*give them their dog-wood and cherry-bitters every morning into the bargain!*"

The most extraordinary candidate, however, was Mr. Solomon Rapid. He was now somewhat advanced into the shaving age, and was ready to assume offices the most opposite in character; although justice compels us to say Mr. Rapid was as fit for one thing as another. Deeming it waste of time to prepare for any station till he was certain of obtaining it, he wisely demanded the place first, and then set to work to become qualified for its duties, being, I suspect, the very man, or some relation of his, who is recorded as not knowing whether he could read Greek, as he had never tried. And, beside, Mr. Solomon Rapid contended that all offices, from president down to fence-viewer, were open to every white American citizen; and that every republican had a blood-bought right to seek any that struck his fancy; and if the profits were less, or the duties more onerous than had been anticipated, that a man ought to resign and try another.

Naturally, therefore, Mr. Rapid, thought he would like to sit in our chair of languages, or have some employment in the State college; and hence he called for that purpose on Dr. Sylvan, who, knowing the candidate's character, maliciously sent him to me. Accordingly, the young gentleman presented himself, and without ceremony, instantly made known his business thus:—

"I heerd, sir, you wanted somebody to teach the State school, and I'm come to let you know I'm willing to take the place."

"Yes, sir, we are going to elect a professor of languages who is to be the principal, and a professor —— "

"Well, I don't care which I take, but I'm willing to be the principal. I can teach sifring, reading, writing, joggerfree, surveying, grammur, spelling, definitions, parsin —— "

"Are you a linguist?"

"Sir?"

"You of course understand the dead languages?"

"Well, can't say I ever seed much of them, though I have heerd tell of them; but I can soon larn them—they aint more than a few of them I allow?"

"Oh! my dear sir, it is not possible—we—can't —— "

"Well, I never seed what I couldn't larn about as smart as any body —— "

"Mr. Rapid, I do not mean to question your abilities; but if you are now wholly unacquainted with the dead languages, it is impossible for you or any other talented man to learn them under four or five years."

"Pshoo! foo! I'll bet I larn one in three weeks! Try me, sir,—let's have the furst one furst—how many are there?"

"Mr. Rapid, it is utterly impossible; but if you insist, I will loan you a Latin book —— "

"That's your sorts, let's have it, that's all I want, fair play."

Accordingly, I handed him a copy of Historiæ Sacræ, with which he soon went away, saying, he "didn't allow it would take long to git through Latin, if 'twas only sich a thin patch of a book as that."

In a few weeks to my no small surprise, Mr. Solomon Rapid again presented himself; and drawing forth the book began with a triumphant expression of countenance:—

"Well, sir, I have done the Latin."

"Done the Latin!"

"Yes, I can read it as fast as English."

"Read it as fast as English!!"

"Yes, as fast as English—and I didn't find it hard at all."

"May I try you on a page?"

"Try away, try away; that's what I've come for."

"Please read here then, Mr. Rapid;" and in order to give him a fair chance, I pointed to the first lines of the first chapter, viz: "In principio Deus creavit cœlum et terram intra sex dies; primo die fecit lucem," etc.

"That, sir?" and then he read thus, "in prinspo duse creevit kalelum et terrum intra sex dyes—primmo dye fe-fe-sit looseum," etc.

"That will do, Mr. Rapid ——"

"Ah! ha! I told you so."

"Yes, yes—but translate."

"Translate!" (eyebrows elevating.)

"Yes, translate, render it."

"Render it!! how's that?" (forehead more wrinkled.)

"Why, yes, render it into English—give me the meaning of it."

"MEANING!!" (staring full in my face, his eyes like saucers, and forehead wrinkled with the furrows of eighty)—"MEANING!! I didn't know it *had* any meaning. I thought it was a DEAD language!!"

* * * * * *

Well, reader, I am glad you are *not* laughing at Mr. Rapid; for how should any thing *dead* speak out so as to be understood? And indeed, does not his definition suit the vexed feelings of some young gentlemen attempting to read Latin without any interlinear translation? and who inwardly, cursing both book and teacher, blast their souls "if they can make any sense out of it." The ancients may yet speak in their own languages to a few; but to most who boast the honour of their acquaintance, they are certainly dead in the sense of Solomon Rapid.

Our honourable board of trustees at last met; and after a real attempt by some, and a pretended one by others, to elect one and another out of the three dozen candidates, the Reverend Charles Clarence, A. M., was chosen our principal and professor of languages; and that to the chagrin of Mr. Rapid and other disappointed persons, who all from that moment united in determined and active hostility towards the college, Mr. Clarence, Dr. Sylvan, Mr. Carlton, and, in short, towards "every puss proud aristocrat big-bug, and blasted Yankee in the New Purchase."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Dic mihi, si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?"

"Let me play the lion too; I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'"

Scarcely had our college excitements subsided, when we were favoured by a visit from two apostolic new lights. These *holely* men worked by inspiration, and had patent ways of converting folks by wholesale—by towns, villages, and settlements; although, it must be owned, the converts would not *stay* converted. And yet these men did verily do wonders at Woodville, as much so as if by Mesmerism, or Mormonism, or Catholicism, they had magnetised and stupefied all our moral and spiritual phrenological developments! If the doctrine be true, as some religious editors assert, and we suppose on good authority, that the sect which can in the shortest time convert the most is the favourite with heaven, then our new lights deserved the appellation they gave themselves—*Christ*-ians.

Our priests depended on no "high larnin,"—set no apples of gold in frames of silver, but despised "man-ilatch'd fillosofees;" and we may add even harmless grammar, being as they said "poor, unlarn'd, ignorant men," and also, unshaved, uncombed, and fearfully dirt-begrimed—close imitators, as they insisted, of primitive Christianity. All they did was "goin from house to house a eatin and drinkin sich as was set afore them," bellowing prayers, snivelling and sobbing, and slobbering over man, woman, and child, and "a begginin and beseechinin on them to come to meetin." And as meetings were held at every hour of every day and every night, we lived on the trot in going to and from them—becoming thus a very *peculiar*, if not a very good people.

At meeting, our venerable teachers prayed as loud and pertinaciously as the priests of Baal, aided, however, by amateurs in the congregations; yet with it all, we never advanced beyond oh!-ing and ah!-ing. Still, definite petitions were often presented, some for "onreginerit worldlins," some for "hypocrit professors," and many "for folks what believed in John Calvin's religion and hadn't never been convarted." But as it was of importance to have certain persons saved, and the god of the new lights might not fully understand who was meant, names were mentioned in prayer, as "dear brother Smith," or poor "dear sister Brown;" and sometimes titles were added, as "dear Squire Goodman," or "dear Major Meanwell."

I never had the pleasure of hearing the bulls of Bashan roar; yet, having heard our new light preachers, I can now form a better conjecture as to that peculiar eloquence; at all events, our two preachers foamed like a modern bull worried by boys and butchers' dogs, and never gave over till exhausted. Often what they said was unknown, as their words seemed to burst asunder as soon as let out—peculiar shells from wonderful mortars! And these two personages as far excelled poor Philip in noise, grimace, and incoherence, as he excelled in those qualities a delicate divine of the nineteenth century, who reads a sleepy second-rate didactic discourse of a warm afternoon in dog-days, in Pompous Square church; and that when the Rev. Doctor Feminit fears the bronchitis.

And yet by this *simple* machinery, and well worked, in about two weeks our new lights had converted every man, woman, and child in Woodville, except Dr. Sylvan, Mr. Carlton, and some other half dozen hardened sinners that would "stout it out any how!" And now, from every house, alley, grove, orchard, resounded forth curious groans, outcries and yells of *private prayer!* For all this was called private prayer!—the Scriptures, indeed, directing otherwise; but Barton Stone, and Campbell Stone can do much more with people out there than Peter Stone the apostle; and men naturally love the fanatical

Pharisaism of pseudo-inspired teachers, councils and conclaves.

An opinion was held by most of our fanatics, that direct, earnest, and persevering prayer would result in the instantaneous conversion of any one in whose favour it was made; and, of course, to the most opposite creeds! This naturally led to some ridiculous consequences; for it soon was argued that if an unregenerate man could be got by any art or contrivance, or coaxing, to pray right earnestly for himself, and cry out loud and long for mercy, he would be immediately converted; nay, it was held to be efficacious if he could be forced by *physical* means to pray! Hence, among other things of the sort, one of our domestic chaplains, a very large and fat man, now stirred up and enlivened by this visit of the good men, overtook a neighbour in the woods, going to meeting, and after having in vain exhorted the person "to fall right down on his knees and cry for mercy," he suddenly leaped on the incorrigible rascal, and cast him to the earth; and then getting astride the humbled sinner, he pressed him with the weight of two hundred and twenty-five pounds, avoirdupois, till he cried out with sufficient earnestness and intensity to "get religion!" Nor did this convert, made by so novel a papistical engine, fall away any sooner than most other converts mechanically forced, although by different contrivances—he hung on some weeks. Besides, if little children in western New York were whipped with a rod into the kingdom of heaven, why should not a stout sinner, too big for that discipline, be pommelled into the same kingdom in the New Purchase, by Bishop Paunch?

And would not more persons have been converted to Oberlinism, Finneyism, or Abolitionism, or Anyism, if, after the manner with our new lights, folks had more frequently been characterized by their entire names and employments, when prayed for? Indeed, one distinguished lawyer in western New York, always ascribed his non-conversion, after innumerable prayers made for him in public, and even by name, to the unfortunate omission of his middle name!

Religious reader! do not mistake us; we are laughing at Satan's delusions! And we lived long enough to find true what we once heard a very learned, talented and pious minister of the Gospel say, that "all such excitements from false religions were sure to be followed by infidelity." Our evangelical churches were for a time deserted; our family altars abandoned; our domestic intercourse ruined; the Sabbath desecrated; the sacred name profaned, and his attributes sneered at; and avowed and flaming converts to fanaticism were, in two or three years after, reeling drunkards, midnight gamblers, open and unblushing atheists! Nay, assembled in a certain grog-shop—out there appropriately called "a doggery"—three years after did some of the man-made converts form a horrible crew, that tied up against the wall one of their party in a mock crucifixion!—and setting fire to rum poured on the floor, they called it—"the blazes of hell!"

* * * * * *

But a religious incident reminds me of my friend, William Cutswell, Esq. And his history adds to the many instances of self-education and self-elevation. His career, it was said by his political enemies, began with his being a musician to a caravan of travelling animals; but it argues great intrinsic genius, that a man ever made the attempt to rise from such a life, and had skill and tact to use opportunities, by thousands in like circumstances suffered to pass unheeded. Rise, however, Mr. Cutswell did, till in all that country he stood *intellectually* pre-eminent, and was justly celebrated for learning, enterprise, skill in his legal profession, and, as a political leader. Since then he has stood on elevated pinnacles, both east and west; and had his *spiritual* man been good as the *intellectual*, there would he be still standing;—and *perhaps* higher. Contrary to the old saws, "virtue is its own reward," and "honesty is the best policy," moral excellency does not always meet with earthly rewards; but yet, the retirement of some talented men is occasionally owing to moral causes rather than political ones. And hence, many lamented that this gentleman had not been as *good* as he was great.

Mr. C. was a good Latin and Greek scholar, and well acquainted with antiquities and other subjects cognate with the classics. He was deeply versed in the books of law, and extensively read in history, political economy, agriculture, architecture, chemistry, natural philosophy, and metaphysics; and he was, moreover, an excellent orator, using in his speeches the best language, and with the just pronunciation.

But, my friend had two venial faults; one in common with most politicians out (?) there, and one peculiar to himself—*maybe*.

The first of these was selfishness, and its consequence, moral cowardice. Hence little reliance could be placed in Mr. Cutswell by his friends—his enemies had in this respect the advantage of his friends. And hence, he had continual resort to log-rolling expedients; to some of doubtful morality; and to some positively sinful, in order to acquire or retain political ascendancy. Still, he was the most sagacious man I ever knew at making political somersets; for he turned *so* adroitly and *so* noiselessly, as to cheat the eyes of beholders, and make it doubtful often whether he was on his head or his feet; indeed, he kept such a continual whirl as to seem always in the same place, and yet he was always in a different one! Or to change figures, he never turned with the tide, but watching the symptoms of ebbs and flows, he turned a little *before* the tide; and thus he always passed for a meritorious, patriotic, people-loving leader of the true and honest party—i. e., the strongest; instead of a tag-rag and bob-tailed follower in search of loaves and fishes. Yea! he so managed, that the world usually said, "Well, Cutswell's friends have deserted him, poor fellow!"—when all the time Mr. Cutswell, *poor* fellow, had deserted them!

The other foible of his was a grand deportment, put on like a cloak, when he entered elevated society, but laid aside in his chambers or among the canaille. Doubtless this arose from a mistaken notion of what constitutes good behaviour, as he was passing from the grub to the winged state; and, maybe, to conceal that he had not always soared, but sometimes creeped. For instance, nothing could transcend the pomp of his manner and dress on some occasions, when from home, unless a New Purchase "Gobbler" in the gallanting season; and then his style of taking snuff when in full costume and under the eye of magnates, was equal to a Lord Chamberlain's—it made you sneeze to witness it!

First came an attitude—so grand!—it looked as if it had been studied on a cellar door under the windows of a print shop, from an engraving of Cook, or Kean, or Kemble, in royal robes at the acme of his sublime! Oh! the magnificence of that look! And next, the polished box of fragrant *sternutatory* powder—which he took instead of *snuff*—would be extracted from the receptacle of an inner vest, a single finger and thumb being delicately insinuated for that duty; and the box thus withdrawn with so bewitching a grace would then be held a moment or two till my lord had completed some elaborate period, or till his deep interest in the absorbing nothings you were uttering should seem suspended by your own pausing. At that instant, his eye glancing in playful alternation from his friend's face to the box, he would perform a scale of rapid taps on the side of the box with the index finger of the dexter hand to wake up the sternutatory inmate; after which, modestly removing or opening the lid, he would, in the manner of Sacas, the Persian cup-bearer, first present the delicious aromatic for your touch, and then with his own finger and thumb a moment suspended in a pouncing position, he would suddenly dart on to the triturated essence and snatch hurriedly thence the tiniest portion possible. Arresting now his hand half way in its upward flight, the pinch downward yet at the tips of the finger and the thumb, he would for the last time look with an interesting smile into his friend's face, and in the midst of that gay sunshine, suddenly turning the pinch under his own olfactory organ, he would inhale the perfume with the most musical sniffle imaginable! Retrograde motions and curves of becoming solemnity, amplitude and grace, would close the box and restore it to the inner vest—and so Mr. Cutswell would have snuffed!

Impatient folks may think it takes long to describe a pinch; but, then, it took still longer to perform one.

Mr. Cutswell, among other matters, was no mean performer on the violin; and on one occasion, at a private concert at my house, forgetting his usual caution, he entertained me with an anecdote about his fiddle and his Bishop. For be it known, that like other politicians, Mr. C. was a theoretical member of a religious people, who looked on fiddle-playing as on the sin of witchcraft—although I do not know whether he had ever received the rite of confirmation; yet nothing but his high standing saved him from an excommunication, that out there would speedily have been visited on a *poor* player. Still his Bishop was a faithful shepherd's dog, and hesitated not to growl and bark, if he did to bite; being, also, one who prayed *for* men sometimes by name, and *at* them often by description. And so he contrived once to pray *at* Mr. Cutswell's fiddling, or rather *against* his *fiddle;* and nothing could ever so belittle that instrument as this preacher's periphrastic abuse of that curious compound of catgut, rosin, and horsehair.

"I was present," said Mr. Cutswell, laying down his fiddle and bow upon our piano, "some few evenings since, after the discharge of my legal duties at the court-house—(*attitude commencing for taking snuff*)—present, Mr. Carlton, in the prayer-room of our chapel, a large concourse of members being congregated for the customary weekly devotions. (*Snuff-box out.*) Among others in the apartment, was our venerable Bishop. (*Box tapped and opened.*) He is a good and worthy man, sir; but, *sub rosâ*, not wholly exempt from prejudice. Indeed, as to music generally, but more especially that of the violin—(*finger and thumb pouncing*)—he entertains the most erroneous sentiments—(*pinch going upwards*)—and I fear that he regards both myself and my instrument with feelings of acerbity. (*Hem!—pinch inhaled.*) In the course of his prayer this evening, he contrived to administer to myself in particular —(*lid closing*)—but also to you, Mr. Carlton and all other gentlemen that handle the bow—(*box "being" returned*)—the following very severe and appropriate admonition, and in the exact words I now quote:

"'Oh! —— oh!—I beseech thee to have marsy on all them there poor sinners what plays on that instrumint, whose sounds is like the dying screech of that there animal out of whose intrils its strings is made!'"

"Amen!—at a venture!" (Pompey or Cæsar.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one."

"What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? what demi-god
Hath come so near creation?"

THIS chapter is devoted to a *man*—Mr. Vulcanus Allheart. And, although he will rap our knuckles for smiling at a few smileable things in him, Mr. Allheart will not be displeased to see that Mr. Carlton, the author, remembers his friend, as Mr. Carlton the storekeeper and tanner, always said he would, when we blew his bellows for him or fired rifles together.

During a life somewhat peculiarly chequered, we have both by land and sea been more or less intimate with excellent persons in the learned professions, and in the commercial, agricultural and mechanical classes; but *never* out of the circle of kinsfolk, including the *agnati* and the *cognati*, have I ever so esteemed, ay, so loved any one as Vulcanus Allheart. And who and what was he?

He was by birth a Virginian, by trade a blacksmith, by nature a gentleman, and by grace a Christian; if more need be said, he was a genius. Verily, for his sake, to this hour I love the sight and smell of a blacksmith's shop; and, many a time in passing one, do I pause and steal a glance towards the anvil, vainly striving to make some sooty hammerer there assume the form and look of my lame friend!—for he was lame from a wound in his thigh received in early life. Oh! how more than willing would I stand once more and blow his bellows to help him gain time for an evening's hunt, could I but see anew that honest charcoal face and that noble soul speaking from those eyes, as he rested a moment to talk till his iron arrived at the proper heat and colour!

But let none suppose Vulcanus Allheart was a common blacksmith. He was master both of the science and the art, from the nailing of a horse-shoe up to the making of an axe; and to do either right, and specially the latter, is a rare attainment. Not one in a million could make an axe as Allheart made it; and hence in a wooden country, where life, civilization, and Christianity itself, are so dependent on the axe, my blacksmith was truly a jewel of a man. His axes, even where silver was hoarded as a miser's gold, brought, in real cash, one dollar beyond any patent flashy affairs from New England, done up in pine boxes and painted half black, while their edge-part was polished and shiney as a new razor—and like that article, made not to *shave* but to *sell;* and all this his axes commanded, spite of the universal nation, all-powerful and tricky as it is. No man in the Union could temper steel as my friend tempered; and workmen from Birmingham and Sheffield, who sometimes wandered to us from the world beyond the ocean, were amazed to find a man in the Purchase that knew and practised their own secrets.

Necessity led him to attempt one thing and another out of his line, till, to accommodate neighbours—and any man was *his* neighbour—he made sickles, locks and keys, augers, adzes, chisels, planes, in short, any thing for making which are used iron and steel. His fame consequently extended gradually over the West two hundred miles at least in any direction; for from that distance came people to have well done at Woodville, what otherwise must have been done, or *a sort* of done, at Pittsburg. Nay, liberal offers were made to Allheart to induce him to remove to Pittsburg; but he loved us too much to accept them; and beside, he was daily becoming richer, having made a very remarkable discovery, which, however, he used to impart to others for a consideration—viz., he had found out the curious art of beating *iron* into *gold*. My friend was indeed the great "Lyon" of the West.

Mr. Allheart's skill was great also in rifle-making, and naturally enough too in rifle-shooting, By the way, do you shoot with both eyes open? If not, let me commend the practice, both from its superiority and because it may save you from killing your own wife, as it did Mr. Allheart once.

He excelled, we have intimated, as a marksman. Perhaps in horizontal shooting he could not have a superior; and his sight had become like that of the lynx; for at the crack of the gun he would himself call out where the ball had struck. Nor is all this so wonderful if we recollect that many years in proving rifles he practised daily; indeed target-shooting was a branch of his business—and in it his skill became rare, and even bewitching!

His place for making these daily trials was at one time a large stump some seventy yards distant on the far side of a hollow, against which stump was fixed his target; and along that ravine his wife, a pretty young woman, used to pass and repass to get water from a spring at the lower end. Her almost miraculous escape in that ravine I shall give in Mr. Allheart's own words, although his idiom was slightly inaccurate and provincial.

"You say, why can't we shoot across the holler agin that ole walnut stump yander? I ain't pinted a rifle across thare for four year—and never intend to no more."

"Why so, Vulcanus? I'm sure 'tis a capital place for our mark."

"Well, Mr. Carlton, I'll tell you, and then you wont wonder. One day, about six months after we was *furst* married, I had a powerful big bore to fix for a feller going out West; and so I sit down just here—(at the shop-door)—to take it with a rest agin a clap-board standing before that stump, and where I always before tried our guns. I sit down, as I sort a suspicioned the hind sight mought be a leetle too fur to the right, and I wanted to shoot furst with allowance, and then plump at the centre without no allowance—and then to try two shots afterwards off-hand. Well, I got all fixed, and was jeest drawing a fine bead, and had my finger actially forrard of the front triggur —(and she went powerful easy)—and was a holdin my breath

—when something darkened the sight, and my left eye ketch'd a glimpse of something atween me and the dimind—and I sort a raised up my head so—and there was Molly's head—(Mrs. Allheart's)—with the bucket in her hand a goin for water! She pass'd, you know, in a instant, almost afore I could throw up the muzzle; but, Mr. Carlton, if I hadn't a had both eyes open or no presence of mind, she'd a been killed to a dead certainty! I unsot the triggurs and went right in; and for more nor two hours my hand trembled so powerful I couldn't hold a hammer or use a file. And that's the reason I never fired across to that ole stump since, and why I never will agin."

But another reason for shooting with both eyes open is, that a curious experiment in optics cannot conveniently be made with one eye closed—an experiment taught me by Mr. Allheart. And hence I would now commend both our book and the experiment to all spectacle-makers and spectacle-wearers—to all ladies and ladies' gentlemen with quizzing glasses—in fact to all persons with two or more eyes, and all speculative and practical opticians.

EXPERIMENT.

Place over the muzzle of your loaded rifle a piece of pasteboard about four inches square, and so as entirely to prevent the *right* eye while looking steadily on the bead in the hind sight from seeing the diamond mark in the target placed twenty yards from you; then keep the *left* eye fixed immoveably on the diamond, and stand yourself without motion thus for a few seconds; and then will the thick paper over your muzzle disappear, and you will see or seem to see the diamond mark with your *right* eye and mixing with the bead—touch then your "forrard" trigger and your ball is in the centre of the target. A dead rest is indispensable for this experiment. N. B.—If this experiment, properly done, fail, I will give you a copy of this work; provided, if I myself can successfully perform it, you will purchase two copies.

When it is said Mr. Allheart made rifles, be it understood as certain rules of grammar, in the widest sense; for his making was not like a watchmaker's a mere putting parts and pieces together, but our artist made first all the separate parts and pieces, and then combined them into a gun. He made, and often with his own hand, the barrel—the stock—the lock—the bullet moulds, complete; the brass, gold, or silver mountings, the gravings, the everything! And each and every part and the whole was so well executed, that one would think all the workmen required to make a pin had been separately employed upon the rifle! He even made the steel gouges for stamping names on his own work, and also for stamping type-founders' matrices; he made, moreover, tools for boring musical instruments.

And this last reminds me that Allheart was the most "musical blacksmith" I ever knew—more so probably than our learned blacksmiths. Not only could he play the ordinary and extraordinary anvil tunes with hammers of all sizes, making "sparks" and points, too, of light flash out much warmer and far more brilliant than ever sprang from the goat-strings of the Italian Maestro under the flagellating horse-hair, but Allheart played the dulcimer, a monotone instrument shaped like an Æolian harp, and done with a plectrum on wire strings; and could, beyond all doubt, have easily played a sackbut, psaltery and cymbals!

He soon became enamoured of the flute; and on my proposing to give him lessons, he purchased an instrument, and attended regularly at my house one or more evenings of every week for two years, till he became as great a proficient as his master, and from that to the present time—as he lately wrote me—he has been the conductor of the Woodville Band. Perhaps my friend's musical enthusiasm may be better understood from the following little incident. His hands and fingers were nearly as hard as cast-iron; but this, while no small advantage in fingering the iron strings of a dulcimer, or in playing on the sonorous anvil, was a serious disadvantage in flute-playing; for the indurated points of his fingers stopped the holes like keys with badly formed metallic plugs, and permitted the air to leak out. On several occasions I had admired secretly the fresh and polished look of his finger-points when he came to take lessons; till once he accidentally, and with the most delightful naivete, unfolded the cause, in answer to the following indirect query:—

"You are quite late to-night, Allheart?"

"Yes—father—but some customers from Kaintuck stopped me; and after that I had to stay till *I filed down my fingers!*"

My friend was, besides all this, a painter. And verily, as to the lettering of signs, the shading, the bronzing, the peppering and salting, and so forth, I defy any first-rate glazier any where to beat Allheart; for he yet does signs for his neighbours, and more from the goodness of his heart and the love of the arts than for gain. To be sure, formerly he would mis-punctuate a little, placing commas for periods, and periods where no diacritical mark was needed—although I do believe he sometimes, like a wag of a printer, only followed copy. One thing is certain, he never improperly omitted a capital, though he may have put such in where it might have been omitted; but then, this only rendered the name more conspicuous, and the sign itself altogether more *capital.*

Lettering was not, however, his sole *forte;* he aspired to pictorial devices, such as vignettes; and at last he ventured boldly upon portraits, and even full-length figures. His own portrait was among the very first he took, and that by means of a mirror; but, whether from modesty or want of skill, or want of faithfulness in the glass, the likeness was not very flattering. And yet, one thing done by our New Purchase artist ought—I speak with becoming deference—to be imitated by many eminent eastern portrait-painters.

"What is that, sir?"

Well, I am actuated by the best of motives, gentlemen, as it was a peculiarity in Mr. Allheart's finish, by which, however bad the mere painting, the likeness intended could always be seen at a glance, if you knew how to look.

"What was it, sir? we are impatient."

"Why, he always painted on the frame of the picture the name of the person to whom the likeness or *portrait* belonged.

But the chef-d'œuvre of Allheart was a full-length figure of the American goddess, Liberty, done for the sign of the new hotel—the Woodville House. He was engaged at this picture during the intervals stolen from his smithery, one whole summer: and many were the wondering visitors, from far and near, that favoured the artist with their company and remarks. For most matters here done in private, were with us there done in public—this, of course, being conducive to the perfection of the fine arts. And hence it is not surprising that Allheart, profiting by the endless remarks and suggestions of our democratical people, should have embodied all the best sentiment of the purest republicans in nature, and given to the Purchase the very *beau ideal* of American Liberty.

I shall attempt no elaborate critique, but shall say enough to help intelligent readers to a fair conception of this piece.

The goddess, like a courageous and independent divinity, stood, Juno-fashion, right straight up and down the canvass, and with immoveable and fearless eyes fronted the spectator, and looked exactly into his face; thus *countenancing* persecuted free men, to the confusion of all tyrannical oppressors! Her face, in size and feature, was a model for wholesome Dutch milkmaids to copy after; but the cheeks, instead of blushing, were, I regret to say, only painted red, like those of an actress too highly rouged.

In the right hand was a flag-staff, less indeed than a liberty-pole or Jackson-hickory, but considerably larger every way than a broom-handle; and on its top was hung, exactly in the centre, a cap—thus by its perfect balance and equi-distances of all parts of the rim from the staff, showing that liberty is justice, and is independent and impartial. The cap had, however, an ominous resemblance to one of Jack Ketch's; and no doubt foreign despots, ecclesiastical and secular, will pull said article over Liberty's eyes, if they succeed in apprehending and hanging her.

On the left shoulder squatted a magnificent eagle, in all the plenitude of stiff golden feathers, and in the act of being-a-going to drink from a good-sized bowl, held up by the left hand fingers of the goddess. What was the mixture could not be seen—

the bowl was so high—but most probably it was a sleeping-potion, as the bird seemed settled for a night's roost. Nay, this was the sentiment intended—to mark a time of profound peace, like shutting the gates of Janus: and hence the eagle held in his claws no arrowy thunder and lightning, being evidently disposed to let kings alone to take their naps, if they would let him alone to take his. The idea was equal in sublimity to Pindar's eagle snoozing on Jupiter's sceptre, at the music of Orpheus; although my friend's bird was uncommonly big and heavy—but then his goddess was hale and hearty.

The drapery or dress was a neat, white muslin slip, then fashionable in Kentucky, which was the Paris whence we derived fashions; and this simple attire was tied gently under the celestial bosom, which was heaved far up towards the chin, as if the heart was swollen with one endless and irrepressible emotion, and threatened some day or other, to sunder the tie and burst right out, breast and all, through the frail barrier of the frock! Yet doubtless the slip was high in the back, and, *a la Kaintuque*, well secured between the shoulders, so that if things gave way in the front, there was still some support from behind—but then it looked dangerous. The frock was, how ever, undeniably starched and rather too short—owing maybe, to the upward heave of the bosom, as is the case sometimes with dresses from ill-made or too much tournure and bustle—for the article stood forth, not from the *canvass*, but from the *person*, and all smoth and unwrinkled as if just from under the hot smoothing-iron! And, alas! its great brevity—and the figure up so high too—revealed the sturdy ankles away up till they began to turn into limbs!

The feet, unlike Liberty's martyrs in the Revolution, and to indicate our advance in comfort and security, and perhaps in compliment to a ladies' shoemaker just established next the Woodville House, were covered with a pair of red morocco slippers; while on the ankles and upwards were *drawn* nice white stockings—so that there was no denudity of limb, as a lady-reader may have feared, and the fashionable frock was not so bad after all. Some error, perhaps, in foreshortening had happened as to the position of the feet, or rather the red moroccos; for, while the artist designed to represent the right foot as stepping from the other, and the left, as pointing the shoe-toe at the spectator immediately in front, yet the right shoe was fixed horizontally with its heel at a right angle with the other, and that other the left, hung perpendicularly down as if broken at the instep—a marvellous likeness to the two slippers on the shoemaker's own sign, one there with its sole slap against the board, and the other up and down as if hung upon a peg.

And oh! how I *do* wish I had not been born before the era of composition books!—or only now could take a few lessons with the author of one!—so as to write with all the modern improvements, like the talented family of the Tailmaquers in the leading magazines and other picture-books for grown up children!—I should so like to describe the putting up of our new tavern-post, and the first hanging of the goddess of Liberty! But that's not for the like of me—I'm no orator as Brutus. How can I paint the open-mouthed wonder of that crowd! How make you see the hunchings!—the winks!—the nods!—the pointings!—or hear the exclamations!—the queries!—the allowings!—the powerfuls!—the uproar? And when lawyer Cutswell, candidate for Congress, mounted the "hoss block" at the post, and ended his half-hour's speech—oh! I never!

EXTRACT.

"————————Beautiful, indeed, fellow-citizens, vibrates above us in the free air and sunshine of heaven, that picture! but more beautiful even is our own dear, blood-bought liberty! Long! long may her *sign* dance and rejoice *there*—(pointing up)—long, long may her image repose here—(slapping the chest and rather low)—and long, long, *long* live our enterprising townsman and fellow-citizen, who, untaught, has yet so ably embodied all that is substantial and solid, and upright and unflinching and *stable* in abstract, glorious, lovely liberty—our townsman, Allheart!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds."

EARLY this autumn, Aunt Kitty having after considerable unfixings got us fixed, returned to Glenville, whither we all at the same time paid a flying visit. At our arrival, we found true the report that John was defeated in his views on the clerkship by a majority against him of eleven; and that our ex-legislator had now leisure to collect the debts due Glenville & Co.—debts increased by two political campaigns into "a puttee powerful smart little heap."

This business would have been altogether easy and pleasant, but for two small obstacles; most of our debtors who were very willing indeed to pay, had no visible property; and the rest were even invisible themselves! For, pleased with the credit system in the Purchase, they had gone to try it elsewhere, and had become suddenly so unmindful of "the powerfullest smartest man and cleverest feller in the county," as to go away without one tender adieu! The fact is, our *dear* old friends had absquatulated, and gone away off somewhere to give other candidates *a sort of a lift.*

But important changes almost destructive of Glenville Settlement, were now on the eve of accomplishment. Mr. Hilsbury had, his health being ruined, resigned his bishopric with all its emoluments, and was about returning to the far east; and Uncle Tommy from an irrepressible spirit of wandering, was just starting to go and build a cabin on Lake Michigan. And so, we had come in time to bid farewell!

How melancholy the houses already seemed, so soon to be tenantless, and then so soon to moulder and fall into ruins—a deserted cabin quickly changing, like a body left by the vital spark! Ah! how dreary the forest would be without friends! I had no spirits to hunt; although I wandered away and sat down on the bank of the creek opposite the little islet where the deer lay down to die—but without my rifle—it was to weep! Reader! if you have a soul you will not laugh at me—and if you have none, then laugh away, poor creature, why should you not enjoy yourself your own way?—but dear reader with a soul, I after that went and sat down in the old bark-mill. And there I recalled the morning we stumbled down the opposite cliff into Uncle John's open arms—I saw the very spot where the mother had clasped the daughter to her bosom, and "lifted up her voice and wept"—and the sad spot too where that mother now rested in the lonely grave! I remembered the fresh revival of early dreams and visions realized in the novelty of a wild forest life!—ay! I recalled the oddity of my labours—and even that poor mute, but not wholly irrational companion! —and when I felt in my soul that changes had come and were yet coming, and that I never, no, *never*, could be in these woods as I had been—I even wept there, too, reader!—not loud indeed, but bitterly!

* * * * * * *

During the past summer Uncle John had been appointed a lay delegate from the Welden Diocese to attend an ecclesiastical convention about to meet early this fall at Vincennes; and he now, before our return to Woodville, obtained my promise to accompany him. Accordingly, a few days after our return, he, and with him Bishop Shrub, called on me, and we three set out for the Convention, or as all such gatherings are there called—the Big Meeting.

The weather was luxurious, and the ride across the small prairies was to me, who now for the first time saw these natural meadows, indescribably bewitching; indeed, this first glimpse of the prairie world was like beholding an enchanted country! The enchanted land in that most transcendantly enchanting book, the Pilgrim's Progress, came so naturally to one's mind, that surely Bunyan must have imagined a world like this meadowy land of wild and fragrant scents wafted by balmy airs from countless myriads of blossoms and flowers! Nothing is like the mellow light, as the sun sinks down far away behind the cloudless line of blended earth and sky—as if there one could, at a step, pass from the plane of this lower world through the hazy concave into the world of the ransomed! The bosoms of these grassy lakes undulate at the slightest breeze, and are sprinkled with picturesque islets of timber, on which the trees are fancifully and regularly disposed, suggesting an arrangement by the taste of an unrecorded people of bygone centuries for pleasure and religion. The whole brought back delusive dreams—we felt the strange and half celestial thrill of a fairy scene!

But pass we to a more earthly one. Eight miles from Vincennes we stopped at a friend's house to *shave* and *preach;* for among western folks a bishop is supposed to be made for preaching and we use him accordingly—and not infrequently we use him entirely up. The *preaching* was in due season easily performed, but the *shaving*, ah! there's the—scrape! Bishop Shrub was fortunately shaved close enough to last to Vincennes; not so Uncle John and myself. And when the old gentleman examined his saddle-bags, alas! alas! by an unaccountable negligence our razors and concomitants had been left at Woodville! But this forgetfulness was promptly supplied, I may add and *punished* also, by our host; for he offered his own razor—a curious cutting tool in a wooden handle, nearly as large and quite as rough as a corn-cob! The bone handle, or make-believe-turtle one, had, in the course of ages, been worn away by the handling of grandsires and grandsons; and so had the edge itself by the ferocious stubble on the chins of woodsmen! Or perhaps it had been tritered away on a grindstone—the thing so much resembled a farmer's knife done up for hog-killing!

Now Uncle John's countenance (!) was tender as a lamb's. Hence his razors were always in prime order; and when he and I shaved with his articles in company, he always insisted on the —first shave. But to-day, the excellent old gentleman most condescendingly gave me the precedence, internally resolving to watch my performance and success, and then to shave or not accordingly. Well, duly appreciating this unusual condescension, and thinking it a pity Uncle John should enter Vincennes with such a crop as his chin now held, we also secretly purposed —viz., to go through the whole affair without one audible or visible sign of torture! For certain was it, that if Mr. Carlton, whose face was just as lamb-like as Mr. Seymour's, shaved without wincing, certain was it, Uncle John, long before our complete abrasion, would be so in the suds that, for consistency's sake, he must go through the whole scrape before he would get out of it.

Hence I strapped the oyster-knife, first on the instep of my boot, making there, however, an ominous scratch or two; then on the cover of a leaven-bit Testament done up in freckled leather; and finally, although very lightly, on the palm of the hand *secundum artem:* after which I made a feint at a hair, and then laid down the tormentor with so complacent compression of my lips as to say, that notwithstanding looks, the razor after all was "jeest" the very *dandy!* Next, with a small bundle of swine's bristles tied in the middle with a waxed thread, I applied, out of a broken blue tea-cup, as much brown soap lather to my face as would stick; and then with a genuine far-east barber's flourish, touched the vile old briar-hook to my cheek, boldly and—lightly as possible.

Reader! I did not swear in those days, but I could not avoid saying mentally—"O-o-oh! go-o-od! gramine!!"—and thinking of Job and the barrel of ale. Some profane wretches would have cursed right out as horribly as Pope *Pius* or *Innocent*, the *vice-god*, damning and blackguarding a Calvinistic heretic; and for which malignancy the said Pope deserves to be scraped over his whole divine carcass twice a-day with the above *razor*, and without the alleviation of the brown soap. Happily for the success of my benevolent stratagem I kept in; for at the moment I caught a glimpse of Uncle John's face peeping over my shoulder into the tiny bit of looking-glass, and with his spectacles on! But if he did detect the involuntary *tear* in my eye, and take the alarm, he became instantly calm again by seeing the *smile* on my lip! Blood he discerned not; the tool was guiltless of all cutting, and brought away no beard save what it pulled out by the roots. Hence Uncle John was most essentially bamboozled; and long before my beard was all plucked up, he had laid aside his coat and cravat, and according to custom, and to soften his beard, he was lathering away with the hog-bristles and brown soap.

Had the old gentleman taken a peep now, he must have smelled the rat; for, spite of pain and tears, my laugh was too broad for mere delectability from a good shave—there was mischief and, I fear, some hypocrisy in the scarcely suppressed chuckle. However, being done, or scraped, I put down the eradicator with the air of one willing to shave all day with such a razor; upon which Uncle John advanced and took up the thing, manifesting, indeed, a little suspicion on glancing at its edge, and yet with very commendable confidence too; and then after the usual strappings and flourishings, he seized his nose with the left hand, and with the right laid the scraper sideways on a cheek, and essayed a rapid and oblique sweep towards his ear.

Ah! me!—if I live a thousand more years, I shall ever be haunted by the dear old gentleman's look! Such a compound of surprise, and vexation, and pain, and fun, and humour! Such a "Carlton—you—rascal—you!—if I don't—never mind!" expression as met my view while I peeped over his shoulder into the fragment of glass against the wall! And then as he espied me therein grinning, when he turned, and with eyes swimming in tears, uttered in a whisper, and between a cry and a laugh, his favourite expression of benevolence and amazement—"Oh! —cry!—out!"

O! yes! if one *could* have cried out, or even laughed out! But there was our host and all his family; and the father kept on at very judicious intervals with praise of that razor, thus:—"Powerful razor that, Mr. Carlton! Grandaddy used to say he'd shaved with it when he was young, Mr. Seymour! and his face was near on about as saft as yourn I allow. However, it's getting oldish now, and don't cut near as sharpish as it once did

—allow it wants grinding: still I wouldn't give it for are another two I ever seen."

Could one dare venture to complain about such a razor? against which no dog had even wagged a tongue or a tail for a hundred years! So we cried in and laughed in then—but when we got out of sight and hearing in the prairie! Nobody, I fear, would have conjectured we were going to the big meeting. Poor dear, old Uncle John! I am laughing even now at thy beloved face in that most furious lather of brown soap! and with that grand swathe cut through towards thy ear by that venerable briar-hook!—ay! and at that concentration of kindness, surprise, and joke-taking embodied in—"Oh! cry out! ——"

"But, la! me! Mr. Carlton, where's the moral of this story?"

My dear madam, some stories have no moral; but the design is to warn you never to travel in new settlements, if your face is tender, without your own shaving apparatus.

"For shame!—ladies never shave."

Oh! my!—the sentence is carelessly constructed; but none can say where beards may not grow next. Certainly they are now found, if not on girls' chins, yet on very girlish faces. And agriculture of all kinds is now better understood, and the most unpromising soils produce the most astonishing crops; and besides, we are evidently in the Hairy Age, and tobacco is puffed and spurted from hairy lips like black mud from a quagmire ——

"Sir! this is offensive!"

Very; therefore let us quit it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"When holy and devout religious men
Are at their *beads*, tis hard to draw them thence."

"Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition."

On reaching Vincennes, our party, as others, were quartered upon the citizens; and such kindness as belongs pre-eminently to the West and South, was bestowed upon us during the week of the convocation.

Vincennes has been the scene of many meetings, civil, political, ecclesiastical, and military; to say nothing about Frenchified Indian councils and Indianised French dances, and other odd things produced by this amalgamation of the red and white savages. But now it was the theatre of two remarkable exhibitions—the gathering of a Protestant council, and the erection of a Papistical cathedral!—strange meeting of light and darkness. And both professed to be for the propagation of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Now, whether the simple shining of truth in the reading and preaching of a vernacular Bible, and in the good lives and examples of puritanic Christians, and without aid from the civil arm, and without a base indulgence of men's evil passions and propensities, shall be more potent than a tradition, dark, bewildering, and uncertain, delivered by doctors and professors of the faggot and the thumb-screw, admits a question; but, judging from the success that has always attended the affectionate embraces of the old woman with the scarlet mantle, and especially when seated amid "the wimples and crisping-pins," the roasters, and boilers, and toasters of the Inquisition,—from the efficacy of sweet doses and sugared cups, and intoxicating bowls of indulgences granted to the saints and holy ones, it is more than likely that the great crowd of such as "love darkness" and "the wages of unrighteousness," and "prefer the pleasures of sin for a season," will—and are not such the *οι Πολλοι*—will become *militant*, and on *earth* triumphant members of the Holy (?) Catholic (??) Church (???)

In vain, while looking at the sacred walls of the cathedral, rising brick by brick, did I severely chide my antagonist feelings as heretical pravity; in vain recall the oft-repeated remark, that we were in the nineteenth century, the age of courtesy, and charity, and light, and wisdom, and oh! of ever so many first chop good things beside; in vain remember that human nature had been gradually *refining* ever since the days of Judas Iscariot, till it was now ten per cent. per annum better, and more spiritual and heavenly-minded; yea, poor sinner that I was, in vain I said this is the march of mind, and that I was, poor sneaking doubter, in danger of falling into the rear of my age! Nothing would do—but my historic readings kept intruding in the most impertinent and unbecoming manner; and I was abominably harassed with the fables of the Vaudois—and Huguenots—and Jerome—and Huss—and St. Bartholomew's, and Irish, and other massacres, and all such ridiculous things! Nay, I was plunged most unreasonably into nasty dungeons, and saw racks, and halters, and augers—and, silly creature, I imagined an *auto da fe!* and heard shouts and groans! and smelled incense, faggots and gunpowder! and even *Te Deums* for the death of ungodly heretics wickedly killed by the *state*, contrary to the *entreaties* of the Holy Church! Alas! reprobate that I was, for reading books prescribed by that Church!—and all those books got up by folks worthy of no credit—enemies of the Church and of the Pope,—and who would wickedly tell when they were tortured, and refused to be damned for ever by escaping from prison, gibbets and stakes!

And then I said, oh! you unreasonable man, has not the Holy Catholic Church long since given up her bloody persecuting principles, and resolved *never* to do so again, if we will only take on her yoke—until she gets the power? Alas! I thought of political mottoes used as *ornaments* to secular newspapers, such as "Power steals from the many to the few;" and of that narrow, bigotted, puritanical sentiment, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and *desperately* wicked;" and so I turned to contemplate

THE PROTESTANT CONVOCATION.

And I could not but feel grateful to the rightful Head of the spiritual Church, that here was a little band, hated of Rome and Oxford. For, with the men of this conference the true light had travelled thus far westward, and we hoped it might shine out far and wide over the noble plains, and dispel the gloom of the grand forests—since the march of the *mind* is only an evil without the march of the *Bible.*

This Protestant assembly was a gathering of delegates principally from the land of Hoosiers and Suckers; but with a smart sprinkling of Corn-crackers, and a small chance of Pukes from beyond the father of floods, and even one or two from the Buckeye country. These were not all eminent for learning, and polish, and dress, wearing neither *doane* gowns nor *corked* hats; although some there were worthy seats in the most august assemblies any where, and however distinguished for wit, learning, and goodness. Most of these Protestants, indeed, carried to excess a somewhat false and dangerous maxim: "better wear out than rust out,"—since it is better to do neither. And worn, truly, were they, both in apparel and body, as they entered the town on jaded horses, after many days of hard and dangerous travelling away from their cabin-homes, left far behind in dim woods beyond rivers, hills and prairies.

And what came they together for? Mainly, I believe, to preach, to pray, to tell about their successes, and disappointments and encouragements—their hopes, and fears, and sorrows—to rectify past errors, and form better plans of doing good for the future—to see, and encourage, and strengthen one another. Business, in the semi-politico-ecclesiastical sense, they did little—for of that was but little to do. And there were few causes of heart-burning and jealousy. No richly endowed professorships, no *a là mode* congregations were found in all their vast extent of dioceses—no world's treasures or places to tempt, to divide, to sour!

Truly it was a House of Bishops, if not of *Lords*: if by a bishop is meant one that has the care of many congregations, an enormous parish, abundant religious labours, and a salary of one or two hundred dollars above nothing. In the midst of so fraternal and cheerful a band of misters and brothers, I was constantly reminded of an old saying; "Behold! how these Christians love one another!" What could exceed their cordial and reciprocal greetings at each arrival? What their courtesy in debate? What the deep interest in each other's welfare?—the lively emotions excited by their religious narratives and anecdotes? And then their tender farewells! To many the separation was final as to this life—but why should that make us sad? They who find heaven begun on earth, meet beyond the grave, and there find heaven consummated!

Brother Shrub and myself were entertained, during the convention week, at the house of a medical gentleman, eminent in his profession, but addicted, it was said, to profanity in ordinary conversation. Without a premonition, no suspicion of so blameworthy a practice could have arisen in our minds; for no real Christian ever showed guests greater courtesy, or seemed so far from profaneness than our gentlemanly host. He did not even annoy us with lady-like mincings, putting forth the buddings of profanity in "la! me!—good gracious!" and the like.

But on Sabbath night, our conversation taking a religious turn, the subject of profane swearing was incidentally named, when I could not resist the temptation of drawing a bow at a venture; and so I said:

"Doctor, we leave you to-morrow; and be assured we are very grateful to Mrs. D. and yourself; but may I say, dear sir, we have been disappointed here?"

"Disappointed!"

"Yes, sir, but most agreeably ——"

"In what, Mr. Carlton?"

"Will you pardon me, if I say we were misinformed, and may I name it?"

"Certainly, sir, say what you wish."

"Well, my dear sir, we were told that Doctor D. was not guarded in his language—but surely you are misrepresented ——"

"Sir," interrupted he, "I *do* honour you for candour; yet, sir, I regret to say, you have not been misinformed. I do, and, perhaps habitually, use profane language; but, sir, can you think I would swear before *religious* people, and one of them a *clergyman?*"

Tears stood in my eyes—the frank-heartedness of a gentleman always starts them—as I took his hand, and replied:

"My dear sir, you amaze us! Can it be that Doctor D., so courteous and so intelligent a man, has greater reverence for *us* than for the venerable *God!*"

"Gentlemen," replied the Doctor, and with a tremulous voice, "I never did before see the utter folly of profane swearing. I will abandon it for ever."

Reader, are you profane? Imitate the manly recantation of my estimable friend, Doctor D.

"To SWEAR—is neither *brave, polite,* nor *wise:*
You would *not* swear upon the bed of death—
Reflect—your Maker *now* could stop your breath!"

During the week, in company with some clergymen, we visited the grave of a young man, who, unavoidably exposed to a fatal illness in discharging his missionary duties, had died at Vincennes in early manhood, and far away from his widow-mother's home. Deep solemnity was in the little company of his classmates as they stood gazing where rested the remains of the youthful hero! Dear young man, his warfare was soon ended—and there he lay among the silent ones in the scented meadow-land of the far west! He heard not the voice of the wind, whether it breathed rich with the fragrance of wild sweets, or roared around in the awful tones of the hurricane, sweeping over the vastness of the measureless plains! Nor heard he the sighs of his comrades—nor saw their sudden tears wiped away with the stealthy motion of a rapid hand!

To him that visit was vain; not so to us, for we departed, resolved ourselves to be ready for an early death. And since then several of that little company of mourners in a strange land have themselves, and before the meridian of life, gone down to the sides of the pit!

Are you ready, my reader?

Time is a price to buy eternity!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Tree! why hast thou doffed thy mantle of green
For the gorgeous garb of an Indian queen?
With the umbered brown and the crimson stain
And the yellow fringe on its 'broidered train?
And the autumn gale through its branches sighed
Of a long arrear, for the transient pride."—SIGOURNEY.

UNCLE John and I, being now very near Illinois, where resided a distant relative of ours, determined to pay him a visit.

Our way led through successive and beautiful little prairies, separated by rich bottom lands of heavy timber and other interposing woody districts—the trees being all magnificently glorious in the autumnal colours of their dense foliage. No artificial dyes rival the scarlet, the crimson, the orange, the brown, of the sylvan dresses—giant robes and scarfs, hung with indescribable grandeur and grace, over the rough arms and rude trunks of the forest!

And voices enough of bird, and beast, and insect, and reptile, rose at our approach from the bosom of the wavy grass, to break the solitude of the treeless plains; but, on entering a district of wood, the uproar of tones, voices, shrieks, hisses, barkings, and a hundred other nameless cries, was deafening! It was bewildering! How like the enchanted hills and groves of the Arabian Tales! Indeed, had a penalty awaited our looking around, we should have become stone, or stump, or paroquet, or squirrel, a thousand times over and over, much to our surprise and mortification! The bewildering tumult assailing him, on entering the solemn dark of primitive oriental forests, must have suggested to the Magician of the Thousand and One

Nights, some of the charms and witcheries and incantations that entranced our first years of boyhood and dreams! To the elfish notes of four-footed and creeping goblins and winged and gay sprites, were added the rustle of fresh fallen leaves, the crackling of brush-wood, the rattling of branch and bush, the strange creaking of great trees, rubbing in amity their arms and boughs, and the wailing and moaning of fitful winds; and this formed our sinless Babel.

Under the most favourable arrangement of lungs, and larynx and ears, conversation is a labour in such groves and meadows; but, ah! my dear friend, if one's comrade is deaf! or still worse if he is a modest man of the muttery and whispery genus! and hearing uncommonly sharp himself, takes for granted you hear ditto! True, if you like to do talking, and the other hearing, that is the very thing; but, alas! our escort in this episodial trip, who was a Mr. Mealymouth, was even more desirous of talking than hearing! And what made it more awful, it was not possible to answer him in the "Amen-at-a-venture" mode; for most of Mr. Mealymouth's queries, which were numerous as a pedlar's from the land of guesses, admitted not the mere answer *yes* or *no*, but demanded explanatory replies like those of Professor Didactic. He asked to find out what you *knew*, and not to be *answered*.

Uncle John quickly contrived to shuffle out of this scrape, and with a most unchristian design to take revenge for the razor affair; but then he ought not to have paid back with so terrible an interest. Nay, he lagged just in our rear, every now and then switching my creature, till the huzzy—a lady-horse—feared to quit the side of the escort's horse—a horse-horse—and so kept on even a-head with him, pace for pace, trot for trot, shuffle for shuffle; her eyes strained backward, her ears pointed and tremulous, and her heels in the paulo-ante-future tense of being-nearly-about-a-going-to-kick—while I, completely snared and in-for-it, could be seen, all eye and ear, with my neck away out forward to catch the sense of Mr. Mealymouth muttering and whispering some half-articulate question, direct or indirect, thus:

"Well—Carlt—powerful—don't—allow?"

"Si-i-i-r?" at the top of my voice to provoke him to a higher pitch.

"Most powerful good meet—reckon—don't—?"

"Oh! yes, rather lean, however—it wasn't stall fed—think it was?"—(I thought he alluded to the beefsteak at breakfast.)

"Meetin—meetin—convoc—hard heerin—allow?"

"The leaves rattle so—oh! yes, noble set of good men."

"Mr. Carlton—allow—Mr. Seymour—aint he?"

"Yes!—no!" And turning round I bellowed out—"Hullow! Uncle John, ride up, Mr. Mealymouth wants you!"

"Road too narrow—'fraid of things getting rubbed in my saddle-bags," replied Uncle J.

Here I politely made a movement to fall in the rear and give up my privilege; but my skittish jade, catching sight of Uncle John's upraised switch, snorted, and cocking back her ears trotted me up again to the place of punishment—while from Uncle John's face, it was plain enough he was indulging in a malicious inward laugh. Nay, although I hate to tell it, he actually put up his finger against his cheek and made signs of shaving!—a pretty way for a pious man of returning good for evil!

I shall not detail all my misapprehensions nor contrivances to avoid answering at hazard, as for instance, suddenly crying out, when expected to reply to a query—"See! see! that deer!"—or—"Hurraw! for the turkeys there!"—or—"Smell cowcumbers—guess a rattlesnake's near." Nor shall I relate how, at last, I did get behind Uncle John; and how Mr. M. fell back and rode with him; I ever and anon admonishing Mr. Seymour to take care of his saddle-bags; nor how Uncle John was attacked with a very uncommon and alarming stiffness, rendering it necessary for him to dismount and walk a whole mile; and how he overtook us at the ford of the Wabash, Mr. M. fortunately volunteering to lead his horse; but I hasten to say that about evening we reached the house of a friend who had invited us to call on him; and that here, to crown the plessures of the day, we found our host Mr. Softspeech was even more inarticulate than Mr. Mealymouth himself.

Uncle John now proposed to bury the hatchet, and form a league of offence and defence; hence, after due deliberation while out washing and wiping, it was concluded that we both sit together, and always in front of the fire; thus keeping our innocent tormentors each at opposite sides of the chimney-place. For first, this would do them a service by compelling them to talk out, it seeming impossible, if they designed speaking to one another at all, to do it long in a mutter; and secondly, if we were assailed by either enemy right or left, we should have four ears to defend and aid us, instead of two, and so we could together compound a pretty fair answer: this judicious arrangement made us nearly equal to a Siamese twins.

And yet, one important matter was found to have been overlooked—the effect on our risibility. For when the two cousins of Simongosoftly began a gentle stir of murmuring lips, and both found, in despite of keen ears, that articulate language *must* be used; and when evident vexation from their reciprocal mutters and mistakes arose, and they looked at one another in a style like saying, "Blame you, why don't you speak louder"—— Oh! dear reader, *would* you have believed it? Uncle John all at once laughed right out!—and then you know I couldn't help it—could I?

But then, the old gentleman turned it so adroitly, thus:

"Mr. Carlton," said he, "whenever I think of that trick you served me about the razor I can't help laughing."

And of course that affair was narrated; and we had the satisfaction of finding our two friends could laugh like Christians, if they could not talk like them. And truly man *is* pretty much of a laughing animal. And certainly none deserves to be more laughed at; although for this vile sin of muttering, and grumbling, and whispering out words with a fixed jaw, and eyes half shut up like a dreamy cat in the sunshine, words, that should be articulated in the sweet vocality of human speech, the whole abominable tribe of Mealymouths deserves not only to be laughed and hooted at, but actually well scourged.

Well, we paid our visit to our Sucker relative; and then, after the two worthy old gentlemen had exhausted their reminiscences, and edified one another with adventures in hunting, and fishing, and camping out, and voyaging, and so on, we bade farewells; and Uncle John and myself, but without an escort, took the homeward trail. The accidents in the path belong to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XL.

"Being skilled in these parts, which, to a stranger
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable."

On the return, our first night was passed with the host of the antediluvian razor. But going into the woods we needed now no shaving; although we shortly became entangled in another scrape, to be estimated in comparison and contrast, according to the tenderness of one's face, or his leggins and trowsers.

Let me not forget that, before reaching Razorville, we had passed through a primitive world, an antique French settlement; and in it could be discerned no trace of modern arts and inventions; but agriculture, architecture and other matters were so ancient that we seemed to have come among aboriginal Egyptians or Greeks. The carts or wagons were like the wain of Ceres, and moved on spokeless wheels of solid wood, without naves, and, if circumference applied to wheels must be a circle, without circumference.

The horse—if such may be called a dwarf, shaggy pony, so dirty and earthy as to seem raised in a crop, like turnips or potatoes—this villainous and cunning horse was tied to the Cerealian vehicle by thongs of elm bark, fastened to a collar of corn-blades around his neck; and he had a head-gear of elm bark ropes for halter or bridle—but sometimes he had no head-gear whatever. He was driven usually by flagellation from a stick-whip, in size between a switch and a pole, yet often with a corn-stalk fourteen feet long without its tassel, and, not infrequently, by a clod or rock thrown against his head or side.

At the first hint from the persuasives, shaggy coat would merely shake his head and look up, and then, with an impudent flourish of a tail compounded of burrs and horse-hair, he would pull away—not, indeed, at his load—but at the corn-blades and ears, dangling in plenty about his unmuzzled mouth. On a repetition of the hint, especially if accompanied by a Canadianized-French execration—and its potency may be thus judged—pony would whisk with his cart some half dozen decided jerks, attended by the rattling of his corn-collar, the straining of bark traces, and the screeching of dry wheel and axis; *minus*, also, a mess of corn bounced from the wain at every jerk. And thus matters proceeded, with iterations of thumps, pelts, curses, and outcries on one side, and jerks ahead on the other, till the horse and wagon was clear of the corn-field—and then look out! Pony had now no more to expect in the way of mouthfuls till he reached the stack-yard, and so, go ahead was his motto—and, with him, no idle sentiment! True, the machine wabbled and bounced—that was owing to the inartificiality of the workmanship, and the asperities of the ground; the load jumped over the sides or rattled from the tail—that was because the sides were too low, and there was no tail-board; perhaps, even the collar broke, and little shaggy was released—the collar should have been leather: his duty was plain—to get to the stack-yard as speedily as possible, with or without a cart, or with it full or empty.

How my nameless quadrupedal old friend would have relished and adorned this arcadian life! What a theatre for his abilities and accomplishments! It may be something to live in clover; but what is life in a clover-patch of a dozen rods, to life in a prairie corn-field of a thousand acres?

But this is digression, of which, indeed, other examples occurred on our way home.

A friend of ours, a citizen of Woodville, returning now from Vincennes, and who travelled in a small one-horse-wagon, had told us of a short cut across the prairie; and had stated also, that, while the path was an almost imperceptible trace, being used only by a few horsemen, still we should easily follow the marks of his wheels—and thus a whole hour could be gained. Passing us, therefore, on the evening we had reached Razorville, he went by the short cut, to "ole man Stafford's," a distance of seven miles; intending there to stay all night, and await our arrival to a very early breakfast next morning—the remainder of the journey to be made in company.

Well, an hour before day-break on Tuesday morning, we put out, and in half an hour came to the "blind path;" into which we struck bold enough, considering we had to dismount to find it, and that, from the dimness of the early morn, no wagon-ruts could yet be discerned. But as the light increased, we could see, here and there, in the grass, traces of a light wagon; and that emboldened us to trot on very fast, in the comfortable assurance of rapidly approaching a snug breakfast of chicken fixins, eggs, ham-doins, and corn slap-jacks. By degrees the prairie turned into timber land; but that had been expected, although the woods were rather more like thickets and swamps than ought to be encountered on entering the Stafford country. Still, every two or three rods was some mark of our friend's wagon; and as short cuts often pass through out-of-the-way districts, and we travelled now not by stars, or sun, or compass, but by wheel-ruts, we deemed it best to stick to our guide and Uncle John's old saw—"'tis a long lane that has no turn."

At last we came to the edge of a dense and dark thicket; and here, at right angles with the ruts—for long since the six-inch horse-path had run out, or sunk, or evaporated, or something—ran a deep and wide gulley, blocked with fallen trees and brushwood; over which, of course, the wagon had got somehow, and, as was natural, without leaving any visible trace This deficiency was, however, not important, because, you know, we should find the wagon-tracks on the far side of the ravine, and so over we went working, where the impediments seemed fewest, in a zig-zag method, for about two hundred yards, when, all at once, we rose, large as life, up the opposite bank, and instantly began talking:—

"See any ruts?"

"No—do you?"

"No—let's ride to the left."

"Through that papaw and spice!—no, no, try the right."

"The right!—look at the grape and green briar—better keep straight ahead."

"Straight ahead, indeed!—that's worse than the other courses."

"Why, how, in the name of common sense, did Mr. Thorn ever get his wagon through here?—come, you go right, and I'll go left, and let's see if we can't find the wheel-ruts."

And then we separated; but after hard "scrouging" each way some hundred yards, and halloing questions, answers, doubts, guesses, etc., etc., in a very unmealymouthed manner, till we became hoarse, and withal finding no ruts, nor even hoof-marks, we came together and held a council. The result of the deliberation was:—

1. That we were *probably*—(Uncle J. being a woodsman would allow only a probability)—were probably lost:

2. That maybe we might have followed a wrong wagon, and maybe we might not:

3. That maybe we had better go back, and maybe we had not:

4. That as it was likely we had been spirited into the Great Thicket of the White River, it would be best to work ahead, and *strike* the river itself now, *up* or *down*, which—I forget which one Uncle J. said—was a settlement *maybe*.

This last proposition having a decided majority of two voices, we began to *work our passage* into the river, Mr. Seymour as general in the van, Mr. C. as rear-guard.

Now, how shall our swamp be described? What language can here be an echo to the sense? Any attempt of the sort would be so complicated an implexicity in the interwovenness of the circularity, that should give the sight, and sound, and fragrance of the maziness in that most amazing of mazes, where all sorts of crookednesses made contortion worse in its interlacings, that—that—one would go first this way, and then some other way, and then back again once more towards the end, side, middle and beginning of the sentence, and yet fail to discover the—the—echo—and be no more able to get through with so labyrinthical unperiodical a period, in any other way than we were to get out of the thicket, and that was by bursting out—so!

However, you've picked black-berries?—gone after chicken-grapes, or something, in your early days? You've set snares in pretty thick thickets, where you went on all-fours through prickle-bushes, to save your face? Well—aggregate the trifling impediments of your worst entanglements; then colour matters a little, and you approximate a just conception of our thicket. In this, all sorts of trees, bushes, briars, thorns, and creepers, the very instant their seeds were dropped or roots set by nature—and some without staying for either root or seed—started right up and off, all at once, a growing with all their might, each and every struggling, like all *creation* for the *ascendancy*, and thus preventing one another and all others, from getting too large; yea, in haste and eagerness, like candidates climbing a hickory-pole, all wrapping, and interlacing, and interweaving trunks, boughs, branches, arms, roots and shoots, till no eye could tell whether, for instance, the creeper produced the thorn, or the thorn the creeper, or the vine the scrub-oak, or the oak the grapes—and till the shaking, or pulling, or touching, of a single branch, vine, root, or briar shook a thousand!—like the casting of a pebble into a lake, till it disturbed in some degree, the whole immensity of the thicket! And so all, in sheer rage, malice, and vexation, sent forth all manners, kinds and sorts of prickers and scratchers, and thorns, and scarifiers; and began to bear all manners, and kinds, and sorts of flowers, and poisonous berries and grapes!

In places, a black walnut, or hackberry or sycamore, having, like a Pelagian, an intrinsic virtue, had got the start of nature by a few hours at the beginning of the swamp; and had ever since kept a head so elevated as now to be overlooking miles around of the mazy world below, and presenting a trunk and boughs so wrapped in vines and parasites as to form a thicket within a thicket, an *imperium in imperio;* while coiled and wreathed there into fantastic twistings, immense serpentine grape vines seemed like boas and anacondas, ready to enfold and crush their victims! Nay in every labyrinth were concealed worlds of insects, reptiles, and winged creatures; and some, judging from their hisses, and growls, and mutterings, as they darted from one concealment to another at the strange invasion of their dens and lairs, were doubtless formidable in aspect, and not innoxious in bites and stings.

Through this apparently impervious wilderness of the woven world twist, however, we did—*onward*, as Uncle John said. I thought it was a vain struggle, like striving to free one's self from the meshes of a giant's net! Yet I kept close in the rear of his horse; for Mr. Seymour insisted on being pilot, and politeness yields to elders even in wriggling through a swamp. But what need be told our contrivances to work through? Never in words can be painted the drawing up of our legs!—the shrinking of our bodies!—the condensation of our arms!—the bowings down of our heads, with compressed lips and shut eyes! But still we talked thus:

"Oh! hullow! stop, won't you?"

"What's the matter?"

"My hat's gone."

"There it is, dangling on that branch—look up—higher!—higher yet!"

"Oh! yes—I see:—lucky the hat wasn't tied under a fellow's chin, hey?—how the thing jerked!"

"Ouch!—what a scratch!—just get out your knife and cut this green-briar."

"I've cut it—go on:—look out, you'll lose your right leggin."

"Whi-i-i-rr!—what's that?"

"A pheasant!"

"H-i-i-ss!—what's that?"

"A snake!"

"Haw! haw! haw!—if your trowsers ain't torn the prettiest!"

"Don't taste them!—they ain't grapes!—they are poison berries!"

"Look—quick!—what an enormous lizard!"

And then such knocks on the head! Did I ever think heads, before the aid of phrenology, could bear such whacks! *Soft* heads, surely, must have been mashed, and *hard* ones, cracked; and, therefore, Uncle John and I had medium sculls, and the precise developments to go through thickets. I had always disbelieved the vulgar saying about "knocked into a cocked hat,"—deeming it, indeed, possible to be knocked out of one; but my infidelity left me in that swamp, when I saw the very odd figures we made after our squeezings, abrasions, and denudings. The shape of a cocked hat was not at all like them! and yet, in about three hours from the starting at the gulley, we somehow or other stood on the summit of a bold bluff, and beheld the river coolly and beautifully flowing beneath our feet away below! Here we halted, first to repair apparel, wipe off perspiration, and pick out briars and thorns from the hands and other half-denuded parts; and, secondly, to determine the next movement, when—hark! the sound of an axe!—yes! and hark!—of human voices!

Between us and the sounds, evidently not more than two hundred yards up the river, interposed a dense and thorny rampart; but with coats fresh buttoned to our throats, hats half-way over the face, and leggins rebound above the knee and at the ankle, we, in the saddles, and retired within ourselves like snails, the outer man being thus contracted into the smallest possible dimension, and with heads so inclined as to render following the nose alike impossible and useless, we charged with the vengeance of living battering rams against and into the matted wall of sharp and sour vegetables; and onward, onward, went we thus, till all at once, the impediment ceasing, we burst and tumbled through into an open circular clearing of about fifty yards' diameter!

In one part was a rude shantee or temporary lodge of poles and bark, *a la Indian*, having in front, as cover to a door-way, a suspended blanket, perhaps to keep out mosquitoes; for I could neither see nor imagine any other use. On one side the area, were large heaps of hoop-poles, on another, of barrel-staves; while in several places stood gazing at us three squatter-like personages, and evidently not gratified at our unceremonious visit. The nature of their employment was manifest—the preparation of some western "notions and ideas" for the Orleans market.

"Well, what of that?"

Nothing; it was very correct, except in one small particular; this snug little swamp and thicket, some thirty miles by two in extent, and full of choice timber, happened to belong to our Great Father's elder brother, the venerable dear good old Uncle Sam! And these reprobate nephews, our cousins, were simply busy in taking more than their share of the common heritage—in short, they were poaching and stealing! Now, kind reader, for the last three hours, we had passed through a considerable scrape; nay, as we had shrunk up, it may be called a narrow scrape, but on comprehending the present affair, it seemed not improbable that we had only come out of the scrape literal, into the scrape metaphorical.

"How so?" Why you see, a large penalty was incurred for cutting down and stealing public timber; and the informer got a handsome share of the fine as reward; so that our industrious kinsmen taking us, at first, for spies and informers, not only looked, but talked quite growly; and we both felt a little nervous at sight of the rifles and scalping knives in the shantee! Here is a first-rate temptation to make a *thrilling* story; but I must not forget the dignity of history—although Uncle John and I both *thrilled* at the time without any *story*—and so I proceed to say, that we soon satisfied our free traders who we were; and that they condescended not only to laugh, but to sneer at us, and then pointed to a nice little wagon that one of them had driven yesterday from near Razorville, with their supplies for the current week! And that was the identical rut-making machine, that, so contrary to every body's wishes had coaxed us into the thicket!

We were then taught how to return on its trace, by a kind of opening through the maze; and received ample directions where and how to cross the ravine. We accordingly hastened away; but we never felt perfectly easy, or ventured to laugh honestly, till full two hundred yards beyond the longest rifle shot, which might very accidentally take our direction, and, may be, hit us. After having thus lost a wagon in a prairie, I felt inclined to believe in the difficulty of finding a needle in a hay-stack. But we came, finally, to a deserted cabin; and there, after a keen look, discovered a little path laid down for us in the late verbal chart.

Revived we now cantered on, and not long after reached our *breakfast*-house, just as the sun was going *down*—having in the day's navigation with all our tackings made precisely seven miles, by the short cut, in the homeward direction. Since Monday night, we had eaten nothing, and were naturally ready now for three meals in one; and yet were we destined to wait a little longer, and condense into one, *four* repasts—like ancient Persians when hunting. For, either not liking our appearance, or vexed at our not having come earlier to breakfast, we were here most pertinaciously refused any entertainment whatever, and even peremptorily ordered away; and were, indeed, compelled to put off for the nearest house, some eight miles farther at the ferry!

In about two hours we having again lost our way, and it being very dark, my horse, now in the lead, suddenly halted; when dismounting, I tried first with my feet, and then my hands, and quickly had by these new senses a *feeling sense* of our situation, viz., that we stood at the diverging point of two paths running from one another at nearly a right angle!

"Well, what do you say—which shall we take?"

"Hem!—what do *you* say? Don't it seem damp towards the right?"

"I think it does—and maybe the river is that way. Don't it seem like rising ground towards the left, to you?"

"It does—let's try the left—we've had enough of thickets for one day—hark! hark!"

"Bow-wow-wow! bow-*wow!*" on the left.

"Sure enough! a dog towards the left! push a-head that way."

The canine outcry was reduplicated and prolonged; and we were soon rewarded for our sagacity in going to the left by coming whack-up against a worm-fence! But groping our way through this impediment, a light was soon discerned gleaming through some crevice; and the noise of the dog then subsided into an angry growl—which growl was again exchanged into a bark, as we let out our hearty and door-penetrating "Hullow!" This backwood's sonnet had soon the desired effect on the clap-board shutter; for it now creaked slowly open, and allowed to issue from the cabin the following reply in a strong soprano, yet vibratory from apprehension—

"Well—who be you? what's a wantin?"

"Strangers, ma'am, from the Big Meeting at Vincennes; we've been lost all day in the Swamp below Stafford's—and we're lost now. Will you be so kind as to let us stay the rest of the night here?"

"Well, it's most powerful onconvenient—couldn't you a sort a keep on to Fairplay—'taint more nor two miles no how, and you'd git mighty good 'comedashins thar?"

"Oh! ma'am, we'd never find the way in the dark. Besides, our horses are nearly given out; and we ourselves haven't touched food for nearly two days ——"

"Well! now! if that aint amost too powerful hard like—I'm a poor lone woman body—but I can't let you go on—so come in. But, strangers, you'll find things right down poor here, and have to sleep on the floor, as 'cos I've no more nor two beds and them's all tuk up by me and the childurn. Howsever, thar's a corn heap over thar to feed your critturs; but we're now teetotally out of meal;—and Bill's to start in the morning for a grist—and I'm powerful sorry we've nothin to eat ——"

"Oh! thank you, ma'am—never mind us—thank you—never mind! If we get corn for our poor brutes, and shelter for ourselves that will do—thank you, ma'am—never mind!"

Having fed our jaded animals we entered the cabin, and depositing our saddles and furniture in one corner, we sat down on two rude stools, like some modern ottomans in the city; being so low as to force one's knees and chins into near proximity. They had, indeed, no covering or cushion, unless such be considered the lone's woman's *indescribable*, lying on the one, and Bill's tow-linen breeches on the other—articles we considerately, however, removed for fear of soiling.

The next thing we did was to poke up the slumbering fire; by the light of which we first cast rueful looks on one another, and then some sideway glances around the apartment. In one spot, stood a barrel with an empty bag of dim whiteness, hanging partly in and partly out, while across its top was laid a kneading bowl, and in that a small washing machine;—the barrel being manifestly the repository of meal, and the bag the very affair Bill was to ride, in the morning, to mill. Near us was a shelf holding a few utensils for mush and milk, several tin cups, a wooden bowl in need of scouring, and some calabashes; a large calabash we had noticed outside the door, having a small grape vine for a handle, and intended to represent a bucket for water and other wet and dry uses. In a strap of deerskin nailed under the shelf were stuck certain knives, some ornamented with buck-horn handles, one or two with corn-cob handles, and one handleless; and interspersed judiciously in the same strap were pincushions, scissors, comb, and a few other *et ceteras* of a hoosiery toilette.

But the curiosities were "the two beds and all tuk up by the mother and the childurn." What the bedsteads were made out of was not ascertained. Ricketty they were, screeching, squirming, and wriggling at every slight motion of the sleeping household; but tough and seasoned too must they have been to bear up under their respective loads, especially considering the way some that night kicked *under* the covers, and occasionally *over* them!

In one bed were the lone (?) woman and two children; and in this I am confident, having counted three heads, and one with a cap on. In the other were three or four bodies—Uncle John insisted on, *four*—but I only counted three heads at the bolster;

yet Uncle John in his very last letter holds to it, that he saw another head sticking out near the foot, and two or three legs in such direction as could come only from a head in that latitude. Strong presumptive evidence, granted; yet only presumptive, for a real backwoods' boy can twist himself all round; besides the fleas that night made the bed loads twist their utmost, and legs and arms became so surprisingly commingled, that no ordinary spectator could tell to what bodies they severally pertained. And never were beds so "all tuk up," nor so wonderfully slept all over, till by daylight the whole of their sleep must have been fully extracted; and hence, it was plain enough there was no room for Uncle John or me in either bed; and that if we wanted any sleep we must get it out of the puncheons. We spread, therefore, our horse-blankets each on a puncheon, our separating line being an interstice of three inches; and, transforming saddle-bags into pillows, we essayed to sleep away our weariness and hunger. But the "sweet restorer's" balmy influences were all confined that night, to the two regular beds; and that among other causes owing to a motherly she-swine with a litter of ever so many pigs, and some other bristled gentry in the basement, whence ascended an overpowering dry hickory nut fragrance, and endless variations of grunt, squeak, and shuffle—and in all likelihood the oceans of fleas disturbing us! If not thence, I leave it to such critics to ascertain, who delight in saying and finding *smart* things.

Upon the whole it was not, then, *so* odd that about an hour before dawn, we made ready to set out in search of Fairplay. And of course our preparations awaked the lone woman; when the "cap," already named, being elevated above the sleeping line of the other heads, and also several capless pates of dirty matted hair—gender indeterminate—being also raised and thrust forth in the other bed, we thus held our farewell colloquy:

"Well, my good friend, we thank you kindly for your hospitality, and we are about starting now—what shall we pay you?"

"Laws! bless you, stranger! how you talk!—why do y' allow I'd axe people what's *lost* anything?—and for such 'comedashins?"

"Oh! ma'am—but we put you to trouble—"

"Trouble!—I don't mind trouble now no how—I've had too big a share on it to mind it any more amost—"

"Why, ma'am, you've been very kind—and we really can't go away till we pay you something—"

"Stranger!—I sees you wants to do what's right—but you needn't take out that puss—I'll have to be a most powerful heap poorer nor I'm now, afore I'll take anything for sich a poor shelter to feller critturs what's lost—and them a comin from *meetin* too! Aint that oldermost stranger a kinder sort a preacher?"

"No, my friend, I'm only a member—"

"Well—I couldn't axe meetin folks nothin for the best. I'm right glad you didn't take the right hand trail below our fence, you'd a got into the swamp agin. Now jist mind when you come to a big sugar what blow'd down by the harricane, and take the left, and that will git you clear of the bio—and then keep rite strate on forrerd and you'll soon git to Fairplay."

Farewells were then cordially exchanged, and we left the poor lone woman with emotions of pity, gratitude, and admiration; and we thought too of "the cup of cold water"—"the two mites"—of "one half the world knows not how the other lives"—and "man wants but little here below"—and of all similar sacred and secular sayings, till we came to the prostrate sugar-tree. There we made a judicious digression to avoid miring and suffocating in the morass, and then shortly after dismounted safe and sound, but frightfully hungry, at Fairplay.

And here we rest awhile to devour two breakfasts and repair, if possible, the loss of dinner and supper——

* * * * *

* * Breakfast among the Stars. * *

* * * * *

"Landlord! our horses, if you please."

"They're at the door—they look a right smart chance wusted—but maybe they'll take you home—wish you a pleasant journey and no more scrapes."

The landlord's wishes were not disappointed, for in due time we were snug at home.

CHAPTER XLI.

"This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume."

CHRISTMAS was now approaching; and all Glenville that remained was expected to spend the holiday at Woodville.

But night drew near; and after an entire afternoon passed in expectation and affirmations, thus—"Well, they will be here in a few minutes, now!"—and after repeated visits to our observatory in the attic, we had concluded that, beyond all doubt, within a half-hour the cavalcade would arrive. But, that half-hour elapsed, and no friends came! and then another! and still another! and even then no friends! It was then so very much later than our old folks had been wont to come, that we all sat now in the gloom of disappointment around the parlour, uneasy, and with forebodings of evil—when the clatter of a horse moving rapidly over the frozen earth called us in haste to the door; upon opening which, John Glenville was seen dismounting, who immediately entered and with a countenance of deep distress—

"Why, dear John! what *is* the matter?"

"Melancholy enough! poor Uncle has fallen and broken his thigh! I've come over for Sylvan, and must go back with him instantly. I left word for him to be ready in fifteen minutes."

* * * * * *

Ah! dear reader! if one's happiness is wholly from the earth, what shall we do when that happiness is *so* marred?

Our joy became instant mourning—our pleasant apartment, cheerless—our dainty food, tasteless—our music, the voice of lamentation!

Dear old kind-hearted man! after all the sore disappointments of a long life, is this sad affliction added to your sorrows, and pains, and many bodily injuries! Again, in old age, must you lie in that dark forest in the anguish of broken limbs!—again separated from many that so love you! What a Christmas eve for you! how different from those passed in our days of prosperity!

For myself, when recalling the incidents of our late journey—our harmless pleasantries—our solemn and serious conversations—his hoary head on the floor of the lone woman's cabin—his patience, hilarity, and noble heart—and thought of *him* refused a night's lodging, who had sheltered and fed so many strangers, and of *him* turned, weary, hungry and sick into a western wilderness at night—and now that gray head on a pillow of anguish! that pleasant face changed by pain! that often broken body again crushed and mangled——But, let us change the subject.

Our friends had purposed leaving home early on the morning of the 24th, but an unforeseen business having called away John Glenville, the expedition was postponed a few hours. Yet when he came not at the hour, it was then concluded that the old folks should set out by themselves, with the belief that Mr. Glenville could easily overtake them on the road. To prepare the horses, Mr. Seymour descended a small hill to the stable, whilst Aunt Kitty remained in the cabin to arrange a few small matters previous to the starting. But as her brother was absent a full quarter of an hour beyond what seemed necessary, she stepped to the cabin door, and with the slightest possible impatience—when, to her amazement, she heard a faint voice calling on her for help, and the groans of one as in great bodily pain! She flew in alarm down the hill—and at the stable-door lay Uncle John, his leg broken off at the head of the thigh-bone, himself in an agony of pain, and in danger of perishing even from cold, without a speedy removal! His horse had proved restive on being led from the stable, and in a consequent struggle Mr. S. slipping on some ice had fallen and received the hurt.

Aunt Kitty quickly decided on her plan. She brought from the cabin the buffalo robe bestowed by the Osage war-chief, and spreading it near her wounded brother, she managed, weak and unaided, to get him, a large and heavy man, fairly into the middle of the robe. Staying, then, her tears, and raising her heart to God for fortitude and strength, she began to drag her mournful load towards the cabin. But she soon found herself too weak for the task, and in despair, looked around—when, on her way home, and, by an *unusual* path near our cabin, passed now that very woman commemorated elsewhere in this work, for a novel appearance in cow-hunting! Catching a glimpse of this woman, Aunt Kitty cried out for assistance; and the kind-hearted neighbour was almost instantly at her side, and adding a strength superior to that of a dozen pretty ladies, she soon, with Aunt Kitty's aid, had our wounded relative hauled to the cabin-door. Here, with great difficulty and labour on their part, and pain on his, the sufferer was partly lifted and partly dragged up and over the steps and sill, and finally laid on a low bed, prepared for his reception.

Mrs. Littleton now examined her brother's wound, and, with the help of her humble friend, she forced the leg into something like a natural position, and then splintered and bandaged it, to the best of her ability. In a few minutes after this, John Glenville entered the cabin, who, on learning the mournful accident, instantly remounted and hurried to Woodville.

Dr. Sylvan was, unfortunately, not at home, and we obtained only one of his students; when Glenville, having refreshed himself a few moments with us, was, attended by the pupil, quickly replunged into the cold and darkness of a now tempestuous night and howling wilderness! They reached the cabin a short time before day-break: but the embryo surgeon, without adding or taking from, deemed it best to let all the bandages remain as Aunt Kitty had bound them! And so poor Uncle John, after lying on his bed for seventy wearisome days and nights, rose again to life and health—yet not to his former shape and activity; for the leg had shrunk in the knitting of the bone, and his right side was two inches shorter than before the accident.

And yet, reader, so youthful and buoyant the spirit of this noble old gentleman, that he and I hunted often together after his recovery—he walking with a crutch in one hand, and a heavy rifle in the other! But so gloomy had become the cabin-life to the old folks, where death might easily occur from the absence of ordinary help, and where, perhaps, Uncle John's deformity might have been lessened by prompt medical aid, that our tannery was sold, and our relatives removed to Woodville. Mr. Glenville, however, chose a new site for a store several miles from the old settlement, which then, as to us, ceased to be—save that sacred spot reserved in the sale, and where rest, far from us, scattered as we are, and ever in this life shall be, the ashes of the mother!

Once, and but once, subsequent to this desertion, did I pass along a new road laid through that settlement, and between the two cabins. Around, for many acres, the forest was no more; but corn and wheat were ripening in its place. A new brick house stood in our garden; and the cabin was changed into a stable. And yet, while all the changes were for the better, and a most joyous evening was smiling on the coming harvest—I sat on my horse, and had one of my girlish fits of tears!

Yes!—I cried like Homer's heroes—and that in spite of the critic who, running over the book to make an article, will say, "the author, tender-hearted soul, cries again towards the close of year the third." Yes!—I *cried!* And since that summer's evening, I have *never* seen my first forest-home; for I purposely ever after, avoided the hateful new road through it, and that, too, by the Indian grave.

CHAPTER XLII.

FOURTH YEAR.

"Sit mihi fas audita loqui."

"It is the witness still of excellency
To put a *stranger* face on his own perfection."

Our fourth year introduces an epoch, the Augustan age of the New Purchase—the opening of the State College!

And now comes on the stage, as one principal actor, my friend, the Reverend Charles Clarence, A.M., Principal and Professor of Ancient Languages. This gentleman had accepted our appointment, not for the paltry stipend paid as his salary, but wholly because he longed to be in the romantic West, and among its earliest literary pioneers; and hence, early this spring, he was with us, and not merely ready, but even enthusiastically impatient to commence his labours.

His wife was with him—the woman of his seven years' love! They had tasted, however, the wormwood of affliction's cup, and even now wore the badges of recent bereavements. Mr. Clarence, leaving his wife and two little children, went to the south again on business; and after an absence of four months, on returning to his boarding-house in Philadelphia, he was surprised at hearing and seeing no signs of his babes. His wife, instead of answering in words his eager questions, suddenly threw her arms about his neck, and bursting into an agony of tears, exclaimed—"*Both are dead!*—come into our room—I'll tell you all!"

Here was a sad waking from day-dreaming! and Clarence was with us, having altered views of life, and seeing that we have something to do in it, besides to amuse or be amused. Happy chastisement our friend afterwards deemed it, when encountering sore disappointments and many, in his professional career: ay! he was destined to endure the utter crushing of all his high hopes and purposes. For, if ever man was influenced by disinterested motives, and fired with enthusiasm for advancing solid learning—if ever one desirous of seeing western institutions rival, if not excel, others—if ever a person came willing to live and die with us, and to sacrifice eastern tastes and prejudices, and become, in every proper way, a Western Man, my friend Clarence was he.

Much more could we say, if the modesty of my friend permitted; but he affirms positively that he will not edit the book if I do not stop here.

Be it remembered, that Uncle Sam is an undoubted friend of *public* education, and that, although so sadly deficient in his own; and hence, in the liberal distribution of other folks' land, he bestowed on us several entire townships for a college or university. It was, therefore, democratically believed, and loudly insisted on, that as the State had freely received, it should freely give; and that "larnin, even the most powerfullest highest larnin," should at once be bestowed on every body! and without a farthing's expense! Indeed, some gravely said and argued that teachers and professors in the "people's college ought to sarve for the honour!" or at least be content with "a dollar a day, which was more nor double what a feller got for mauling rails!" The popular wrath, therefore, was at once excited almost to fury when necessity compelled us to fix our tuition fee at ten dollars a year; and the greatest indignation was felt and expressed towards Clarence "as the feller what tuk hire for teaching and preaching, and was gettin to be a big-bug on the poor people's edicashin money."

Be it recollected too, that both big and little colleges were erected by persons who, with reverence be it spoken, in all matters pertaining to "high larnin," had not sufficient discrimination to know the second letter of an alphabet from a buffalo's foot. Nothing, we incline to believe, can ever make State schools and colleges very good ones; but nothing can make them so bad, we repeat, as for Uncle Sam to leave every point open to debate, especially among ignorant, prejudiced, and selfish folks in a New Purchase. For while trustees may be ninnies, nincompoops, or even ninnyhammers as to proper plans and buildings, yet are such when masons, bricklayers and carpenters, keen-sighted enough to secure the building contracts for themselves and their friends, and curiously exorbitant in their demands on the sub-treasurer's for their silly work. The mean-looking and ridiculous arrangements at Woodville cost as much, perhaps more, than *suitable* things would have cost; so that when a college is to be commenced, it ought to be done, not only by honest but by wise, learned, classical men; but as such are not abundant in very new settlements, let such men at Washington—and such *are* at Uncle Sam's bureau—let them prescribe when, and how, and where, our new western institutions are to be; and if rebellious democrats refuse the gift so encumbered, let it be given to more modest and quiet democrats.

Proceed we, however, to open the college. And my narration may be depended on, as Clarence has reviewed the whole and says it is substantially correct,—indeed, in some respect I was a *quorum-para*.

The institution was opened the first day of May, at 9¼ o'clock, A. M., anno Domini 1800, and so forth. And, some floors being unlaid, and the sashes all being without glass, the *opening* was as complete as possible—nearly like that of an Irish hedge school! When the Principal—so named in our minutes and papers, but by the vulgar called *master*, and by the middle sort, *teacher*—appeared, a clever sprinkle of *boy* was in waiting; most of which firmly believed that, by some magic art, our hero *could*, and being paid by government, *should*, and without putting any body to the expense of books and implements, touch and transmute all, and in less than no time, into great scholars.

"Boys and *young gentlemen*," said Mr. C. compounding the styles of a pedagogue and professor, "I am happy to see you; and we are now about to commence our State College, or, as some call it, the Seminary. I hope all feel what an honour attends being the first students in an institution so well endowed; and which, therefore, by proper exertions on our parts, may eventually rise to the level of eastern colleges, and become a blessing to our State and country. You have all, I suppose, procured the necessary books, of which notice was given at *meeting*, and in several other ways, for the last four weeks."

"I've got 'em—"

"Me too—"

"I've brung most on 'em—"

"Master—Uncle Billy's to fetch mine out in his wagin about Monday next—"

"Father says he couldn't mind the names and wants them on a paper—"

"Books!—I never heern tell of any books—wont these here ones do, Master?—this here's the Western Spellin one—and this one's the Western Kalkelatur?"

"Mr. Clarinse—I fotch'd my copy-book and a bottle of red ink to sit down siferin in—and daddy wants me to larn bookkeepin and surveying."

"Order boys—order!"—hem!—"let all take seats in front. There is a misunderstanding with some, both as to the books and the whole design and plan of the school, I perceive. This is a Classical and Mathematical School; and that fact is stated and fully explained in the trustees' public advertisements; and no person can be admitted unless one intending to enter upon and pursue the prescribed course; and that includes even at the start Latin, Greek, and Algebra. Now, first, let us see who are to study the dead languages—"

"I do—I do—me too—me too," etc., etc.

"Do you, then sit there. Well—now let me have your names for the roll—A. Berry—S. Smith—C. D., etc., etc.—ten names—I will attend to you ten directly, so soon as I have dismissed the others. I regret, my young friends, that you are disappointed—but I am only doing my duty; indeed, if I wished, I have no power to admit you, unless to the course of studies—nay, even the trustees have power to do only what they have done. I hope, therefore, you will now go home, and explain the matter to your friends ——"

By several—

"Daddy says he doesn't see no sort a use in the high larn'd things—and he wants me to larn Inglish only, and book-keepin, and surveying, so as to tend store and run a line."

"I allow, Mister, we've near on about as good a right to be larn'd what we wants, as them tother fellers on that bench;—it's a free school for all."

"I am sorry, boys, for this misunderstanding; but we cannot argue the subject here. And yet every one must see one matter plainly; for instance, any man has a right to be governor, or judge or congressman; yet none of you can be elected before the legal age, and before having some other qualifications. It is so here, you all have a right to what we have to bestow; but you must be '*qualified*' to enter; and must be content to receive the gift of the State in the way the law provides and orders. You will please go home now."

The disappointed youngsters accordingly withdrew; and with no greater rudeness than was to be expected from undisciplined chaps, full of false notions of rights, and possessed by a wild spirit of independence. Hence, Mr. C. heard some very flattering sentiments growled at him by the retiring young democrats; but which, when they had fairly reached the entry, were bawled and shouted out frankly and fearlessly. And naturally after this he was honoured with some high sounding epithets by certain hypocritical demagogues in rabblerousing speeches—sneaking gentlemen, who aimed to get office and power by endless slanders on the college, and most pitiful and malicious slang about "liberty and equality, and rights and tyranny, and big-bugs, and poor people, and popular education," and the like.

Certain small-potatoe-patriots publicly on the stump avowed "it was a right smart chance better to have no college no how, if all folks hadn't equal right to larn what they most liked best." And two second-rate pettifoggers electioneered on this principle; "that it was most consistent with the republicanism taught by the immortal Jefferson, and with the genius of our institutions, to use the college funds to establish common schools for rich and poor alike, and make the blessings of education like air, sunshine, and water!"

Clarence, therefore, was now hated and villified as the supposed instrument of pride and aristocracy, in drawing a line between rich and poor; and for a while his person, his family, his very house was abominated. On one occasion he was in Woodville when a half-drunken brute thus halloed against him—"thare goes that high larn'd bug what gits nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents of the people's eddekashin money for larnin ristekrats' sons high-flown words—gimme that 'are stone and I'll do for him." Whether this was fun or earnest, Clarence did not care to ascertain; for hearing the sneers and derision of the bystanders, and fearing it might become earnest, he took shelter in my store.

At another time walking with Professor Harwood in the outskirts of the village, they heard a cry in their rear—"knock 'em down"—when suddenly turning, there stood a stout chap flourishing a bludgeon over their heads, evidently, indeed, in a *sort* of fun, but which was, however, an index of the popular ill-will and spite.

When persons rode by his dwelling, remarks like the following would be shouted forth:—

"Well—thar's whar the grammur man lives that larns 'em Latin and grand-like things—allow we'll oust him yet—he dosen't own little college any how; he's poor as Job's turkey, if it want for that powerful sallury the trustees give him."

Clarence's salary was four hundred dollars per annum.

"Well," bawled out one fellow—"dog my hide if that ain't the furst time I ever seed that big man's door open!—hem!—powerful fine carpet!—(a beautiful rag carpet made by Mrs. C.)—allow people's eddekashin money *bought* that!"

Even Mr. C.'s gratuitous preaching could not secure him from ill-natured remarks. "Well," said an occasional hearer to another, once—"how do y'like that sort a preachin?" "Foo!" was the reply, "I don't want no more sich! I like a man that kin jist read, and then I know it comes from the sperit! he tuk out his goold watch twice to show it, and was so d——d proud he wouldn't *kneel* down to *pray!*"

But the reader may wish to know how Mr. Clarence got along with "the Few." Well, as the warm weather approached, the "boys and young gentlemen" came to recitation without coats; and, as the thermometer arose, they came without *shoes* ——

"What! in the State college? Could your Mr. Clarence not have things ordered with more decency?"

Softly, Mr. Dignity—in a world where our presiding judge, a man of worth and great abilities, sat in court without his coat and cravat, and with his feet modestly reposed on the upper rostrum, thus showing his boot-soles to by-standers and lawyers; where lawyers were stripped and in shirt-sleeves; and where even Governor Sunbeam, in a stump speech, gave blast to his nose pinched between a thumb and finger, and wiped said pinchers afterwards on the hinder regions of his inexpressibles; do you, sir, think our Mr. C., or all eastern dignitaries combined, could have compelled young bushwhackers to wear coats and shoes in recitation rooms? He indeed ventured once as follows:—

"Young *gentlemen*"—(hem!)—"why do you attend recitations without coats and shoes?"

"'Tis cooler, sir!" —— with surprise.

"Ay! so it is—perhaps it would be still cooler if you came without your *pantaloons*."

Haw! haw!—by the whole ten.

"And *did* they, Mr. Carlton, come *without* their indispensables?"

Oh! dear me! no; on the contrary, the young gentlemen were so tickled at our professor's pleasant hint direct, that next day they not only came in their breeches, but also with shoes and coats on!

CHAPTER XLIII.

"This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness."

* * * * * *

"What would you have, you curs?"

The nature of our favourite doctrine—the sovereignty of the people—is but imperfectly understood from theory; and, truly, what importance to the vast majority to be called kings, unless opportunities are afforded to exercise the royal prerogatives?

True, in the constitutions of the twenty-six States, are paper models of republican governments, the purest in nature; such as the monarchical-republic, the oligarchic, the aristocratic, the federal, the democratic, ay, the cheatitive or repudiative, the despotic, the mobocratic, the anarchic: but what of all this, if the citizen kings cannot be indulged in a little visible, tangible, audible, law-making, law-judging and law-executing?

Now, in the New Purchase, the people universal, the people general, the people special, of every county, town and village, of every sect, religious and irreligious, of every party, political, impolitical, and non-political, were indulged in *bona fide* acts of real rity-dity sovereignty. The fact is, we did nothing else than *rule* one another; and none ever even *obeyed* for fear of *disobeying;* and hence our public servants—and we kept them sweating—being distracted by opposite instructions from different constituents—for candidates with us only carried up votes, wishes, etc.—from Thomas and Richard and Henry and Squire Rag and Major Tagg and Mister Bobtail, and being imperiously ordered to rob Peter to pay Paul, our public servants, poor knaves and honest rascals, would not obey, simply out of reverence and for fear of offending and hurting our feelings!

Here follows a specimen of the people ruling the college and the college ruling the people.

We, the people of the Trustees, for the good of the people general, did resolve this autumn to elect a Professor of Mathematics and advertised accordingly. This of itself enraged the people who set no value on learning, and deemed one small salary a waste of the poor people's education money; but when rumour declared we intended to elect a man nominally a Rat—(nickname for a religious sect in the Purchase, and Mr. Clarence being also a Rat)—the wrath was roused of the people, religious and irreligious, of all other sects. This, indeed, was confined to Woodville; for from the very first, we, the people of Woodville and thereabouts, did kindly adopt the State College as ours; and we, therefore, claimed the sole right of superintending the Legislature, the Board of Visitors, the Board of Trustees, the Faculty, proper and improper, the Students, foreign and domestic, the Funds, the Buildings—the everything; and for some time we ordered and regulated, and turned in and out most despotically.

Well, the people having united the peoples in a fixed purpose, viz.—to keep out a Rat, but not having united them in any purpose of putting in anybody else, the people, now sovereign and of many kings, held a meeting up town in the court-house yard; while we, the trustee-people and sovereigns of another sort, were holding our meeting to elect a professor in the prayer-hall of Big College; and then the People's-people, formed under the command of Brigadier Major General Jacobus, Esq., Clerk of Court, Chief Librarian of Woodville Library, and Deputy Post Master under his late Majesty, General Andrew Jackson, marched down in a formidable battalion to give us our orders.

This grand dignitary of so many tails, just named, was most fit head to the fit body he conducted. He was no inconsiderable a people himself, being very fat and very saucy; nay, as in warm weather he always appeared without coat, vest, cravat, and usually with slouched hat, shoes down at heel on stockingless feet, and one "gallus" hard strained to keep up his greasy and raggy breeches; and as in this costume he strutted everywhere full of swagger and brag, he was *then* the best living and embodied personification of a mistaken, conceited, meddlesome, pragmatical people anywhere to be found. He flourished in that grand era, rotation in office; but by him it was interpreted a rotation out of *one* public office into *another*—yea! even now he actually sustained at once *seven* salaried offices little and big—yea! moreover to these seven tails he added and very commonly exhibited another—*the tail of his shirt!* Now, one may conceive how our great father of one or more terms looks; one can even imagine how Uncle Sam looks; but who forms approximating conceptions of that proteus sovereign—the People! Believe me, his rowdy majesty, General Jacobus, is as near a likeness, in many essential respects, as can be obtained—but this is digression.

Our honourable Trustees were, as usual, sitting with open doors, and hence were, as heretofore, accommodated with numerous lobby members; and these kept muttering discontent at our doings, and often volunteered remarks in a play-house whisper for our correction and guidance. Dr. Sylvan, however, who anticipated a storm, had contrived to put the vote for Mr. Harwood's election, a little prior to the first faint noise of the coming cataract of turbid waters, and had succeeded in securing this gentleman's unanimous choice—when a considerable hurrahing outside announced the People's-people—and in a moment after, in swaggered his greasy royalty, General Jacobus, followed by as much of the ultimate sovereignty as could squeeze into the room. And then King Slouch commenced as follows:

"Mr. President and gentlemen of the Board!—hem!—I have the honour to be the orgun of the people—hem!—and by their orders I've come in here, to forbid the election of Mr. Harwood of Kaintucky, as *our* Professur of Mathematucs—hem!—in the people's collidge—he-e-em! You'r all servunts of the people and hain't the right no how to give away their edicashion money without thar consent—I say—hem!—as all is not admitted to these here halls of science—he-e-em! And the people in the inbred, incohesive use of thar indefessibul native rights, order me thar orgun to say they don't want two teachers of the same religion no how—and I say it—and I say, Mr. President, they say it's better to have them of different creeds, and I say that too—for they say they'll watch one another and not turn the students to thar religion and—hem! Yes, the people in their plenitude have met, and they say they don't want no church and state—and I say it; for thar's a powerful heap of danger to let one sect have all the power—and I call on this board to let their historic recollections be—be—recollected—and wasn't thar John Calvin, the moment he got the power, didn't he burn poor Mikul Servetis at the stake—and—and—so ain't it plain if two men here git all the power thar's a beginning of church and state, as that immortal Jefferson says? And who knows if you and me and the people here mayn't be tortered and burn'd yet in a conflagaration of fagguts and fire? Who then with this probability ——"

Here Dr. Sylvan, our worthy President, interrupted the speaker, the doctor being now only recovered from his surprise; for, veteran as he was in politics, and often as he had known the people essay small overt acts of sovereignty, this affair was no novel and so grandly impudent, that it took him the first half of the harangue to collect himself, and the other to concoct the following judicious compound of decision, sarcasm and blarney:

"It is with regret, General Jacobus and my respected fellow-citizens, I interrupt the eloquent utterance of sentiments so patriotic and so well adapted to excite our disgust and horror at a union of Church and State; but in the present case, I do really believe the danger is not to be apprehended. In the first place, we all know the liberal sentiments of Professor Clarence towards all religious bodies; and in the second place, the gentleman just elected by us before the entrance of your honourable body and organ, is not known to be a member of any communion; and lastly, we Trustees are of six different denominations ourselves, and therefore, as we put in we can also put out, the instant danger is found to threaten the State from our present course. And, fellow-citizens, we shall, I am confident, be quite Argus-eyed over our faculty—but at all events we have gone too far to retrace our steps; for Mr. Harwood is *legally* appointed, and for what we deemed good reasons. And surely no American citizen in this glorious land of equal rights and blood-bought liberties, where the meanest felon has a trial by jury, will contend that an honourable and unoffending man of another State—the noble old Kentucky—should be turned out of office—and no accusation against his competency and moral character? Backwoodsmen don't ask *that!*—and they don't think of it. Had this honourable representation come fifteen minutes sooner, *something* might have been done or prevented—for we are indeed servants of the people—but Mr. Harwood ought now to have time to show himself, and cannot be degraded without an impeachment. And who is ready to impeach a *Kentuckian* because John Calvin or John Anybody else burnt Servetus a hundred years ago?—and that, when it is not even known whether Mr. Harwood himself might not have been roasted in the days of persecution for some heresy mathematical or religious! Fellow-citizens, our meeting is adjourned."

Our venerable Congress at Washington sometimes gets into a row, and even breaks up in a riot. And why should it not be so, when many conscript fathers have practised bullyism from early life, and have only gone to the great conservative assembly to do, on a large scale, dirty things often done before on a small one? Or why, on the other hand, if the reverend young fathers there set us, the people, the example, should any person affect to wonder that we sometimes imitate our lawgivers? Whether we, the New Purchase people, set or followed the example, need not be determined; but we certainly adjourned to-day in a grand kick-up; which, if described, must be in the pell-mell style of history.

At the word "adjourned," ending Doctor Sylvan's speech, came a violent and simultaneous rush; some pushing towards the door, to get out—some from without into the door, to get in—and some towards the clerk's seat, to seize and destroy the record: but that wary officer, at the same word just named, had quietly slipped the sacred record into his breeches' pocket, the minutes being only recorded with a lead pencil on a quarter sheet of cap paper. Then commenced a hell-a-below, loud enough at first, but which, like a Latin Inceptive, still went on and tended to perfection; being an explosion commingled of growl, curse, hurrah, hiss, stamp, and clap; and then and there and all through the "mass meeting," were Brigadier Major General Jacobus, and our people and the people's people and other people, all huddled and crowded and mixed, and all and every one and each were and was explaining, demanding, denying, do-telling, and wanting to know, somewhat thus:

"Hurrah for Harwood!—rot him and Clarinse too—ain't the money our'n, that's what I want to know? I say, Doctor, remember next 'lection!—that's the pint—you lie, by the lord Harry!—let me out, blast your eyes!—it aint—it 'tis—let us in, won't you?—do tell—General Jacobus ought to have his nose pulled—he didn't burn him—don't tell me—pull it if you dare—he burnt hisself—go to the devil—no patchin' to him—powerful quick on the trigger—Calvin—get up petition to legislature—rats—didn't I say we ought to get down sooner?—faggots—Harwood aint—gunpowder—darn'd clever fellow—Servetus—hurrah for *hic hæc hoc!*—let's out—give 'em more money—let's in—is the board to be forced?—get out o' my way—fair trial—don't blast—answer that—I know better—'taint—'tis—hold *your* jaw—whoo!—shoo!—hiss—hinyow—bowwow—rumble—grumble—Sylvan—Clarinse—Jacobus—Harwood, Servetus"—etc., etc., and away rolled majesty, till the noise in the distance was like the grum mutter of retiring thunder!

"How awful yonder emerged He-Duck,
As he pond'rous rolls in mighty waddle,
From the deep shallows come of Tadpole Pond
Frog-spewed and muddy!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

> "We still have slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together."
> * * * * * * *
> "————————are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court ?"

Reader !

"Well, what now ?"

Will you go with us ? Come, surely Tippecanoe will arouse you—

"But, Mr. Carlton, only think of the *mud*."

Yes, dear reader, but only think of the *girls*.

"Girls !"—

Yes, and very pretty and intelligent ones too—real *lady* Hoosierinas—

"Are you in earnest ? Who are they ?"

The young ladies of Miss Emily Glenville's Woodville Female Institute.

"Oh !—aye !—I had forgot your school—what then ?"

Why, it is our vacation, and myself with one or two other gentlemen are going to escort the girls home. Seven of the pupils belong to wealthy and respectable families in the north, and one or two live very near to Tippecanoe.

"Heigho !—out of compliment to the ladies we go ; but how long will you be yet ?"

Oh, we shall get through after a while. "No lane," you know, etc. Of course, then, you consent.

Well, our party consisted of eleven persons—the seven girls, the father and brother of one girl, and myself and young Mr. Frank, of Woodville, who, like myself, wished to see the world. To carry us were precisely ten horses and a half; the fractional creature being a dwarf pony, an article or noun, which young B——k, the brother, rode, like a velocipede, and which, by pressing the toes of boots against hard and hilly places in the path, could be aided by pushing. And thus, also, the rider could a *sorter* stand and go, like wheels in motion, at once; and all that would greatly relieve the tedium of monotonous riding. The special use of the pony was manifested in fording mud-holes, quicksands, quagmires, marshes, high waters, and the like. In vain did the rider pull up his limbs; in vain shrink away up towards the centre of his saddle—up followed the cream-coloured mud in beech swamps, the black mud and water in bayous, the black mud itself in walnut and sugar lands, or the muddy water in turbid creeks and rivers, while the rider became *deeply* interested in the circulating medium.

How I do wish you could have seen us set out! Dear, oh dear! the scampering, and tearing, and winnowing, and kicking up, and cocking of ears, as the quadrupeds were "being" rid up to the rack! and then the clapping on of horse-blankets and saddles—male and female—croopers, and circingles and bridles,—double and single!—What a drawing of girths! What a fixing, and unfixing and refixing of saddle-bags! What a hanging of "fixins" themselves, done up in red handkerchiefs, on the horns of the gentler sex saddles! And then the girls—like the barbarians in Cæsar's Commentaries in one battle—they seemed to be every where at once—up stairs, down stairs, on the stairs, in the closet under the stairs! They were in the house, out of the house, in the yard, at the door, by the horses! And oh, how they did ask questions and get answers. "Where's my shawl?" "Is this it?" "Did nobody see my basket?" "I didn't." "Who's got my album?" "Mr. Frank." "Will some body fasten my fixens?" "He ain't here." "Won't nobody carry this?" and so on through all the bodies.

The animals were now all harnessed; the bustle had subsided, and all had come to that silent state when no more questions can be asked, but all are waiting for some one to begin the—farewell. And then came that sad word, amid gushing tears—'mid sobs and kisses—for with some "the schooling" was finished: and "who could tell whether ever more should meet" those sprightly, happy, sweet companions!

But soon followed the uproar of mounting; and with that *seemed* to pass all sorrow; and yet so painful had been the last few moments, that an excuse was needed for saying and doing something lively. Of course we all said a great many smart things, or what passed for such, in the way of compliment, raillery and repartee; and we guessed, and reckoned, and allowed, and foretold the most contrary matters about the weather, and the roads, and the waters, and even about our fates through the whole of our coming lives. In the meanwhile horse after horse was paraded towards the block, each receiving extra jerks, and some handsome slaps and kicks on the off flank, to make him wheel into position; when next moment away he scampered with a side-way-rider, in trot, shuffle, pace, or canter, according to his fancy, till all the lady riders were on the saddles, and then Mr. B——k, Sen., and myself riding in advance, he shouted, "Come on, girls—we're off."

And *off* it was—amidst the giggling of girls, and the laughter of neighbours, nodding good-byes with their heads, or shaking them out of handkerchiefs, from doors and windows; and also the boisterous farewells of some two dozen folks that had helped us fix. *Off* it was, some at a hard trot, some at a round gallop, and others at a soft pace or shuffle, the animals snorting, squealing, and winnowing—sometimes six abreast, sometimes two, sometimes all huddled like a militia cavalry training; and then all in Indian file, one by one, with yards of space between us! Oh! the squeezing of lower limbs against horse-quarters!—the kicking and splattering of mud!—the streaming forth of ill-secured kerchiefs and capes! Oh, the screeching! shouting! laughing! shaking! What flapping of saddle-skirts! What walloping of saddle-bags! Away with stages!—steamers!—cars! Give me a horse and the life, activity and health of Hoosiers and Hoosierinas let loose all at once in the whirligig storm and fury of that morning's starting!

We soon degenerated into a slow trot, and finally into a fast walk, with episodial riding to scare a flock of wild turkeys, or add wings to the flight of a deer; till we all became, at last, so shaken down and settled in our saddles, as to seem each a compound of man (☞ *homo*) and horse. Yet, for hours we kept up talk of all kinds. Yea! we halloed—we quizzed—we laughed! We talked seriously too—for no one rides through our grand woods any more than he sails forth on the grand waters, and feels not solemn! And we even talked *religiously*—more so than some readers would care to hear! Lively, indeed, we were—but God even *then* was in our thoughts; and some of that happy company were then, and are yet, ornaments of the Christian world—some are in heaven! Yes, then as now, we often passed, as is the case with the joyous, the frank-hearted, the *middle* class, and, in an instant, from laughter to tears.

No halt was made for dinner: it was handed round on horseback. A piece, or half a piece of ham, boxed neatly between two boards of corn-bread, and held delicately—as possible—between the finger and thumb of an attendant, was thus presented for acceptance. Yet not always was it easy to take the proffered dainties; since often the horse, out of sheer affectation, or because of a sly kick or switch from an unseen quarter, would, at the instant of captation, jump aside, or leap forward, and verify the proverb—"many a slip between the cup and the lip."

Towards evening it was heard that Slippery River was falling, but could not yet be forded; and hence it was determined to stay all night in a cabin several miles this side, in expectation of our being able to ford in the morning. We were, of course, received by our friends with open hearts, and entertained in the most approved backwoods' style—the only awkwardness being, that beds could be furnished but for four of our party. As some, therefore, must sleep on the floor, it was unanimously voted that *all* should share alike in the *hardship* and frolic of a puncheon's night's rest; and hence, in due season, all hands were piped to convert our supper-room into a grand bed-chamber. And first, the floor was swept; secondly, our blankets were spread on it; thirdly, over these horse-cloths, was put a good rag-carpet; and, lastly, in a line were ranged saddle-bags, and valises, interspersed with other bolsters and pillows, stuffed with feathers and rags; and then, the fire being secured, we all began to undress ——

"Oh! goodness! Mr. Carlton!—girls! and all?"

Girls and all, my dear.

"I vow then, I will never marry and go to a New Purchase! But did the ladies really divest—hem!—before—the—the——"

Oh! that I cannot say. *Western* gentlemen never peep: but our order of "reclinature," as Doctor Hexagon would doubtless say, was as follows: Mr. B——k, Sen., reclined first, having on his outside next the door, his son, and on the inside, his daughter; then the other girls, one after another, till all were finished; then his modesty, Mr. C., who, having a wife at home, was called, by courtesy to suit the occasion, an old man; and then, outside him, and next the other door, young Mr. Frank ——

"I never!—no—I never *did!*"

—— and then after a little nearly inaudible whispering, bursting at short intervals into very audible giggles, the hush of the dark wilderness came upon us—and—an—a—

* * * * * *

Hey!—oh!—ah!—I beg pardon—I think we must have been asleep!

* * * * * *

After breakfast our friend Mr. B——k, Sen., offered an earnest prayer, in which thanks were returned for past mercies and favours, and supplication made for protection during the prospective perils of the day; and in an hour after we were within sight, and hearing too, of the sullen and angry flood.

The waters had, indeed, fallen in a good degree, and they were still decreasing, yet no person, a stranger to the West, could have looked on that foaming and eddying river leaping impetuous over the rocky bed, and have heard the echoes of its many thunders calling from cliff to cliff, and from one dark cavern to another in the forest arching over the water—no inexperienced traveller, all sign of hoof and wheel leading to the ford obliterated, could have supposed that our party, and mostly very young girls, were seriously preparing to cross that stream on our horses! But either that must be, or our path be retraced; and sobered, therefore, although not intimidated, we made ready for the perilous task. The older and more resolute girls were seated on the sure-footed horses; and all their dresses were properly arranged, and all loose cloaks and clothes carefully tied up, that, in case of accident, nothing might entangle the hands or feet. Several little girls were to be seated behind the gentlemen, while a loose horse or two was left to follow. We gentlemen riders were also to ride between two young ladies, to aid in keeping their horses right, to seize a rein on emergencies, and to encourage the ladies, in case they showed any symptoms of alarm.

Things ready, we all rode boldly to the water's edge; where a halt was called, till Mr. B——k and Mr. C. should go foremost and try the ford. And now, dear reader, it may be easy to ford Slippery River in this book, and maybe Mr. C. has contrived to seem courageous like—but that morning, at first sight of that ugly water, he did secretly wish it had been bridged, and feel—that is—wished all safe over; and possibly had he been favoured with a few moments' more reflection, he might have been rather scared—yet just then, souse went Mr. B. up to his saddle-skirts, seeming a man on a saddle with a tail streaming out horizontally, and then came his voice thus:

"Come on, Carlton!—come on!"

"Ay! ay! sir—I'm in—souse—splash! Oho! the water's in my boots!"

"Hold up your legs!—why don't you?"

"Forgot it, Mr. B.—don't care now—can't get any wetter."

N. B.—None, save born and bred woodsmen, can keep the limbs properly packed and dry on the horse neck, in deep fords: naturalized woodmen never do it either gracefully or successfully. I have myself vainly tried a hundred times: but at the first desperate plunge and lurch of the quadruped, I have always had to unpack the articles and let them drop into the water—otherwise I should have dropped myself.

Mr. B. and myself rode around and into the deepest places, satisfying ourselves and the rest, that with due caution and fortitude the ford was practicable—or *nearly* so: and then I returned for the girls, while Mr. B. rode down and stationed himself in the middle river about twenty-five yards below the ford proper, to intercept, if possible, any article or person falling from or thrown by a blundering horse. Having myself been in the deepest water, although not the most rapid, and knowing that much depended on my firmness and care, my sense of personal danger was lost in anxiety for my precious charge; and I reëntered the perilous flood with the girls with something like a determination, if necessary, to save their lives rather than my own.

Several of these, from the first, utterly refused all assistance; and they now sat like queens of the chivalric age—seeming, occasionally, tiny boats trimmed with odd sails and tossing mid the foam, as their horses rose and sunk over the roughness of the rocky bottom! The other girls, shutting their eyes to avoid looking at the seeming dangers, and also to prevent swimming of the head, held the horn of the saddle with a tenacious grasp, and surrendered the horses to the guidance of the escorts.

On reaching the middle of the river, here some eighty yards wide, the depth had, indeed, decreased to about two feet; but then the rocks being more, and larger and rougher, the current was raging among them—a miniature of the Niagara Rapids. Here was I seized with a momentary perplexity. By way of punishing the incipient cowardice, however, I checked my own horse and that of the trembling girl next me, and thus remaining, forced my eyes to survey the whole really terrific scene, and to contemplate a cataract of waters thundering in an unbroken sheet over a ledge of rocks thirty feet high, and a short distance above the ford. And having thus compelled myself in the very midst of the boiling sea, to endure its surges, we proceeded cautiously and leisurely, till with no other harm than a good wetting, especially to my boots and upwards, and a little palpitation of the heart, all came safe to land.

And then the chattering! and how we magnified ourselves! The charges and denials too!—"Mary what makes you so pale?"—"Pshaw!—I'm not—I was not scared a bit!"—"Nor me neither—" "Ha! ha! ha!—you had your eyes shut all the time!"—"Oh! Mr. Carlton, had I?" "Well," said he, "we must not tell tales out of school: beside, I was half *afraid* I should get *scared* myself."

"You! Mr. Carlton," said Mr. B.; "well it may be so; but without flattery, you brought the girls over about as well as I could have done it myself—why, you were as cool as a woodsman."

"Well, after that praise, Mr. Blank"—for that is the name—"I mean to set up for a real genuine Hoosier."

Reader! I do not deserve such praise: but as to being "cool," there was no mistake—only think of the cold water in my boots and elsewhere!

Inquiry was made about the pony: and that was answered by a general "Haw! haw! haw! hoo! hoo! hoo! he! he! he!" and so through the six cases—and mingled with the exclamation "look! look!"—"down thare! down thare!"

We of course looked; and about thirty yards below the landing, was pony, or rather pony's head, his body and tail being invisible; but whether, hippopotamus-like, he walked on the bottom, or was actually swimming, was uncertain. But there he was; and by the progression of his ears, he was manifestly making headway pretty fast towards our side; although ever and anon, by the sudden dousing of his ears, he had either plunged into water deeper than his expectation, or been momentarily upset by the current. By this time our two young gentlemen had got opposite to pony, and were waiting to assist at his toilette on his emerging;—for his saddle and bridle, etc., had been all brought over on a vacated steed. The three soon rejoining us, we all, in health, and with grateful hearts and good spirits, were again dashing on, wild and independent Tartars, through our own loved forests.

But before we could reach our quarters this night, Nut Creek was to be passed, too deep to be forded, and having neither bridge nor scow! It was to be done—by canoe!

The canoe, in the present case, was a log ten feet long, and eighteen inches wide, and hacked, burned and scraped, to the depth of a foot: and it was tolerably well rounded to a *point* at each end, being, however, destitute of keel or rudder. It was, indeed, wholly unlike any fairy skiff found in poetry or Scott's Novels, or in the engravings of annuals bound in cloth and gold, and reposing on centre tables. Nor was it either classical or Indian. It differed from a bark-canoe as a wooden shoe from a black morocco slipper! Either nature, or a native, had begun a hog-trough to hold swill and be snouted: but its capacities proving better than expectation—a little extra labour had chopped the thing into a log-boat!

Well—into this metamorphosed log was now to be *packed* a most precious load. To one end went first, Mr. Blank, Sen., with a paddle; then were handed along, one by one, the trembling girls, who, sitting instantly on the bottom of the trough, and closing their eyes, held to its sides with hands clenched as for life; and then followed Mr. C., filling up the few inches of remaining space, and for the first time in his days, holding a canoe-paddle! and then at the cry "let go!" our two junior gentlemen, on the bank, relaxed their hands, and our laden craft was at the mercy of the flood!

Many a boat had I rowed on the Delaware and the Schuylkill—often a skiff on the Ohio—ay! and poled and set over many a scow: but what avail civilized practice, in propelling for the first time a hollow log, and with a small paddle, like a large mush-stick?—and across a raging torrent in a gloomy wilderness? Was it so wonderful my end went round?—and more than once? Could I *help* it? Was it even a wonder I looked solemn?—grew dizzy?—and at last quit paddling altogether? But it *was* a wonder I did not *upset* that vile swine thing, and plunge all into the water—perhaps into death! And yet we all reached, by the skill of Mr. Blank, our port in safety.

The horses in the meanwhile had been stripped, and three or four trustworthy ones released from their bridles to swim over by themselves: and so we made ready to ferry over the remaining animals and all the baggage, not, indeed, at one, but several trips. The trust-worthy and more sensible creatures were led by the mane, or the nose, or driven with switches, and pelted with clods to the edge of the creek; where they were partly coaxed, and partly pushed into the flood, whence rising from the plunge, they swam, snorting, to the far side, and landing, continued cropping about till wanted.

The less accommodating creatures were, one at a time, managed thus: Mr. Blank, Sen., took a station at that end of the canoe, which, when dragged round by the horse, would become the stern, to guide and steer; and Mr. C. twice, and Mr. Frank and young Blank each once, was seated in the prow that was to be, and held the rope or bridle attached at the other end to the horse's head: then, all ready, the creature, pulled by the person in the canoe, and pelted, beat, slapped and pushed by the two on land, took the "shoote;"—a plunge direct, over head and ears, into water a little over nine feet deep! If this did not drag under or upset the log, that was owing to the—(hem!) dexterity and presence of mind, and so forth, of the steersman—and the man at the bridle-end! But when the animal arose, and began to snort and swim ahead!—oh! sirs, then was realized and enjoyed all ever fabled about Neptune and his dolphins! or Davy Crockett and his alligators! What if you have a qualm at first!—that is soon lost in the excitement of this demi-god sailing! It is even grand! to cross a perilous flood on a log harnessed to a river-horse! and with the rapidity of a comet, and the whirl and splash of a steamer! No wonder our western people do often feel contempt for the tender nurslings of the east! And is it not likely that the fables about sea-cars, and water-gods, originated when men lived in the woods, dieted on acorns, and recreated themselves with this horse and log navigation? The hint may be worth something to the editors of Tooke's Pantheon.

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In an hour and a half we reached our second night's lodging-place; and next day, at noon, the girls being committed to the junior gentlemen to escort to Sugartown, the residence of Mr. Blank, he and the author took the episodial journey, described in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XLV.

"Shaking his trident, urges on his steeds,
Who with two feet beat from their brawny breasts
The foaming billow; but their hinder parts
Swim, and go smooth against the curling surge."

We parted from our young folks, at an obscure trace, where Mr. B. and Mr. C. went to the left, towards Big Possum Creek; along which, somewhere in the woods, Mr. Blank expected to meet an ecclesiastical body, of which he was a member.

The spot was found late that night; but as yet no delegates had appeared, and when, next day, at three o'clock, P.M., a single clergyman appeared, jaded and muddy, and reported the waters as too high for members in certain directions to come at all, the whole affair was postponed till the subsidence of the flood.

Mr. Blank being an officer of the general government, and having important matters demanding his immediate attention, now took me aside, and began as follows:—

"Mr. Carlton, do you want to try a little more backwood's life?"

"Why?"

"Because, if possible, I should like to reach my house to-night."

"To-night!—why 'tis half-past three! and your house is at least thirty-five miles ——"

"Yes, by the trace, up Big Possum—but in a straight line through the woods 'tis not over twenty-five miles."

"But there is no road?"

"I don't want any; the sun is bright, and by sun-down, we shall strike a new road laid out last fall; and *that* I can follow in the night."

"I have never, Mr. B., swum a horse; and I confess I'm a *leetle* timid; and we cannot expect even canoes where there are no settlements ——"

"Oh! never fear, I'll go ahead; beside, Big Possum is all that is very seriously in the way; and I think it will *hardly* swim us now—come, what do you say—will you go?"

"Well—let's see; twenty-five miles—no road, no settlement, won't *quite* swim, maybe—new road in the dark—pretty fair for a tyro, Mr. Blank; but I can't learn sooner; I'll go, sir—let us be off at once then."

Big Possum was soon reached; and as there was no ford established by law or custom, it was to be forded at a venture. My friend sought, indeed, not for a place less deep apparently, but for one less impeded by bushes and briars, and then in he plunged, "accoutred as he was, and bade me follow." And so, indeed, I did boldly, and promptly; for my courage was really so modest as to need the stimulus of a blind and reckless conduct. Hence, all I knew was a "powerful heap" of water in my boots again, and an uneasy wet sensation in the saddle-seat*—with a curious sinking of the horse's "hinder parts," as if he kicked at something and could not hit it—and then a hard scramble of his fore legs in the treacherous mud of a bank; and then this outcry of Mr. Blank, as he turned an instant in his saddle to watch my emersion:—

"Well done! Carlton! well done! You'll be a woodsman yet! Come, keep up—the worst is over."

Reader! I *do* think praise is the most magical thing in nature! In this case it nearly dried my inexpressibles! And on I followed, consoling myself for the other water in the boots, by singing—"possum up a gum tree!"

"Hulloo! Mr. B. how are you steering? by the *moss?*"

"No—by the *shadows.*"

"Shadows! how's that?"

"Our course is almost north east—the sun is nearly west

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* I hope the Magazines won't be hard on the grammar here—it is so great a help to our delicacy—a *double intender* like.

—so cutting the shadows of the trees at the present angle, we'll strike the road, this rate, about sun-set."

I had travelled by the moss, a good general guide, the north and north west sides of trees, having more and darker moss than the others; I had gone by a compass in a watch-key, by blazes—by the under side of leaves recently upturned, a true Indian trace, as visible to the practised eye as the warm scent to a hound's nose—and by the sun, moon, or stars; I had, in dark days, gone with comrades, who by keeping some fifty yards apart in a line, could correct aberrations; but never had I thought of our present simple and infallible guide!

Man maybe, as some think, very low in the intellectual scale, and yet he has *one* mark of divine resemblance—he always is in search of simple agents and means, and when found, he uses them in producing the greatest effects. Witness here man's contrivances for navigating through the air and the waters, and for crossing deserts and solitudes! Laugh if you will, but I do confess that as we bounded along that beautiful sunny afternoon and evening, I felt how like gods we availed ourselves of reason, in that wilderness, without squatters, without blazes, without dry leaves, having no compass, and indifferent to moss; yes, and I smiled at the grim trees, while we cut athwart their black shadows at the proper angle, and heard from den and ravine and cliff the startled echoes crying out in amazement, in answering clatter and clang of hoofs and clamour of human voices!

For many miles the land was low and level, and mostly covered with water in successive pools, seeming, at a short distance, like parts of one immense lake of the woods! These pools were rarely more than a few inches deep, unless in cavities where trees had been torn up by their roots, and such holes were easily avoided by riding around the prostrate tops. My friend had not expected quite so much water; for he now called out at intervals—

"Come on! Carlton! we musn't be caught here in the dark —the sun's getting low—can you keep up?"

"Ay—ay!—go on!—go on!"

And then, after every such exhortation and reply, as if all past trotting had been walking, away, away we splashed, not kicking up a dust, but a mimic shower of aqueous particles, and many a smart sprinkle of mud, that rattled like hail on the leaves above, and the backs and shoulders below! Never did I believe how a horse can go!—at least through mud and water! True, I did often think of "the merciful man, merciful to his beast"—but I thought in answer, that hay and oats were as scarce in the swamp as hog and hominy; and hence, that for all our sakes we had better *bestir* matters a little extra for an hour or two, that all might get to "entertainment for *man* and *horse*."

Hence, finally, we gave up all talking, singing, humming, and whistling, and all conjecturing and wishing; and set into plain, unostentatious hard riding, kicking and whipping our respective "critturs" so heartily as to leave no doubt somewhere under their hides, of our earnestness and haste; and, therefore, about half an hour after sunset, we gained or *struck* the expected road, where, although not yet free from the waters, we had no more apprehension of losing the course.

At last we reëntered the dry world—a high and rolling country. As it was, however, then profoundly dark, our concluding five miles were done in a walk, slow, solemn, and funereal; till at half-past ten o'clock that night we dismounted or disembarked, wet, weary, and hungry, at Mr. B.'s door: and there we were more than welcomed by his family, and all our boys and girls snug and safe from the late perils of woods and waters.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory."

At the end of a week's visit we left Sugartown for Tippecanoe: but with a very diminished party. It consisted of one young lady only, the two young gentlemen, myself, and other *four*, horses. The lady, Miss Charille, lived twenty-five miles to the north, and within ten miles of Tippecanoe. The young fellows accompanied out of gallantry, and to visit with me the field.

Being in a hurry, I hasten to say, that early in the evening we arrived at Mr. Charille's; that we were cordially received; that we got supper in due season, and then went to bed in western style, all in one room: the beds here nearly touching in places, but ingeniously separated by extemporary curtains of frocks and petticoats, and on a side of *my* bed, by two pairs of modest and respectable corduroy breeches. Fastidious folks, that smell at essences and flourish perfumed cambric, I know would have lain awake, curling their noses at the articles, but sensible ones in such cases go quietly to sleep; while men of genius are even captivated with the romance ——

"*Romance!*—what, a curtain of corduroy thinging-bobs?"

Yes, corduroys modestly hung as wall between ladies and gentlemen, reposing amid the solemn vastness of a prairie! If *that* is not romance pray what is? To sleep alone in a plastered chamber, with a lock on the door, blinds to the windows, wash-stand, toilette, and so on, is very comfortable—very civilized—but surely not very romantic. And if strangeness is a constituent of romance, could any fix and fixtures be contrived stranger than ours?

However, like a *sensible* body, I went soon and quietly to sleep, and was quickly in spirit lost in the land of shadows and dreams: and having a fine capacity for dreaming, I had many visions, till at last came one of my pet dreams—a winged dream! Then, lifted on pinions fastened some where about me, I went sailing in the air over the wide expanse of the meadow world; then, careering in a black tempest and hurricane far above the bowing and crashing trees of the forest—and then suddenly descending near a mighty swollen river, I was deprived in some mysterious way of the wings! Here I lay stretched on a bed, while the form of that venerable quadruped, my dear nameless old friend, a little larger than life, backed up and became harnessed to the foot of the couch, and the dwarf pony began with his hinder parts to push against the head-board, and I was just a-launching into the waters, when down dropped both the steeds, and commenced to snort with so tremendous a tempest of noise as to wake me! I rubbed my eyes and smiled—but is it possible?—hark!—am I still dreaming? What is that beyond the corduroys in the adjoining bed? Dear, oh dear! *can* that be Dr. Charille *snoring?*

During the week spent at Mr. Blank's his lady had once said to me,—

"Mr. Carlton, you will not sleep any at Dr. Charille's."

"Not sleep any—why?"

"His snoring will keep you awake."

"Never fear—I can sleep in a thunder storm."

"So I thought. But when lately he visited here, he insisting on sleeping alone in the passage; which we not permitting, when his snoring began, sure enough, as he himself pleasantly predicted, nobody else could sleep."

This conversation now recurred, when that amazing snoring formed and then destroyed my dream! What a relief, if young Mr. Frank and I, who slept together, could have laughed! One might have ventured, indeed, with impunity, during any paroxysm of snoring, if one could have quit when it subsided; for the most honest cachination must have been unheard in the uproar of the Doctor's nasal trumpetings.

How shall we so write as to give any correct idea of the performance? Pitiful, indeed, it began like a puppy's whine; but directly its tone passed into an abrupt, snappish, mischievous, and wicked snort; and then into a frightful tornado of windy sleep; after which, in about three minutes, it subsided, and suddenly ceased, as if the doctor had made a successful snap and swallowed it! If this description be not satisfactory, I hope the reader will send for Robert Dale Owen; who, knowing how to represent *morals* and *circumstances* by diagrams, may succeed in the same way at setting forth snoring; but such is beyond our power.

The doctor evidently worked by the job, from his earnestness and haste: and certainly he did do in any five minutes of a paroxysm, vastly more and better than all of us combined could have done the whole night. Happily any sound, regularly repeated, becomes a lullaby; and hence he that had snored me awake, snored me asleep again; but never can I forget that amazing, startling, and exhilatory nasal solo! That nose could have done *snoring* parts in a somnambula, and would have roused up the drowsy hearers better than the clash of brass instruments!

* * * * * * *

After an early breakfast, the two youngsters and myself set off on horse-back for Tippecanoe; intending, as the field was only ten miles, to return, if possible, in the evening to Dr. Charille's.

The day was favourable, and our path led usually through prairies, where awe is felt at the grandeur of the wild plains stretching away, sometimes with undulations, but oftener with unbroken smoothness, to meet the dim horizon. Yet one is frequently surprised and delighted there, with views of picturesque meadows, fringed with thickets intervening, and separating the primitive pasturages as in the golden age! The green and flowery meads seemed made for flocks and herds: and imagination easily created, under the shade of trees, shepherds and shepherdesses, with crooks and sylvan reeds! It heard the sound of pipes!—the very tones of thrilling and strange voices!

Then we seemed to approach a country of modern farms, where the gopher hills resembled hay-cocks awaiting the wagon! and countless wild plums laden with rich and fragrant fruit recalled the Eastern orchards! Alas! our inconsistency! then I, who a while since looked with rapture to the sun-set and longed for the West, now looked to the sun-rise and sighed for the East —the far East! And why not? There was the home of my orphan boyhood! there had I revelled, and without care, in the generous toils of the harvest!—the binding of sheaves!— the raking of hay!—the hay-mow!—the stack-yard! There had I snared rabbits—trapped muskrats—found hens' nests—

laid up walnuts and shell-barks! There had I fished with pin-hooks, and caught in a little, dark, modest brook, more roach and gudgeon than the fellow with his store-hook with a barbed point! And then the sliding down hills of ice on our own home-made sleds!—and upsetting!—and rolling to the bottom! Yes! yes! after all, those were the halcyon days! And so for a time how keen that morning the pangs of a desolate heart as I realized the immense solitudes around me!

We had been directed to cross the river at a new town, which, on reaching, was found to contain one log-house half finished, and one tent belonging to a Canadian Frenchman, and some Indians. And yet, before we left the New Purchase, this Sproutsburg had become a village to be seen from a distance, and not many years after contained fourteen *retail* stores!—a specimen of our *wholesale* growth in the West. But to me an object of great interest was a tall young Indian, dressed in a composite mode, partly barbarian, partly civilized. His pantaloons were of blue cloth, and he wore a roundabout of the same; while his small feet were tastefully clad with sumptuously wrought moccasins, and his head encircled with a woollen or ram-beaver hat, banded with a broad tin belt, and garnished with a cockade! He was seemingly about eighteen years old; and by way of favour he consented to ferry us over the water. And now, reader, here hast thou a fair token that this work is true as—most history; and not more extravagant than our puerile school histories for beginners: I resist the temptation of having ourselves skiffed over in a bark canoe! For, alas! we crossed in an ugly scow, and it moved by a pole!

Yet was it nothing, as I held my horse, to look on that half reclaimed son of the forest, while he urged our rude flat-boat across the tumultuating waters of a river with an Indian name —Wabash! and we on our way to an Indian battle field—Tippecanoe!

On the far bank we galloped into one of many narrow traces along the river, and running through mazy thickets of undergrowth; and shortly, spite of our many directions and cautions, quite as bepuzzling as the paths themselves, we were lost;

having followed some deer or turkey trail till it miraculously disappeared, the animal being there used to jump off, or the bird to fly up! Then, and on like occasions, we put in towards the river, and when in sight or hearing of its waters, sometimes without, and sometimes with a "blind path," we kept up stream the best we could. A blind path has that name because it tries the eyes and often requires spectacles to find it; or because one is in constant jeopardy of having the eyes blinded or struck out by unceremonious limbs, bushes, branches, and sprays.

Recent high water had formed many extemporary lagoons, bayous and quagmires, which forced us often away from the river bank, that we might get round these sullen and melancholy lakes; although, after all our extra riding, we commonly appeared to have gone farther and fared worse; and hence, at last, we crossed wherever the impediment first offered. Once a muddy ravine presented itself; and as the difficulty seemed less than usual, we began our crossing with little or no circumspection—and yet it was, truly, a most dangerous morass! Happily, we entered a few yards below the worst spot, and had creatures used to floundering through beds of treacherous and almost bottomless mire.

I had small space to notice my comrades, for my noble and spirited animal, finding in an instant the want of a solid spot, by instinct exerted her entire strength in a succession of leaps so sudden and violent as soon to displace the rider from the saddle; and when she gained *terra firma*, that rider was on her neck instead of back. A leap more would have freed her neck of the encumbrance, and our author would have either sunk or have done his own floundering. He stuck to the neck, not by skill, but for want of sufficient time to fall off! Having now opportunity to look round, we saw one young gentleman wiping the mud from his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth—proof that all his senses had been open; and the other we saw stand, indeed, but very much like a man that had dismounted hastily and not altogether purposely—he was on all fours! The three horses were sorely panting and trembling; while the bosom of the quagmire was regaining its placidity after the late unusual agitation, and in a few moments had become calm and deceitful as policy itself when for the *people* it has sacrificed its *friends!*

And yet, where we had crossed, the mire after all was not so *very* deep—it did not, we were told, average more than *five* feet! But, two rods above and one below, the quaggery required a pole to touch its bottom some fifteen feet long! And this we ascertained by trial, and also from the squatter, at whose cabin we halted a moment, just one mile below—the Field.

Our windings, however, brought us to a sight mournful and solemn—a coffin in which rested an Indian babe! This rude coffin was supported in the crotch of a large tree, and secured from being displaced by the wind, being only a rough trough dug out with a tomahawk, and in which was deposited the little one, and having another similar trough bound down over the body with strips of papaw.

Sad seemed the dreamless sleep of the poor innocent so separate from the graves of its fathers and the children of its people! Mournful the voice of leaves whispering over the dead in that sacred tree! The rattling of naked branches there in the hoarse winds of winter!—how desolate! And yet if one after death *could* lie amid thick and spicy ever-green branches near the dear friends left—instead of being locked in the damp vault! or trodden like clay in the deep, deep grave!

But would that be rebellion against the sentence "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return?"—then let our bodies be laid in the silence and the dark till the morning and the life! But see! what woodland is that yonder? That advanced like the apex of a triangle? and yet as we now approach nearer and nearer, is rising up and has become an elevated plain? *That* is Tippecanoe!

Yes! this is Tippecanoe, as it stood some twelve years after the battle! Tippecanoe in its primitive and sacred wilderness! unscathed by the axe, unshorn by the scythe, unmarked by roads, unfenced! We are standing and walking among the slain warriors! Can it be that I am he, who but yesterday was roused from sleep to aid in "setting up the declaration of war against Great Britain," to appear as an extra sheet? and who, each subsequent week, thrilled as I "composed" in the "iron stick" accounts of battles by land and fights at sea?—in the days of Maxwell rollers and Ramage presses!—and of hardy pressmen in paper aprons and cloth trowsers!—long before the invasion of petticoats and check aprons!

Oh! ye men and boys of ink and long primer! how our spirits were stirred to phrensy and swelled with burnings and longings after fame!—while, like trumpeters calling to battle, we scattered forth our papers that woke up the souls of men! Then I heard of Harrison and Tippecanoe; and dreamed even by day of a majestic soldier seated on his charger, and his drawn sword flashing its lightnings, and his voice swelling over the din of battle like the blast of the clarion!—and of painted warriors, like demons, rushing with the knife and tomahawk upon the white tents away, away off somewhere in the unknown wilds—of "shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke, and death-shots falling thick and fast as lightning from the mountain cloud!" And do I *stand*, and without a dream *look on*—Tippecanoe?

Even so!—for see, here mouldering are trunks of trees that formed the hasty rampart!—here the scars and seams in the trees torn by balls! See! here in this narrow circle are skeletons of, let me count again, yes, of fourteen war-horses! But where the riders? Here, under this beech—see, the record in the bark!—we stand on the earth over the dead—"rider and horse—friend—foe—in one red burial blent!"

What is this?—the iron band of a musket! I have found a rusty bayonet! Was it ever wet with blood? Perhaps it belonged to the brave soul about whom the squatter gave us the following anecdote:

"A party of United States regulars were stationed *there*, and with strict orders for none to leave ranks. An Indian crawled behind this large log—it's pretty rotten now you see—and here loading and firing he killed four or five of us; while we daresn't quit ranks and kill him. But one of our chaps said to the nearest officer—'Leftenint! for heaven's sake—gimme leaf to kill that red devil ahind the log—I'll be in ranks agin in a minute!' 'My brave fellow,' said the officer, 'I darn't give you leave—I musn't *see* you go.' And with that he walked off akeepin his back towards us; and, when he turned and got back, our soldier was in ranks; but, gentlemen, his bagnit was bloody, and a deep groan from behind this here old log, told the officer that the bagnit had silenced the rifle and avenged the fall of our messmates and comrades."

If the reader imagine a strip of woodland, triangular in form, its point or apex jutting a kind of promontory into the prairie whose long grass undulates like the waving of an inland sea; if on one side of this woody isle, he imagines a streamlet about fifteen feet below and stealing along through the grass; and on the other side, here, a mile, and there, two miles across the prairie, other woodlands hiding the Wabash; and if he imagines that river, at intervals gleaming in the meadow, like illuminated parts merely of the grass-lake, he may picture for himself something like Tippecanoe in the simplicity of "uncurled" nature, and before it was marred and desecrated by man's transformations!

The first intimation of the coming battle, as our squatter, who was in it, said, was from the waving grass. A sentinel hid that night in the darkness of the wood, was gazing in a kind of dreamy watchfulness over the prairie, admiring, as many times before, the beauteous waving of its hazy bosom. But never had it seemed so strangely agitated—a narrow and strong current was setting rapidly towards his post; and yet no violent wind to give the stream that direction! He became first, curious—soon, suspicious. Still nothing like danger appeared—no voice—no sound of footsteps—no whisper! Yet rapidly and steadily onward sets the current—its first ripples are breaking at his feet! He awakes all his senses—but discovers nothing—he strains his eyes over the top of the bending grass—and then, happy thought! he kneels on the earth and looks intently below that grass! Then, indeed, he saw, not a wind-moved current—but Indian warriors in a stooping posture and stealing noiseless towards his post—a fatal and treacherous under-current in that waving grass!

The sentinel springing to his feet cried out, "Who comes there?"

"Pottawatamie!"—the answer, as an Indian leaped with a yell from the grass, and almost in contact with the soldier—and then, fell back with a death scream as the ball of the sentinel's piece entered the warrior's heart, and gave thus the signal for combat!

Our men may have slumbered; for it was a time of treaty and truce—but it was in armour they lay, and with ready weapons in their hands; and it was to this precaution of their general, we owed the speedy defeat of the Indians; although not before they had killed about seventy of our little army. No one can properly describe the horrors of that night attack—at least, I shall not attempt it. It required the coolness and deliberation, and at the same time, the almost reckless daring and chivalric behaviour of the commander and his noble officers and associates, to foil such a foe, and at such a time; even with the loss of so many brave men of their small number. That the foe was defeated and driven off is proof enough to Western men—if not to Eastern politicians who do battles on paper plains—that all was anticipated and done by Harrison that was necessary. It would not become a work like this, which *inexperienced* folks may not think is quite as true as other histories, to meddle with the history of an honest President; but the writer knows, and on the best authority, that General Harrison did that night all that a wise, brave, and benevolent soldier ought to do or could do; and among other things, that his person was exposed in the fiercest and bloodiest fights where balls repeatedly passed through his clothes and his cap.

There was, however, one in the battle so generous, so chivalric, so kind, and yet so eccentric, that his life would make a volume of trûth more exciting than fiction—the celebrated Joseph Hamilton Davies, familiarly and kindly called in the West, *Joe Davis*. A lawyer by profession, he was eminent in all pertaining to his science and art; but preëminent in the adjustment of land claims. An anecdote about him on this point appeared in the newspapers some years since: it deserves a more imperishable record in a work destined to be read and preserved in so many families—*maybe!*

A person, served with an ejectment, and fearing from the length of his adversary's purse, that he must be unjustly deprived of his lands, came from a great distance to solicit the aid of Davies. He succeeded in his application, and was dismissed with an assurance that, in due season, the lawyer would appear for his client and prevent his being dispossessed.

The arena of contest was, as has been intimated, distant; and hence Davies was in person a stranger to the members of that court, or so imperfectly known that an uncanonical dress would be an effectual concealment. His client's case being duly called, matters by the opposite party were set in such a light that a verdict from the jury, and a decision from the bench, in favour of the plaintiff seemed inevitable; yet, for form's sake, the defendant must be heard.

The poor client had relied so entirely on Davies, and had felt so certain of being secured in his possessions, as to have neglected to obtain any other legal aid—and still, at this critical moment when he was to be summoned for his defence—Davies had not arrived! Nay!—while earnestly straining his eyes, the client was even rudely jostled by a rough chap in hunting shirt and leather breeches, who carrying a heavy rifle in his hand and with a racoon-skin cap slouched over his face, kept squeezing very impudently even among the laughing and good-natured lawyers inside the bar; where, to everybody's diversion, he appropriated to himself a seat with the most simple and awkward naivete possible; but what diversion was all this to our client looking round in despair for his lawyer! And then when the judge asked who appeared for the defendant, what amazement must have mingled with the client's despair when at the call up rose that rude hunter and replied:

"I do, please your honour!"

"You!"—replied his honour—"who are you, sir?"

"Joseph Hamilton Davies, please your honour!"

And now after that heavy rifle was slowly placed in a snug corner of the bar, and that skin cap was removed from the head, plain enough was it that the noble face, no longer concealed, was his; the talented, the philanthropic, the eccentric Joe Davis. Never before had so much law been cased in a hunting shirt and buckskins; and never before nor since, was, or has been, a difficult cause in such a guise pleaded so triumphantly: for the entire superstructure of the opposite argument was completely subverted, and a verdict and decision, in proper time, rendered for the defendant, when to all appearance it had been virtually made, if not formally declared, for his antagonist.

Alas! noble heart! and here is thy very grave! Yes, "J. H. D." is here in the bark—my finger is in the rude graving!—and now at the root of the tree I am seated making my notes! The last the squatter ever saw of Joe Davies alive, was when his gray horse was plunging in the furious charge down this hill—when the sentinel, already named, had fired and called "to arms!" And the next day our guide helped to lay Davies in this grave; and saw his name transferred to the living monument here sheltering and fanning his sepulchre!

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We lingered at Tippecanoe till the latest possible moment!—there was, in the wildness of the battle-field—in my intimate acquaintance with some of its actors—in the living trees, scarred and hacked with bullet and hatchet, and marked with names of the dead—in the wind so sad and melancholy—something so like embodied trances, that I wandered the field all over, here standing on a grave, there resting on a decaying bulwark; now counting the scars of trees, now the skeleton heads of horses; finding in one spot a remnant of some iron weapon, in another, the bones of a slain soldier dragged, perhaps, by wild beasts from his shallow grave!—till my young comrades insisted on our return if we expected to reach our friend's house before the darkness of night.

Having, accordingly, deposited in my valisse a few relics and mementos, we rode down the hill into the prairie, at the spot poor Davies was seen descending and leading a charge; and over the very ground where the grassy current had betrayed the dangerous under-tide of painted foes. Hence we crossed over to the town whence the Indians issued for the attack, and where the wily prophet himself remained in safety, concocting charms against the white man's weapons! After this, we turned down the Wabash, keeping our eyes ever directed towards the mournful island of wood, till at last we doubled its cape, and lost sight of Tippecanoe for ever!

That field, however, and its hero of North Bend, are immortal.

Battle of Tippecanoe.

Within the shelter of the primal wood,
An isle amid the prairie's flow'ry sea,
Upon his midnight watch, our sentry stood,
Guarding the slumbers of the brave and free;
And o'er the swellings of a seeming tide,
Dim sparkling in the moonlight's silv'ry haze,
The soldier oft, distrustful, far and wide
Sent searching looks, or fixed his steadfast gaze.

Long had he watch'd; and still each grassy wave
Brought nought save perfumes to the tented isle;
Nor sign of foe the fragrant breezes gave;
Till thoughts of cabin-home his sense beguile,
Far from the wilds: for yet, though fix'd intent,
As if his eyes discerned a coming host,
Those moisten'd eyes are on his lov'd ones bent—
He sleeps not; but he dreams upon his post.

Soldier! what current, like a hast'ning stream,
Outstrips the flowing of yon lagging waves?
Shake off the fetters of thy fatal dream!
Quick! save thy comrades from their bloody graves!
He starts!—he marks the prairie's bosom shake!
He sees that current to the woodland near!
He kneels—upleaps and cries—"Comrades awake!
To arms! to arms!—the treach'rous foe is here!"

"Like mountain torrent, furious gushing,
The warrior tribe is on us rushing,—
With weapons in their red hands gleaming,
And charmed banners from them streaming!
To arms! to arms! ye slumb'ring brave!
To arms!—your lives and honour save!"

Arm'd, from the earth our host is springing;
Their sabres forth from sheaths are ringing;

Their chargers mounted, fierce are prancing;
Their serried bay'nets swift advancing:—
"Quick, to your posts!" the general's cry,
Answer'd "We're there, to do or die!"

Hand to hand, within that solemn wood,
For life, fought warriors true and good!
The hatchet through the brain went crushing!
The bay'net brought the heart blood gushing!
On arrows' feather'd wings death went,
Or swift, at the rifle flash, was sent,
Till victor shouts the air was rending,
And groans the wounded forth were sending!
"Charge! soldiers, charge!" brave Davies shouted;
They charg'd; the yelling foe was routed:—
Yet long before that foe was flying,
That hero, on the plain, was dying!

That prairie lake rolls peaceful waves no more;
  Its bosom rages 'neath a tempest pow'r—
See! driven midst it, from the woodland shore,
  Fierce bands rush vanquish'd from a deadly show'r!
And gleaming steel, and lead and iron hail
  Pour vengeful out of war's dark sky,
'Mid shriek, and fright, and groan, and dying wail,
  And triumph's voice, "Charge home! they fly!"

Solemn the pomp where mourning heroes tread
  With arms revers'd, and measur'd step, and slow!
Sadly, yet proud, is borne their comrade dead,
  Their warlike ensigns bound with badge of woe!
Sublime, though plaintive, pours the clarion's tone!
  The heart, while bow'd, is stirred by muffled drum!
But stand within that far-off wild wood lone,
  Where prairie scented winds, with dirges, come,
Where the rough bark, rude grav'd with hunter's knife,
  Points to the spot where Davies rests below,
And relics scatter'd, tell of bloodiest strife—
  Heart gushing tears from dimming eyes must flow!

And round thy mournful bier, our warrior sage,
  Who rushing reckless to each fiercest fight,
Didst fall a victim to no foeman's rage
  Amid the carnage of that fearful night,
A nation, yet in tears, has smitten stood
  Grieving o'er thee with loud and bitter cry!
Rest thee, our hero of that island wood!
  Worthy in thine own ransom'd West to lie!
When floating down Ohio's grand old wave,
  Our eyes shall turn to where his forests stand,
Stretching dark branches o'er our chieftain's grave—
  Father and saviour of the Western's land!

CHAPTER XLVII.

"For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environed with a wilderness of sea."

Late at night we arrived safe at Dr. Charille's. The
day we set out for Woodville, choosing on the return
paths, to avoid former difficulties and dangers; by whic
dence, however, we only reversed matters; for instance, i
of water before a swamp, we got the swamp before the wa

"Mr. Carlton, we are tired of the mud and water ——

I think I could make it interesting ——

"Yes—but what's the use of such stuff ——"

La! that's so like what Aunt Kitty said, when I got to
ville, all dirty and tired—my new boots thick with ex
mud—my best coat altogether spoiled—my fur hat crushe
fancy shapes, and the seat of my corduroy inexpres
abraded to the finest degree of tenuosity at all consisten
comfort and decorum!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah *mocked* them."
Vide an Ancient Re

"———— Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself:—if he be free,
Why then, my taxing, like a wild goose, flies,
Unclaimed of any man."

On the last day of the return to Woodville, we met at
vals during the final half-dozen miles, not less than one
wagons, large and small, and partially loaded, some wit
and bedding, and some with culinary utensils; the inte
being filled with a wedging of human bodies—men, wome
children, some laughing and talking, others solemn and de

They seemed at first view settlers, who having sold to advantage old farms, were flitting to where wood and game were more abundant, and neighbours not crowded offensively under other's noses, as near as one or two miles. But soon appeared people riding once, twice, and even thrice on a horse; and some kind-hearted horses, like the nameless one, were carrying on their backs whole families; and then it was plain enough what was meant—a big meeting was to come off somewhere. And shortly all doubt was at an end, when familiar soprano and alto voices from under wagon covers, and out of scoop-shovelled bonnets came forth thus—"How'd do! Mr. Carlton?—come, won't you go to camp meetin?" And then sounded, from extra devotional parties and individuals, snatches of favourite religious songs, fixed to trumpet melodies, such as "Glory! glory! glory!"—"He's a coming, coming, coming!"—"Come, let us march on, march on, march on!" and the like; and the saintly voices were ever and anon oddly commingled with some very unsanctimonious laughing, not intended for irreverence, but not properly suppressed at some ill-timed joke in another quarter, related perhaps, yet more probably practised. For nothing excels the fun and frolic, where two or three dozen half-tamed young gentlemen and ladies, mounted on spirited and mischievous horses, set out together to attend a Mormon, a Shaking-quaker, or a Millery or a Camp-meeting.

At the very edge of Woodville, too, there met us a comfortable looking middle-aged woman, who was riding a horse, and was without any bonnet; her other apparel being in some disorder, and her hair illy done up and barely restrained by a horn comb. She thus addressed me:—

"I say, Mister, you haint seen nara bonnit?"

"Bonnet!—no, ma'am; have you lost your bonnet?"

"Yes—I've jist had a powerful exercise over thare in the Court-house; and when I kim to, I couldn't see my bonnit no whare about ——"

"Has there been meeting in the Court-house lately?"

"Oh! bless you, most powerful time—and it's there I've jist *got* religion ——"

"And *lost* your bonnet?"

"Yes, sir—but some said as it maybe mought a-gone on to camp with somebody's plunder: you didn't see or hear tell on it, did you?"

"No, I did not; but had you really no power over your bonnet, ma'am?"

"Well! now!—who ever heern of a body in a exercise, a thinkin on a bonnit! Come, mister, you'd better turn round and go to camp and git religion yourself, I allow—thar's whar all the town a'most and all the settlemints round is agoin—but I'll have to whip up and look after my bonnit, good bye, mister!"

And so all Woodville and its vicinities were in the ferment of departure for a camp-meeting! Now as this was to be a big meeting of the biggest size, and all the *crack* preachers within a circle of three hundred miles were to be present, and also a celebrated African exhorter from Kentucky, and as much was said about "these heaven-directed, and heaven-blessed, and heaven-approved campings;" and as I, by a constant refusal to attend heretofore, had become a suspected character, it being often said,—"yes,—Carlton's a honest sort of man, but why dont't he go out to camp and git religion?"—I determined now to go.

Why whole families should once or twice a year break up for two weeks; desert domestic altars; shut up regular churches; and take away children from school; why cook lots of food at extra trouble and with ill-bestowed expense; why rush to the woods and live in tents, with peril to health and very often ultimately with loss of life to feeble persons; why folks should do these and other things under a belief that the Christian God is a God of the woods and not of the towns, of the tents and not of the churches, of the same people in a large and disorderly crowd and not in one hundred separate and orderly congregations—why? why? I had in my simplicity repeatedly asked, and received for answer:

"Oh! come and see! Only come to camp and git your cold heart warmed—come git religion—let it out with a shout—and you'll not axe them infidel sort of questions no more."

This was conclusive. And like the vicar of Wakefield, I resolved not always to be wise, but for once to float with a tide neither to be stemmed nor directed. A friend, learned in these spiritual affairs, advised me not to go till Saturday night, or so as to be on the ground by daylight on Sunday. This I did, and was handsomely rewarded by seeing and hearing some very extraordinary conversions—as far as they went; and also some wonderful scenes and outcries.

The camp was an old and favourite ground, eight miles from Woodville. It had been the theatre of many a spirit-stirring drama; and there, too, many a harvest of glory had been reaped in battling with "the devil and his legions." Yet wonderful! his satanic majesty never became shy of a spot where he was said always to have the worst of the fight! and now it was commonly said and believed, that a prodigious great contest was to come off; and "hell-defying" challenges had been given in some Woodville pulpits, for Satan to come out and do his prettiest. Nay, by certain prophets that seemed to have the gift of discerning spirits, it was "allowed he was now out at camp in great force—that some powerful fights would be seen, but that Satin would agin and agin git the worst of it."

The camp proper was a parallelogramic clearing, and was most of the day shaded by the superb forest trees, which admitted, here and there, a little mellow sunshine to gleam through the dense foliage upon their own dark forms, quivering in a kind of living shadow over the earth. At night the camp was illuminated by lines of fires, kindled and duly sustained on the tops of many altars and columns of stone and log-masonry—a truly noble and grand idea, peculiar to the West. Indeed, to the imaginative, there is very much to bewitch in the poetry and romance of a western camp-meeting:—the wildness, the gloom, the grandeur of our forests—the gleaming sunlight by day, as if good spirits were smiling on the sons of light, in their victories over the children of darkness—the clear blue sky, like a dome over the tents—that dome, at night, radiant with golden stars, like glories of heaven streaming through the apertures of the concave! And the moon!—how like a spirit-world, a residence of ransomed ones! The very tents, too!—formed like booths at the feast of tabernacles, and seeming to be full of joyous hearts—a community having all things common, dead to the world, just ready to enter heaven! And when the trumpet sounded for singing!—the enthusiastic performance of child-like tunes, poured from the hearts of two thousand raptured devotees, till the bosom of the wilderness trembles and rejoices while it rolls over its wooded hills, and through its dark valleys the echo of the pæan, with the peal of deep thunder and the roar of rushing whirlwinds!

Under the direction of wise and talented *men*, a camp-meeting may possibly be a means of *a little* permanent good; but, with the *best* management, it is a doubtful means of much moral and spiritual good—nay, it cannot long be used in a cautious and sober way. In religion, as in all other affairs, where the main dependence is on expedients to reach the moral man through the fancy and imagination, what begins in poetry must soon end in prose. Nay, if a religious meeting be protracted beyond one or two days, novelties *must* be introduced; and such are *invariably* exciting and entertaining, but *never* spiritual and instructive; if not introduced, the meeting becomes, in the opinion of the majority, stale. Heat, and flame, and smoke, constitute, with most, "a good meeting." Nay, again, and yea, also, the *final* result of man-contrived means and measures is at war with true courtesy, uncensorious feelings, the cheerful discharge of daily secular duties, and the culture of the intellect. The whole is selfish in tendency, and promotive of presumptuous confidence, and a contemptible self-righteousness. Adequate reasons enough may be assigned for the popularity of camp-meetings, and none of them essentially religious or even praiseworthy; although *many* essentially worthy and religious persons both advocate and attend such places; for instance, the love of variety and novelty—the desire of excitements—romantic feelings—tedium of common every-day life—love of good fellowship—and even a willingness to obtain a cheap religious character—and, also, a secret hope that we please God, and merit heaven for so extraordinary and long-continued devotion. Add, our innate love of pageantry, inclining us not only to behold scenes, but to make and be a part of scenes; for even in this sense—"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

A camp-meeting might, indeed, be reformed; and so might the theatre—but the one event is no more probable than the other: and as a reformed theatre would be little visited, so we apprehend, would be a reformed camp-meeting. The respective *abuses* of both are *essential* to their existence. But this is digressing.

The tents were, in a measure, permanent fixtures; the uprights and cross pieces remaining from season to season; but now all were garnished with fresh and green branches and coverings. These tents formed the sides of the parallelogram, intervals being left in suitable places for alleys and scaffolds; while in the woods were other more soldierly-looking tents of linen or canvass, and pitched in true war style; although not a few tents were mere squares of sheets, coverlets, and table-cloths. Also for tents were up propped some twenty or thirty carts and wagons, and furnished with a chair or two, and some sort of sleeping apparatus. In the rear of the regular tents, and, indeed, of many others, were places and fixtures for kindling a fire and boiling water for coffee, tea, chocolate, etc., etc.—a few culinary operations being yet needed beyond the mountains of food brought from home, ready for demolition.

Indeed, a camp-meeting *out there* is the most mammoth picnic possible; and it is one's own fault, saint or sinner, if he gets not enough to eat, and that the best the land affords. It would be impossible even for churlish persons to be stingy in the open air; the ample sky above, and the boundless woods around; the wings of gay birds flashing in sunshine, and the squirrels racing up gigantic trunks, and barking and squeaking amid the grand branches; and what then, must be the effect of all on the proverbially open-hearted native born Westerns? Ay! the *native* Corn-Cracker, Hoosier, Buckeye, and all men and women "born in a cane-brake, and rocked in a sugar-trough"—all born to follow a trail and cock an old-fashioned lock-rifle—all such are open-hearted, fearless, generous, chivalric, even in spite of much filth and scum, and base leaven from foreign places. And hence, although no *decided* friend to camp-meetings, spiritually, and morally and theologically considered, we do say that at a *Western* camp-meeting, as at a barbecue, the very heart and soul of hospitality and kindness is wide open, and poured freely forth. We *can*, maybe, equal it in here; but we rarely try.

Proceed we now to things spiritual. And first, we give notice that attention will be paid only to grand matters, and that very many episodial things are omitted, such as incidental exhortations and prayers from authorized, as well as unauthorized folks, male and female, whose spirits often suddenly stirred, and not to be controlled like those of old-fashioned prophets, forced our friends to speak out, like quaker ladies and gentlemen in reformed meetings, and even when they have nothing to say; and also will be omitted all irregular outcries, groans, shouts, and bodily exercises, subordinate, indeed, to grand chorusses and contests, but otherwise beginning without adequate cause, and ending in nothing.

The camp was furnished with several stands for preaching, exhorting, jumping and jerking; but still one place was the pulpit, above all others. This was a large scaffold, secured between two noble sugar trees, and railed in to prevent from falling over in a swoon, or springing over in an ecstacy; its cover the dense foliage of the trees, whose trunks formed the graceful and massive columns. Here was said to be also the *altar*—but I could not see its *horns* or any *sacrifice;* and the pen, which I *did* see—a place full of clean straw, where were put into fold stray sheep willing to return. It was at this pulpit, with its altar and pen, the regular preaching was done; around here the congregation assembled; hence orders were issued; here, happened the hardest fights, and were gained the greatest victories, being the spot where it was understood Satan fought in person; and here could be seen gestures the most frantic, and heard noises the most unimaginable, and often the most appalling. It was the place, in short, where most crowded either with praiseworthy intentions of getting some religion, or with unholy purposes of being amused; we, of course, designing neither one nor the other, but only to see philosophically and make up an opinion. At every grand outcry a simultaneous rush would, however, take place from all parts of the camp, proper and improper, towards the pulpit, altar, and pen; till the crowding, by increasing the suffocation and the fainting, would increase the tumult and the uproar; but this, in the estimation of many devotees, only rendered the meeting more lively and interesting.

By considering what was done at this central station one may approximate the amount of spiritual labour done in a day, and then a week in the whole camp:

1. About day-break on Sabbath a horn *blasted* us up for public prayer and exhortation, the exercises continuing nearly two hours.

2. Before breakfast, another blast for family and private prayer; and then every tent became, in camp language, "a bethel of struggling Jacobs and prevailing Israels;" every tree "an altar;" and every grove "a secret closet;" till the air all became religious words and phrases, and vocal with "Amens."

3. After a proper interval came a horn for the forenoon service; then was delivered the sermon, and that followed by an appendix of some half dozen exhortations let off right and left, and even *behind* the pulpit, that all might have a portion in due season.

4. We had private and secret prayer again before dinner;—some clambering into thick trees to be hid, but forgetting in their simplicity, that they were heard and betrayed. But religious devotion excuses all errors and mistakes.

5. The afternoon sermon with its bob-tail string of exhortations.

6. Private and family prayer about tea time.

7. But lastly, we had what was termed "a precious season," in the third regular service at the *principia* of the camp. This season began not long after tea and was kept up long after I left the ground; which was about midnight. And now sermon after sermon and exhortation after exhortation followed like shallow,

foaming, roaring waters; till the speakers were exhausted and the assembly became an uneasy and billowy mass, now hushing to a sobbing quiescence, and now rousing by the groans of sinners and the triumphant cries of folks that had "jist got religion;" and then again subsiding to a buzzy state occasioned by the whimpering and whining voices of persons giving spiritual advice and comfort! How like a volcanic crater after the evomition of its lava in a fit of burning cholic, and striving to resettle its angry and tumultuating stomach!

It is time, however, to speak of the three grand services and their concomitants, and to introduce several master spirits of the camp.

Our first character, is the Reverend Elder Sprightly. This gentleman was of good natural parts; and in a better school of intellectual discipline and more fortunate circumstances, he must have become a worthy minister of some more tasteful, literary, and evangelical sect. As it was, he had only become, what he never got beyond—"a very smart man;" and his aim had become one—to enlarge his own people. And in this work, so great was his success, that, to use his own modest boastfulness in his sermon to-day,—"although folks said when he came to the Purchase that a single corn-crib would hold his people, yet, bless the Lord, they had kept spreading and spreading till all the corn-cribs in Egypt wern't big enough to hold them!"

He was very happy at repartee, as Robert Dale Owen well knows; and not "slow" (inexpert) in the arts of "taking off" —and—"giving them their own." This trait we shall illustrate by an instance.

Mr. Sprightly was, by accident, once present where a Campbellite Baptist, that had recently taken out a right for administering six doses of lobelia, red pepper and steam, to men's bodies, and a plunge into cold water for the good of their souls, was holding forth against all Doctors, secular and sacred, and very fiercely against Sprightly's brotherhood. Doctor Lobelia's text was found somewhere in Pope Campbell's *New* Testament; as it suited the following discourse introduced with the usual inspired preface:—

Doctor Lobelia's Sermon.

"Well, I never rub'd my back agin a collige, nor git no sheepskin, and allow the Apostuls didn't nithur. Did anybody ever hear of Peter and Poll a-goin to them new-fangled places and gitten skins to preach by? No, sirs, I allow not; no sirs, we don't pretend to loguk—this here *new* testament's sheepskin enough for me. And don't Prisbeteruns and tother baby sprinklurs have reskorse to loguk and skins to show how them what's emerz'd didn't go down into the water and come up agin? And as to Sprightly's preachurs, don't they dress like big-bugs, and go ridin about the Purchis on hunder-dollur hossis, a-spunginin on poor priest-riden folks and a-eatin fried chickin fixins so powerful fast that chickins has got skerse in these diggins; and them what ain't fried makes tracks and hides when they sees them a-comin?

"But, dear bruthrun, we don't want store cloth and yaller buttins, and fat hossis and chickin fixins, and the like doins—no, sirs! we only wants your souls—we only wants beleevur's baptism—we wants prim—prim—yes, Apostul's Christianity, the Christianity of Christ and them times, when Christians *was* Christians, and tuk up thare cross and went down into the water, and was buried in the gineine sort of baptism by emerzhin. That's all we wants; and I hope all's convinced that's the true way—and so let all come right out from among them and git beleevur's baptism; and so now if any brothur wants to say a word I'm done, and I'll make way for him to preach."

Anticipating this common invitation, our friend Sprightly, indignant at this unprovoked attack of Doctor Lobelia, had, in order to disguise himself, exchanged his clerical garb for a friend's blue coatee bedizzened with metal buttons; and also had erected a very tasteful and sharp coxcomb on his head, out of hair usually reposing sleek and quiet in the most saint-like decorum; and then, at the bid from the pulpit-stump, out stepped Mr. Sprightly from the opposite spice-wood grove, and advanced with a step so smirky and dandyish as to create universal amazement and whispered demands—"Why! who's that?" And some of his very people, who were present, as they told me, did not know their preacher till his clear, sharp voice, came upon the hearing, when they showed, by the sudden lifting of hands and eyebrows, how near they were to exclaiming—"Well! I never!"

Stepping on to the consecrated stump, our friend, without either preliminary hymn or prayer, commenced thus:—

"My friends, I only intend to say a few words in answer to the pious brother that's just sat down, and shall not detain but a few minutes. The pious brother took a good deal of time to tell what we soon found out ourselves—that he never went to college, and don't understand logic. He boasts too of having no sheep-skin to preach by; but I allow any sensible buck-sheep would have died powerful sorry, if he'd ever thought his hide would come to be handled by some preachers. The skin of the knowingest old buck couldn't do some folks any good—some things salt won't save.

"I rather allow Johnny Calvin's boys and ''tother baby sprinklers,' ain't likely to have they idees physicked out of them by steam logic, and doses of No. 6. They can't be steamed up so high as to want cooling by a cold water plunge. But I want to say a word about Sprightly's preachers, because I have some slight acquaintance with that there gentleman, and don't choose to have them all run down for nothing.

"The pious brother brings several grave charges; first, they ride good horses. Now don't every man, woman, and child in the Purchase know that Sprightly and his preachers have hardly any home, and that they live on horseback? The money most folks spend in land, these men spend for a good horse; and don't they *need* a good horse to stand mud and swim floods? And is it any sin for a horse to be kept fat that does so much work? The book says 'a merciful man is merciful to his beast,' and that we mustn't 'muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' Step round that fence corner, and take a peep, dear friends, at a horse hung on the stake; what's he like? A wooden frame with a dry hide stretched over it. What's he live on! Ay? that's the pint? Well, what's them buzzards after?—look at them sailing up there. Now who owns that live carrion?—the pious brother that's preached to us just now. And I want to know if it wouldn't be better for him to give that dumb brute something to cover his bones, before he talks against 'hunder dollur hossis' and the like?

"The next charge is, wearing good clothes. Friends, don't all folks when they come to meeting put on their best clothes? and wouldn't it be wrong if preachers came in old torn coats and dirty shirts? It wouldn't do no how. Well, Sprightly and his preachers preach near about every day; and oughtn't they always to look decent! Take then a peep at the pious brother that makes this charge; his coat is out at the elbow, and has only three or four buttons left, and his arm, where he wipes his nose and mouth, is shiney as a looking glass—his trowsers are crawling up to show he's got no stockings on; and his face has got a crop of beard two weeks old and couldn't be cleaned by 'baby sprinklin;' yes, look at them there matters, and say if Sprightly's preachers ain't more like the apostles in decency than the pious brother is.

"A word now about chicken-fixins and doins. And I say it would be a charity to give the pious brother sich a feed now and then, for he looks half-starved, and savage as a meat-axe; and I advise that old hen out thare clucking up her brood not to come this way just now, if she don't want all to disappear. But I say that Sprightly's preachers are so much beliked in the Purchase, that folks are always glad to see them, and make a pint of giving them the best out of love; and that's more than can be said for some folks here.

"The pious brother says, he only wants our souls—then what makes him peddle about Thomsonian physic? Why don't he and Campbell make steam and No. 6 as free as preaching? I read of a quack doctor once, who used to give his advice free gratis for nothing to any one what would *buy* a box of his pills—but as I see the pious brother is crawling round the fence to his anatomical horse and physical saddle-bags, I have nothing more to say, and so, dear friends, I bid you all good-bye."

Such was Rev. Elder Sprightly, who preached to us on Sabbath morning at the Camp. Hence, it is not remarkable that in common with many worthy persons, he should think his talents properly employed in using up "Johnny Calvin and his boys;" especially as no subject is better for popularity at a camp-meeting. He gave us, accordingly, first, that affecting story of Calvin and Servetus, in which the latter figured to-day like a Christian Confessor and martyr, and the former as a diabolical persecutor; many moving incidents being introduced not found in history, and many ingenious inferences and suppositions tending to blacken the Reformer's character. Judging from the frequency of the deep groans, loud amens, and noisy hallelujahs of the congregation during the narrative, had Calvin suddenly thrust in among us his hatchet face and goat's beard, he would have been hissed and pelted, nay possibly, been lynched and soused in the branch; while the excellent Servetus would have been *toted* on our shoulders, and feasted in the tents on fried ham, cold chicken fixins and horse sorrel pies!

Here is a specimen of Mr. S.'s mode of exciting triumphant exclamation, amens, groans, etc., against Calvin and his followers:

——————"Dear sisters, don't you love the tender little darling babes that hang on your parental bosoms? (amen!) —Yes! I know you do—(amen! amen!)—Yes I know, I know it—(Amen, amen! hallelujah!) Now don't it make your parental hearts throb with anguish to think those dear infantile darlings might some day be out burning brush and fall into the flames and be burned to death! (deep groans.)—Yes, it does, it does! But oh! sisters, oh! mothers! how can you think your babes mightn't get religion and die and be burned for ever and ever? (O! forbid—amen—groans.) But, oho! only think—only think, oh! would you ever a had them darling infantile sucklings born, if you had a known they were to be burned in a brush heap! (No, no!—groans—shrieks.) What! what! *what!* if you had *foreknown* they must have gone to hell!—(hoho! hoho!—amen!) And does anybody think He* is such a tyrant as to make spotless, innocent babies just to damn them? (No! in a voice of thunder.)—No! sisters! no! no! mothers! No! no! *no!* sinners *no!!*—he *aint* such a tyrant! Let John Calvin burn, torture and roast, but He never foreordained babies, as Calvin says, to damnation! (damnation!—echoed by hundreds.)—Hallelujah! 'tis a free salvation! Glory! a free salvation!—(Here Mr. S. battered the rail of the pulpit with his fists, and kicked the bottom with his feet—many screamed—some cried amen!—others groaned and hissed—and more than a dozen females of two opposite colours arose and clapped their hands as if engaged in starching, etc., etc.) No-h-o! *'tis* a free, a free, a *free* salvation!—away with Calvin! 'tis for all! *all!* ALL. Yes! shout it out! clap on! rejoice! rejoice! oho-oho! sinners, sinners, sinners, oh-ho-oho!" etc., etc.

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* We substitute words in place of the divine names—irreverently used often in sermons and prayers.

Here was maintained for some minutes the most edifying uproar of shouting, bellowing, crying, clapping and stamping, mingled with hysterical laughing, termed out there "holy laughing," and even dancing! and barking! called also "holy!"—till, at the partial subsidence of the bedlam, the orator resumed his eloquence.

It is singular Mr. S. overlooked an objection to the divine Providence arising from his own illustration. That children do sometimes perish by being burnt and drowned, is undeniable; yet is not their existence prevented—and that in the very case where the sisters were induced to say *they* would have prevented their existence! But, in justice to Mr. S., we must say that he seemed to have anticipated the objection, and to have furnished the reply; for, said he, in one part of his discourse, "God did not *wish* to foreknow *some* things!"

But our friend's mode of avoiding a predestined death—if such an absurdity be supposed—deserves all praise for the facility and simplicity of the contrivance. "Let us," said he, "for argument's sake, grant that I, the Rev. Elder Sprightly, am foreordained to be drowned, in the river, at Smith's Ferry, next Thursday morning, at twenty-two minutes after ten o'clock; and suppose I know it; and suppose I am a free, moral, voluntary, accountable agent, as Calvinists say—do you think I'm going to be drowned? No!—I would stay at home all day; and you'll never ketch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's Ferry—nor near the river neither!"

Reader, is it any wonder Calvinism is on the decline? Logic it *can* stand; but human nature thus excited in opposition, it cannot stand. Hence, throughout our vast assembly to-day, this unpopular *ism*, in spite of Calvin and the Epistle to the Romans, was put down; if not by acclamation, yet by exclamation—by shouting—by roaring—by groaning and hissing—by clapping and stamping—by laughing, and crying, and whining; and thus the end of the sermon was gained and the *preacher* glorified!

The introductory discourse in the afternoon was by the Rev. Remarkable Novus. This was a gentleman I had often the pleasure of entertaining at my house in Woodville; and he *was* a Christian in sentiment and feeling: for though properly and decidedly a warm friend to his own sect, he was charitably disposed towards myself and others that differed from him ecclesiastically. His talents were moderate; but his voice was transcendentally excellent. It was rich, deep, mellow, liquid and sonorous, and capable of any inflections. It could preserve its melody in an unruffled flow, at a pitch far beyond the highest point reached by the best cultivated voices. His fancy, naturally capricious, was indulged without restraint; yet not being a learned or well-read man, he mistook words for ideas, and hence employed without stint all the terms in his vocabulary for the commonest thoughts. He believed, too, like most of his brotherhood, that excitement and agitation were necessary to conversion and of the essence of religion; and this, with a proneness to delight in the music and witchery of his own wonderful voice, made Mr. Novus an eccentric preacher, and induced him often to excel at camp-meetings, the very extravagances of his clerical brethren, whom more than once he has ridiculed and condemned at my fireside.

The camp-meeting was, in fact, too great a temptation for my friend's temperament, and the very theatre for the full display of his magnificent voice; and naturally, this afternoon, off he set at a tangent, interrupting the current of his sermon by extemporaneous bursts of warning, entreaty, and exhortation. Here is something like his discourse—yet done by me in a *subdued tone*—as, I repeat, are most extravaganzas of the ecclesiastical and spiritual sort, not only here, but in all other parts of the work.

"My text, dear hearers," said he, "on this auspicious, and solemn, and heaven-ordered occasion, is that exhortation of the inspired apostle, 'Walk worthy of your vocation.'

"And what, my dear brethren, what do you imagine and conjecture our holy penman meant, by 'walking?' Think ye he meant a physical walking, and a moving, and a going backward and forward thus? (represented by Mr. N.'s proceeding, or rather marching, *a là militaire*, several times from end to end of the staging). No, sirs!—it was not a literal walking and locomotion, a moving and agitating of the natural legs and limbs. No, sirs!—no!—but it was a moral, a spiritual, a religious, ay! yes! a philosophical and metaphorically figurative walking, our holy apostle meant!

"Philosophic, did I say? Yes: philosophic *did* I say. For religion is the most philosophical thing in the universe—ay! throughout the whole expansive infinitude of the divine empire. Tell me, deluded infidels and mistaken unbelievers! tell me, ain't philosophy what's according to the consistency of nature's regular laws? and what's more consentaneous and homogeneous to man's sublimated moral nature, than religion? Yes! tell me! Yes! yes! *I* am for a philosophical religion, and a philosophical religion is for *me*—ay! we are mutually made and formed for this beautiful reciprocality!

"And yet some say we make too much noise—even some of our respected Woodville merchants—(meaning the author). But what's worth making a noise about in the dark mundane of our terrestrial sphere, if religion ain't? People always, and everywhere in all places, make most noise about what they opine to be most precious. See! yon banner streaming with golden stars and glorious stripes over congregated troops, on the fourth of July, that ever-memorable—that never-to-be-*forgotten* day, which celebrates the grand annual anniversary of our nation's liberty and independence! when our forefathers and ancestors burst asunder and tore forever off the iron chains of political thraldom! and rose in plenitude, ay! in the magnificence of their grandeur, and crushed their oppressors!—yes! and hurled down dark despotism from the lofty pinnacle of its summit altitude, where she was seated on her liberty-crushing throne, and hurled her out of her iron chariot, as her wheels thundered over the prostrate slaves of power!—(Amen!)—Yes!—hark!—we make a noise about that! But what's civil liberty to religious liberty, and emancipated disenthraldom from the dark despotism of yonder terrific prince of darkness! whose broad, black, piniony wings spread wide o'er the ærial concave, like a dense cloud upon a murky sky?—(A-a-men!)—And aint it, ye men of yards and measures, philosophical to make a noise about this?—(Amen!—yes!)—Yes! *yes!* and I aint ashamed to rejoice and shout aloud. Ay! as long as the prophet was ordered to stamp with his foot, I will *stamp* with my foot;—(here he stamped till the platform trembled for its safety)—and to smite with his hand, I will *smite* with my hand—(slapping alternate hands on alternate thighs.)—Yes! and I will shout too!—and cry aloud, and spare not—glory! for—ever!—(and here his voice rang out like the sweet, clear tones of a bugle).

"And, therefore, my dear sisters and brethren, let us walk worthy of our vocation; not with the natural legs of the physical corporation, but in the apostolical way, with the metaphysical and figurative legs of the mind—(here Mr. N. caught some one smiling.)—Take care, sinner, take care! curl not the scornful nose—I'm willing to be a fool for religion's sake—but turn not up the scornful nose—do its ministers no harm! Sinner, mark me!—in yon deep and tangled grove, where tall, aspiring trees wave green and lofty heads in the free air of balmy skies—there, sinner, an hour ago, when the sonorous horn called on our embattled hosts to go to private prayer! an hour ago, in yonder grove I knelt and prayed for you!—(hooh!)—yes! I prayed some poor soul might be given for my hire!—and he promised me one!—(Glory! glory!—ah! give him one!)—

Laughing sinner!—take care!—I'll have you!—(Grant it—amen!—ooohoo!) Look out, I'm going to fire—(assuming the attitude of rifle-shooting)—bang!—may He send that through your heart!—may it pierce clean home through joints and marrow!—and let all the people say amen!—(and here amen *was* said, and not in the tame style of the American Archbishop of Canterbury's cathedral, be assured; but whether the spiritual bullet hit the chap aimed at, I never learned; if it did, his groans were inaudible in the alarming thunder of that amen).

"Ay! ay! that's the way! that's the way! don't be ashamed of your vocation—that's the way to walk and let your light shine! Now, some wise folks despise light, and call for miracles: but when we can't have one kind of light, let us be philosophical, and take another. For my part, when I'm bogging about these dark woods, far away in the silent, sombre shadows, I rejoice in sunshine; and would prefer it of choice, rather than all other celestial and translucent luminaries: but when the gentle fanning zephyrs of the shadowy night breathe soft among the trembling leaves and sprays of the darkening forests, then I rejoice in moonshine: and when the moonshine dims and pales away, with the waning silvery queen of heaven in her azure zone, I look up to the blue concave of the circular vault, and rejoice in star light. No! *no!* NO! any light!—give us any light rather than *none!*—(Ah, do, good ——!) Yes! yes! we are the light of the world, and so let us let our light shine, whether sunshine, or moonshine, or star light!—(oohoo!)—and then the poor benighted sinner, bogging about this terraqueous, but dark and mundane sphere, will have a light like a pole star of the distant north, to point and guide him to the sun-lit climes of yonder world of bright and blazing bliss!"—(A-a-a-amen!)

Such is part of the sermon. His concluding prayer ended thus:—(Divine names omitted).

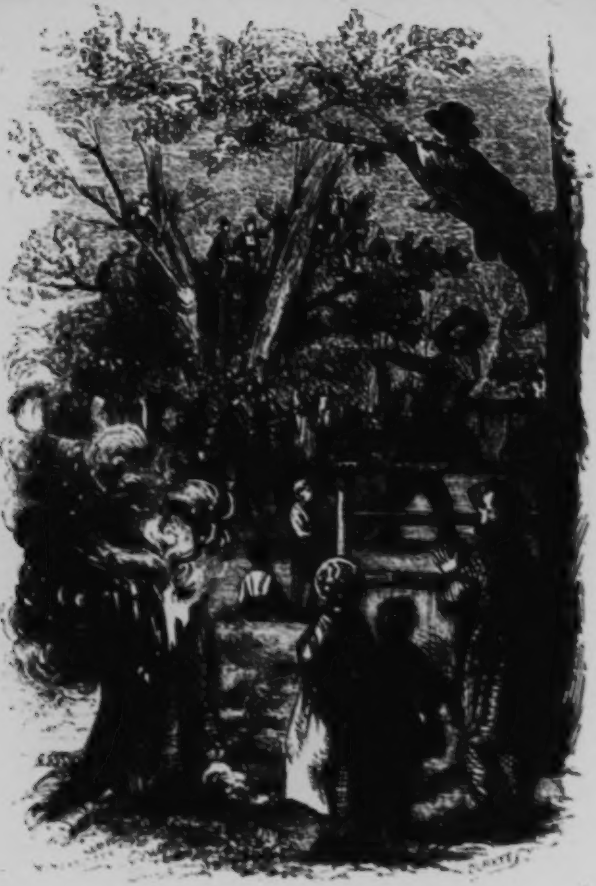
"Oh! come down! come, come down! *down!* now!—to-night!—do wonders then! come down in *might!* come down in *power!* let salvation *roll! Come* down! *come!* and let the earthquaking mighty noise of thy thundering chariot wheels be heard, and felt, and seen, and experienced in the warring elements of our spiritualized hearts!"

During the prayer, many petitions and expressions were so rapturously and decidedly encored, that our friend kindly repeated them; and sometimes, like public singers, with handsome variations: and many petitions by amateur zealots were put forth, without any notice of the current prayer offered by Mr. N., yet evidently having in view some elegancy of his sermon. And not a few petitions, I regret to say, seemed to misapprehend the drift and scope of the preacher. One of this sort was the earnest ejaculations of an old and worthy brother, who, in a hollow, sepulchral, and rather growly voice, bellowed out in a very beautiful part of the grand prayer—"Oohhoo! take away *moonshine!*"

But our finest performance was to be at night: and at the first *toot* of the tin horn, we assembled in expectation of a "good time." For 1. All day preparation had been making for the night; and the actors seemed evidently in restraint, as in mere rehearsal: 2. The night better suits displays and scenes of any kind: but 3. The African was to preach; and rumour had said, "he was a most powerful big preacher, that could stir up folks mighty quick, and use up the ole feller in less than no time."

After prefatory prayers and hymns, and *pithy* exhortations by several brothers of the Circassian breed, our dusky divine, the Rev. Mizraim Ham, commenced his sermon, founded on the duel between David and Goliath.

This discourse we shall condense into a few pages; although the comedy or *mellow*-drama—for it greatly mellowed and relaxed the muscles—required for its entire action a full hour. There was, indeed, a prologue; but the rest was mainly dialogue, in which Mr. Ham wonderfully personated all the different speakers, varying his tone, manner, attitude, etc., as varying characters and circumstances demanded. We fear much of the spirit has evaporated in this condensation; but that evil is unavoidable.



Rev. Mizraim Ham "doing" David and Goliah at the Camp-Meeting.
Page 361.

Rev. Mizraim Ham's Discourse.

"Bruthurn and sisturn, tention, if you pleases, while I want you for to understand this here battul most partiklur 'zact, or may be you moughtn't comprend um. Furst place, I gwyin to undevur to sarcumscribe fust the 'cashin of this here battul: second place, the 'comdashins of the armies: third place, the folksee as was gwyin for to fite and didn't want to, and some did: and last and fourth place, I'm gwyin for to show purtiklur 'zact them as fit juul, and git victry and git kill'd.

"Tention, if you pleases, while I fustly sarcumscribe the 'casion of this here battul. Bruthurn and sisturn, you see them thar hethun Fillystines, what warn't circumcised, they wants to ketch King Sol and his 'ar folks for to make um slave: and so they cums down to pick a quorl, and begins a totin off all their cawn, and wouldn't 'low um to make no hoes to ho um, nor no homnee. And that 'ar, you see, stick in King Solsis gizurd; and he ups and says, says he, 'I'm not gwying to be used up that 'ar away by them uncircumcis'd hethun Fillystines, and let um tote off our folksee cawn to chuck to thar hogs, and take away our hoes so we can't hoe um—and so, Jonathun, we'll drum up and list soljurs and try um a battul.' And then King Sol and his 'ar folks they goes up, and the hethun and theirn comes down and makes war. And this is the 'cashin why they fit.

"Tention 'gin, if you pleases, I'm gwyin in the next place secondly, to show the 'comdashins of this here battul, which was so fashin like. The Fillystines they had thar army up thar on a mounting, and King Sol he had hissin over thar, like, across a branch, amoss like that a one thar—(pointing)—and it was chuck full of sling rock all along on the bottom. And so they was both on um camp'd out; this a one on this 'ar side, and tother a one on tother, and the lilly branch tween um—and them's the 'comdashins.

"Tention once more agin, as 'caze next place thirdly I'm a gwyin to give purtiklur 'zact 'count of sum folksee what fit and sum didn't want to. And lubly sinnahs, maybe you minds um, as how King Sol and his soljurs was pepper hot for fite when he fust liss um; but now, lubly sinnahs, when they gits up to the Fillystines, they cool off mighty quick, I tell you! 'Caze why? I tell you; why, 'caze a grate, big, ugly ole jiunt, with grate big eyes, so fashin—(Mr. Ham made giant's eyes here)—he kums a rampin out a frunt 'o them 'ar rigiments, like the ole devul a gwyin about like a half-starv'd lion a seeking to devour poor lubly sinnahs! And he cum a jumpin and a tearin out so fashin—(actions to suit)—to git sum of King Solsis soljurs to fite um juul: and King Sol, lubly bruthurn and sisturn, he gits sker'd mighty quick, and he says to Jonathun and tother big officers, says he—'I ain't a gwyin for to fite that grate big fellah.' And arter that they ups and says—'We ain't a gwyin for to fite um nuthur, 'caze he's all kiver'd with sheetirun, and his head's up so high we muss stand a hoss back to reach um!'—the jiunt he was *so big!!*

"And then King Sol he quite down in the jaw, and he turn and ax if somebody wouldn't hunt up a soljur as would fite juul with um; and he'd give um his dawtah, the prinsuss, for wife, and make um king's son-in-law. And then one old koretur, they call him Abnah, he comes up and says to Sol so: 'Please your majustee, sir, I kin git a young fellah to fite um,' says he. And Abnah tells how Davy had jist rid up in his carruge and left um with the man what tend the hossis—and how he heern Davy a quorl'n with his bruthurs and a wantun to fite the jiunt. Then King Sol, he feel mighty glad, I tell you, sinnahs, and he make um bring um up, and King Sol he begins a talkin so, and Davy he answers so:—

"'What's your name, lilly fellah?'

"'I was krissen'd Davy.'

"'Who's your farder?'

"'They call um Jesse.'

"'What you follur for livin?'

"'I tend my farder's sheep.'

"'What you kum arter? Ain't you affeerd of that 'ar grate ugly ole jiunt up thar, lilly Davy?'

"'I kum to see arter my udder brudurs, and bring um in our carruge some cheese and muttun, and some clene shirt and trowser, and have tother ones wash'd. And when I cum I hear ole Goliawh a hollerin out for somebody to cum and fite juul with um: and all the soljurs round thar they begins for to make traks mighty quick, I tell you, please your majuste, sir, for thar tents; but, says I, what you run for? I'm not a gwyin for to run away—if King Sol wants some body for to fite the jiunt, I'll fite um for um.'

"'I mighty feer'd, lilly Davy you too leetul for um—'

"No! King Sol, I kin lick um. One day I gits asleep ahind a rock, and out kums a lion and a bawr, and begins a totin off a lilly lam; and when I heern um roarin and pawin 'bout, I rubs my eyes and sees um gwyin to the mountings—and I arter and ketch'd up and kill um both without no gun nor sword—and I bring back poor lilly lamb. I kin lick ole Goliawh, I tell you, please your majuste, sir.'

"Then King Sol he wery glad, and pat um on the head, and calls um 'lilly Davy,' and wants to put on um his own armur made of brass and sheetirun and to take his sword, but Davy didn't like um, but said he'd trust to his sling. And then out he goes to fite the ole jiunt; and this 'ar brings me to the fourth and last diwishin of our surmun.

"Tention once more agin, for lass time, as I'm gwyin to give most purtikurlust 'zactest 'count of the juul atween lilly Davy and ole Goliawh the jiunt, to show, lubly sinnah! how the Lord's peepul without no carnul gun nor sword, can fite ole Bellzybub and knock um over with the sling rock of prayer, as lilly Davy knock over Goliawh with hissin out of the Branch.

"And to 'lusterut the juul and make um spikus, I'll show 'zactly how they talk'd, and jawd, and fit it all out: and so ole Goliawh when he see Davy a kumun, he hollurs out so, and lilly Davy he say back so:—

"'What you kum for, lilly Jew? ——'

"'What I kum for? you'll find out mighty quick, I tell you —I kum for fite juul ——'

"'Huhh! huhh! haw!—'tink I'm gwyin to fite puttee lilly baby? I want King Sol or Abnah, or a big soljur man ——'

"'Hole your jaw—I'll make you laugh tother side, ole grizzle-gruzzle, 'rectly—I'm man enough for biggust jiunt Filystine.'

"'Go way, poor lilly boy! go home, lilly baby, to your mudder, and git sugar plum—I no want kill puttee lilly boy ——'

"'Kum on!—don't be afeerd!—don't go for to run away!—I'll ketch you and lick you ——'

"'You leetul raskul—I'll kuss you by all our gods—I'll cut out your sassy tung—I'll break your blackguard jaw—I'll rip you up and give um to the dogs and crows ——'

"'Don't kuss so, ole Golly! I 'sposed you wanted to fite juul—so kum on with your old irun-pot hat on—you'll git belly full mighty quick ——'

"'You nasty leetle raskul, I'll kum and kill you dead as chopped sassudge.'"

Here the preacher represented the advance of the parties; and gave a florid and wonderfully effective description of the closing act partly by words and partly by pantomime; exhibiting innumerable marches and countermarches to get to windward, and all the postures, and gestures, and defiances, till at last he personated David putting his hand into a bag for a stone: and then making his cotton handkerchief into a sling, he whirled it with fury half a dozen times around his head, and then let fly with much skill at Goliath; and at the same instant halloing with the phrenzy of a madman—"Hurraw! for lilly Davy!" At that cry he, with his left hand, struck himself a violent slap on the forehead, to represent the blow of the sling-stone hitting the giant; and then in person of Goliath he dropped *quasi* dead upon the platform amid the deafening plaudits of the congregation; all of whom, some spiritually, some sympathetically, and some carnally, took up the preacher's triumph shout—

"Hurraw! for lilly Davy!"—

How the Rev. Mizraim Ham made his exit from the boards I could not see—perhaps he rolled or crawled off. But he did not suffer decapitation, like "ole Golly:" since, in ten minutes, his woolly pate suddenly popped up among the other sacred heads that were visible over the front railing of the rostrum, as all kept moving to and fro in the wild tossings of religious phrenzy.

Scarcely had Mr. Ham fallen at his post, when a venerable old warrior, with matchless intrepidity, stepped into the vacated spot; and without a sign of fear carried on the contest against the Arch Fiend, whose great ally had been so recently overthrown—i. e., Goliath, (not Mr. Ham.) Yet excited, as evidently was this veteran, he still could not forego his usual introduction stating how old he was; where he was born; where he obtained religion; how long he had been a preacher; how many miles he had travelled in a year; and when he buried his wife—all of which edifying truths were received with the usual applauses of a devout and enlightened assembly. But this introduction over—which did not occupy more than fifteen or twenty minutes—he began his attack in fine style, waxing louder and louder as he proceeded, till he exceeded all the old gentlemen to "holler" I ever heard, and indeed old ladies either.

Extract from his Discourse.

"—————————Yes, sinners! you'll all have to fall and be knock'd down some time or nuther, like the great giant we've heern tell on, when the Lord's sarvints come and fight agin you! Oho! sinner! sinner—oh!—I hope you may be knock'd down to-night—now!—this moment—and afore you die and go to judgment! Yes! oho! yes! oh!—I say judgment—for it's appinted once to die and then the judgment—oho! oh! And what a time ther'll be then! You'll see all these here trees—and them 'are stars, and yonder silver moon a fire!—and all the alliments a meltin and runnin down with fervent heat-ah!" —(I have elsewhere stated that the *unlearned* preachers out there (?) are by the vulgar—[not the *poor*]—but the *vulgar*, supposed to be more favoured in preaching than man-made preachers; and that the sign of an unlearned preacher's inspiration being in full *blast* is his inhalations, which puts an ah! to the end of sentences, members, words, and even exclamations, till his breath is all gone, and no more can be *sucked* in)—"Oho! hoah! fervent heat-ah!—and the trumpit a soundin-ah!—and the dead arisin-ah!—and all on us a flyin-ah!—to be judged-ah!—Oohoah! sinner—sinner—sinner-ah! And what do I see away tharah!—down the Massissipp-ah!—thar's a man jist done a killin-ah!—another-ah!—and up he goes with his bloody dagger-ah! And what's that I see to the East-ah! where proud folks live clothed in purple-ah! and fine linen-ah!—I see 'em round a table a drinkin a decoction of Indian herb-ah!—and up they go with cups in thar hands-ah! and see—ohoah!—see! in yonder doggery some a dancin-ah! and a fiddlin-ah!—and up they go-ah! with cards-ah! and fiddle-ah!" etc., etc.

Here the tempest around drowned the voice of the old hero: although, from the frantic violence of his gestures, the frightful distortion of his features, and the Pythonic foam of his mouth, he was plainly blazing away at the enemy. The uproar, however, so far subsided as to allow my hearing his closing exhortation, which was this:

"——Yes I say—fall down—fall down all of you, on your knees!—shout!—cry aloud!—spare not!—stamp with the *foot!*—smite with the *hand!*—down! *down!*—that's it!—down brethren!—down preachers!—down *sisters!*—pray away!—take it by storm!—*fire* away! fire *away!* not one at a time! not two together-ah!—a single shot the devil will *dodge-ah!*—give it to him *all at once*—fire a *whole platoon!*—at him!!"

And then such platoon firing as followed! If Satan stood that, he can stand much more than the worthy folks thought he could. And, indeed, the effect was wonderful!—more than forty thoughtless sinners that came for fun, and twice as many backsliders were instantly knocked over!—and there all lay, some with violent jerkings and writhings of body, and some uttering the most piercing and dismaying shrieks and groans! The fact is, I was nearly knocked down myself——

"You?—Mr. Carlton!!"

Yes—indeed—but not by the hail of spiritual shot falling so thick around me: it was by a sudden rush towards my station, where I stood mounted on a stump. And this rush was occasioned by a wish to see a stout fellow lying on the straw in the pen, a little to my left, groaning and praying, and yet kicking and pummelling away as if scuffling with a sturdy antagonist. Near him were several men and women at prayer, and one or more whispering into his ear; while on a small stump above, stood a person superintending the contest, and so as to ensure victory to the right party. Now the prostrate man, who like a spirited tom-cat seemed to fight best on his back, was no other than our celebrated New Purchase bully—Rowdy Bill! And this being reported through the congregation, the rush had taken place by which I was so nearly overturned. I contrived, however, to regain my stand, shared indeed now, with several others, we hugging one another and standing on tip-toes and our necks elongated as possible; and thus we managed to have a pretty fair view of matters.

About this time the Superintendent in a very loud voice cried out—"Let him alone, brothers! let him alone sisters!—keep on praying!—it's a hard fight—the devil's got a tight grip yet! He don't want to lose poor Bill—but he'll let go soon—Bill's gittin the better on him fast!—Pray away!"

Rowdy Bill, be it known, was famous as a gouger, and so expert was he in his antioptical vocation, that in a few moments he usually bored out an antagonist's eyes, or made him cry *peccavi*. Indeed, could he, on the present occasion, have laid hold of his unseen foe's head—spiritually we mean—he would —figuratively of course—soon have caused him to ease off or let go entirely his metaphorical grip. So, however, thought one friend in the assembly—Bill's wife. For Bill was a man after her own heart; and she often said that "with fair play she sentimentally allowed her Bill could lick are a man in the 'varsal world, and his weight in wild cats to boot." Hence, the kind-hearted creature, hearing that Bill was actually fighting with the evil one, had pressed in from the outskirts to see fair play; but now hearing Bill was in reality down, and apparently undermost, and above all, the words of the Superintendent, declaring that the fiend had a tight grip of the poor fellow, her excitement would no longer be controlled; and, collecting her vocal energies, she screamed out her common exhortation to Bill, and which, when heeded, had heretofore secured him immediate victories—"Gouge him, Billy!—gouge him, *Billy!*—*gouge* him!"

This spirited exclamation was instantly shouted by Bill's cronies and partisans—mischieveously, *maybe*, for we have no right to judge of men's motives, in meetings:—but a few—*friends*, doubtless, of the old fellow—cried out in a very irreverent tone—"Bite him! devil—*bite* him!" Upon which the faithful wife, in a tone of voice that beggars description, reiterated her—"Gouge him," etc.—in which she was again joined by her husband's allies, and that to the alarm of his invisible foe; for Bill now rose to his knees, and on uttering some mystic jargon symptomatic of conversion, he was said to have "got religion;"—and then all his new friends and spiritual guides united in fresh prayers and shouts of thanksgiving.

It was now very late at night; and joining a few other citizens of Woodville, we were soon in our saddles and buried in the darkness of the forest. For a long time, however, the uproar of the spiritual elements at the camp continued at intervals to swell and diminish on the hearing; and, often came a yell that rose far above the united din of other screams and outcries. Nay, at the distance of nearly two miles, could be distinguished a remarkable and sonorous *oh!*—like the faintly heard explosion of a mighty elocutional class, practising under a master. And yet my comrades, who had heard this peculiar cry more than once, all declared that this wonderful *oh*-ing was performed by the separate voice of our townsman, Eolus Letherlung, Esq.!

CONCLUSION:

A camp-meeting of *this sort* is, all things considered, the very best contrivance for making the largest number of converts in the shortest possible time; and also for enlarging most speedily the bounds of a Church *Visible* and *Militant*.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Amor vincit omnia."
"Love laughs at locksmiths!"

Our present chapter treats of love and matrimony.

Doubtless it has occurred to the reader, that John Glenville is yet a bachelor, and ought to be looking out for a wife. Now, although John was never *overhead and ears* in love, he yet was always *falling* into it—knee deep at least; but as yet, he had never found anybody for help-*meet*, though several were disposed to be help-*mates*.

My friend had, indeed, often gone "a gallin" among our log-cabin beauties; and sometimes received answers so serious to his sportive questions as to make his backing out very difficult and ungraceful. For instance, he once accompanied Peggy home from a night-meeting; and on reaching the cabin she paused a moment by the wood-pile, when John playfully said:

"Well, Peggy, I've a notion to go in and court awhile; what do *you* say to it?"

"Well—maybe you mought, and maybe you mought'nt—"

"Why? has anybody cut me out?"

"Hey?"

"Perhaps somebody else is gallin down here?"

"Perhaps thar is, and perhaps thar isn't."

"Awh! come Peggy, *do* tell me."

Here Peggy looked down in some perplexity, as balancing uncertainties; and after kicking up a large heap of chips with the toe of her shoe, she seemed to have arrived at the conclusion—"a bird in the hand," etc.—and, therefore, modestly answered:—

"Well, John—I'm a kinder sorter courted like, and a kinder sorter not like—but I'm more a kinder sorter *not*, nor a kinder sorter—and I allow you'd better step in and see daddy; tain't late—although mammy's in bed."

Of course, John got out as awkwardly as we end his adventure.

But once Glenville was caught more effectually, and much more to his surprise; and yet, he backed out with some ingenuity. The lady, however, had *ultimately* her revenge. He was on a visit of business in an adjoining State, when he was invited by the celebrated Mr. Brown, to spend a few days at his house. Here he became naturally interested in Miss Brown, the daughter—a young lady of some beauty, of much good nature, of good talents, and mistress of many useful acquirements, besides several ornamental branches.

In an unguarded moment, John sportively popped the question, or rather popped *at* the question, by wondering how Miss B. would like to live in a cabin with such a Hoosier as himself; to which Paddy's hint, Miss B. too seriously intimated, that Mr. G. had better consult her father on such points. Now, generous reader, Glenville was by no means ready to forsake father and mother at that time; and the cabin alluded to was so open and unchinked, that poverty could, easily enough, have crept in all around, and love gone flying out through an hundred crevices in addition to the doors and window. In plain English, the fellow was too poor to ask any woman to share his poverty; unless she belonged to the Range, was used "to chinkin and daubin, and to makin *huntin shirts and lether brichis*:" hence, after musing on the affair the whole night, he seized an opportunity the next morning, of renewing with Miss B. the colloquy of the previous afternoon. In this he painted, in true colours, the cheerlessness of his rude cabin and his half hunter's life, and the privations and sufferings to which such a man's wife would necessarily be subjected; and then, with some ingenuity—certainly with some boldness—he wished to know if such a man ought to ask any kind parent, in affluent circumstances, to send away an amiable and beloved daughter.

To his relief, Miss B., with a slight betrayal of surprise—John said "mortification"—agreed with him; but after this his situation was so awkward, that he left Mr. Brown's mansion that very day. Here, therefore, is another proof that some things can be done as well as others; and while this affair is not *quite* so odd as that of Deerslayer and Judith, yet it shows the difference between truth and fiction.

Well, the present winter, Glenville being often on visits to Woodville, and circumstances existing to alter cases, we frequently rallied the bachelor on his courtships; and more than once, in full assembly, voted that he must, and should forthwith go and find a wife. To all this he opposed the stale replies, that he was too old now—could find nobody to suit him—and that such as would suit would not have him—till at last he consented, if I could find the proper person, and persuade her to have him, he would marry.

Accordingly, one night, after such a discussion, Glenville and myself sat alone by the fire, when the following talk went on in continuation of the subject:—

"But, Glenville, are you really serious?"

"Yes, Carlton, I am really serious."

"Still, you would not marry if you did not love?"

"Well—I'm not quite so sure there. At all events, I shall easily love any girl *you* will choose—especially if you choose *Miss Brown*."

"Come, John, be candid—did you ever truly love her?"

"More, perhaps, than I ever loved any one before."

"And why did you back out so foolishly?"

"For the very reasons I have a thousand times told you. I was too poor—my home too utterly dreary to take *such* a girl to—and if I had ever dreamed my jesting manner would have been mistaken, I should have been far enough from trifling with her ——"

"Suppose she had seemed willing next morning?"

"I would have consulted her father, unquestionably—but for the daughter's sake, I should have regretted his consent."

"Well, Glenville, what do you say to Miss Smythe?—I think she feels tender towards you."

"She would do:—and with a little practice I should love her as well as most men love their wives. But Carlton, the Squire has been cutting round there the last six months, and ——"

"No odds—suppose you *try?*"

"Willingly, if I thought there was any chance; but, in the first place, maybe she's engaged—next, maybe she might not want me—and so I do not like to lose my time, and run risk, and ——"

"Tut! tut!—you need not waste any time; for I'll write a love-letter for you; and as to the other objection, I'll bet a coon-skin you're too modest, and the girl, if disengaged, will have you."

"Carlton!—*will* you write such a letter? If you will, I'll *deliver* it."

"Done!—and I'll write you as many more as you like."

"Suppose, then, you do another for Miss Brown? and so I shall have two snaps."

"Agreed—when shall I do them?"

"Any time between this and next Saturday. I shall be in Woodville, then, you know—so 'tis settled—come, I'm tired, let's go to bed."

The two letters were duly concocted, the first one to be delivered to Miss Smythe, the other, in case of the first failing, was to be sent to Miss Brown; but if Miss S. was disengaged and smiled propitious, John was, to all intents and purposes, a married man; and Miss Brown was to have no opportunity of revenge.

The letter for Miss Smythe was as follows:

"Miss E. A. Smythe,

"A knowledge of your character, derived from mutual friends, from the opinion of all your acquaintances, and also from a somewhat intimate personal acquaintance, induces me to believe that such a lady would fill the vacancy in my domestic establishment most perfectly and delightfully:—although I am not vain enough to suppose Miss Smythe will necessarily feel herself flattered by such a preference on the part of the writer. As, however, Miss S. on better acquaintance, might become interested in him—more so at least than he fears she is at present—he very respectfully, yet *most earnestly*, craves permission to pay his addresses in person.

"Very truly, your humble servant,
"But great admirer,
"John Glenville."

The letter to Miss Brown, or rather *for* her, as it was addressed to the father, was this:—

"My Dear Sir,

"In a playful conversation on a subject so common when unmarried persons meet, your daughter, Miss Brown, in a jesting manner, remarked, that she always referred gentlemen to her father—as *his* choice would always be *hers*. What was jest with her, with me would have become very solemn earnest, had I then to offer any thing beyond my hand and my heart, to induce *such* a girl to leave *such* a home. Happily, circumstances are now favourably altered; and willingly now would I ask that father for his daughter could I flatter myself the daughter could be induced to gladden and adorn a hearth, which, however warm in one sense, must be yet cold and cheerless without the love of a bosom friend. And such a friend would Miss Brown prove: and, dear sir, if *you* think such a match suitable for your lovely daughter, I sincerely entreat the communication of your favourable opinion to her in my behalf—hoping that the daughter's choice then may be as the father's.

"I have, sir, the honour to be
"Your obedient servant,
"J. Glenville."

On Saturday Glenville came; when after reading, criticising, correcting and laughing, he took copies of the letters; it being arranged that he put one in each coat pocket, and on waiting next day on Miss Smythe from church, he should, at a proper time, hand her the proper letter. And all this he accordingly did, and with no greater blunder than putting his hand into the

Brown pocket, and pulling out the wrong letter—which, if he had also delivered it to Miss Smythe, would have made our book still more interesting—but he fortunately corrected his error in time, and prevented a very handsome laugh at our expense.

To save Miss S. the awkwardness of a special messenger, and to avoid prying eyes at the post-office, Glenville, on bowing adieu at the lady's door, stated that he would call in person next morning for an answer. At that time, therefore, after lots of speculating as to the style and manner of the answer, Glenville, with Miss Brown's letter in his pocket, and anxious not to be too early for the lady's convenience, nor too late for the ardent affection he *intended* to have, marched off very bravely, looking back once or twice and shaking his fist as he caught sight of our cachinating faces.

Well, in due season he returned—but what pen or pencil can give the odd expression of that face?

"Well, Glenville, what luck?"—(Can I ever forget the peculiar intonation, emphasis, inflection of that answer?)

"Engaged!"

"Is it possible!—but if she had *not* been, what then?"

"Bah!—do you think I asked her?"

"Why not?—I should like to know what she thinks of you."

"Why not! In case she did not fancy me, was I going to suffer a *double* refusal, when one is decisive?"

"Haw! ha! he![*] but what have you done with Miss Brown's letter?"

"Dropp'd it in the office as I came along; and there's a chance for Miss Brown to have her revenge. Bet a dollar she says no!"

The case of my friend was like that of the school boy, who described his disappointment in a composition, which we shall here introduce to fill up the time till the return mail.

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[*] We do not expect the reader to laugh here, unless he is so disposed—I only laughed at the time because I could not help it.

"Composition on Hunting."

"The other morning I went out a hunting with father's duck-gun what he brung out from Kentucky; but as I had no luck, I allowed I might as well put off for home; and so I turn about and goes towards home. As I come to the edge of our clearin, what should I see away off on the top of a dead walnut, but a black crow! And so I makes up my mind to try and hit him. The critter was more nor three hundred yards from me; but I insinuates myself along as near as two hundred yards to the feller; when he begins a showing signs of flittin: and so I trees where I was in a minute. Well, I determines to try him thare, although 'twas near as good as desperut to try a black crow that distance with a shot-gun; although father's duck-gun's the most powerful shot-gun in the Purchis. Howsomdever, I wanted the load out; and I thought I might as well fire that way as any other—and so up I draws the piece very careful, and begins a takin aim, thinking all the while I *shouldn't* hit him: still I tuk the most exactest aim, as if I *should;* when just then he hops about two feet nearer my way, as if to get a look round my tree, where he smelt powder—and then, thinking all the time, as I said, I shouldn't *hit* him, as the distance was so most powerful fur, I blazed away!—and sure enough, as I'm alive—I *didn't* hit him!"

Now Glenville, from the distance of his second shot, insisted he should never hit: yet how near he came may be conjectured from the following replies to his epistle:—

"JOHN GLENVILLE, ESQ.—

"Dear Sir—

* * * * * * * and the inclosed from my daughter, to whom was handed your late communication, contains, I presume, the most satisfactory answer,

* * * * and * * * *

"Yours, very respectfully, etc.,

"REDMAN GREEN BROWN."

Now, this sentence in the envelope containing a sealed letter from Miss Brown, brought "the crow about two feet nearer:" and John's eyes began to sparkle, although he continued humbly affirming that the sealed epistle contained—"No!"

"SIR:—

"I honour you for honesty, as I am satisfied you assign true reasons for not taking one to share your home; although the reasons themselves can never seem satisfactory where one was willing to share another's *heart*. For, like most girls in their days of romance, that one cared to find *only* a heart when she married. As my own home is sufficiently comfortable, there can be no inducement to wish another, however comfortable, in the New Purchase; and where its owner seems to think 'altered circumstances' are important in winning a woman's love. But to show that kindness is estimated that would spare my delicacy, by leading my dear father to think *all* our conversation had been sportive, I do hereby most cordially—(here John looked! oh! I tell you what!)—invite you to our Christmas festivities, when the writer changes her name from Mary Brown to Mary Burleigh."

"There, Carlton! I *told* you so—I said it would be—no! And yet secretly did I wish,—ay!—that the answer could be—yes! I am glad the girl has her revenge; but still I have known too many hardships not to feel happy in the reflection, that one I did love a little, and could now love a great deal, has never been called to share them."

And so after all, reader, our chapter ends without a wedding! proving how hard it is to get an old bachelor married. Another year we may, perhaps, be more successful.

CHAPTER L.

FIFTH YEAR.

> "The three R's—Readin, Ritin, Rithmetic."
> *London Alderman's Toast.*
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> "I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus—
> The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
> With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news."

A GREAT quarrel between the Rev. C. Clarence and the Commonwealth of Woodville, was in reference to the kind of education fit for Hoosiers, Woolverines, and other true democrats. Our man of learning contended for a liberal and thorough discipline of the mind; while we insisted on a *practical* education. He argued that no course of education paid for by the government, ought to have exclusive regard to any class, or to any one art, trade, or profession: but that where the State furnished the means, the best *intellectual* education should be given both to the poor and the rich. Nay, he even affirmed that men ought not to be trained as mere Americans, and much less as mere western or eastern citizens; but as men of the world, as gentlemen, as Christians.

About this time Mind, having been accommodated with a pair of legs, and the said legs being fitted with seven league boots, had marched our way, and was now *marking time* very furiously in the Purchase. Indeed, we began to be born in circumstances favourable to sucking in *thought*, or something else, from maternal breasts; and by the aid of patent books and machinery we now obtained as much knowledge by the time we could carry a rifle, or tree a racoon, as our grandmothers had acquired in a long life! All this was real American, United States' learning!—useful, practical stuff!—such as would enable a fellow to get his own bread and butter; or in New Purchase terms, his hog and hominy!

In the far east, it is true, circumstances demanded many knowledges. But in the Purchase, utility required little beyond the learned alderman's R. R. R.; except a little "Jografee," and "Surveyin" enough to run lines around a quarter section: which were "naterally allowed to be a sorter useful like."

Nor was our inference to be blamed, if education be, as it has been made for the last twenty-five years, and is to be made for the next fifty, a thing of utility, latitudes and meridians; for we New Purchase folks lived, not as folks *at* Boston, or New York; and did not, hence, need the same kind of education. Nor cared we for other people's *notions*, being content with our own. If the Great North American United States Theories and Systems are founded in true philosophy, then the Rev. Charles Clarence, A. M. should have come down from his stilts, and become popular and useful, and have educated us as we wished, and not as we ought to be. And many were the friends he would have bought; ay, and he could have made some money too, had he spoken in favour of Patent Picture Books that represented truth and *falsehood* too, enigmatically; and had he abused classical learning! Had he delivered twattle! or sent two boxes of dried bugs! or a chest of flints! with a pair of globes, a double wooden cone, and other toys to common schools! And had he not advocated heathen establishments, where children read about Jupiter, and Venus, and other he and she divinities, instead of those noble, man-confiding, common schools, which in some places so abhor *all* gods, as to acknowledge *none* either by public prayer, or the reading of a Divine Revelation!

Fortunate times! when a politician may acquire reputation for all learning and patriotism, and wisdom, and philanthropy, by making a fourth rate plagiarized speech before some third rate Lyceum in favour of Practical American Education! Or by sending five and a half dollars worth of pebbles and toy machinery to the People's School to impart the knowledges!

Alas! Clarence, little believed I once in your predictions! We thought you an ill boding crow! And yet Classical Learning with all its generous, manly, and intellectual cognates is in most places dead—in all dying! In his last letter Clarence himself thus writes:—

———— "I am now in an incorporated classical and mathematical academy at the capital of a boastful little State—a school where once numerous pupils were disciplined in my favourite system, and in due time became men. But 'Othello's occupation's gone!' I have only three pupils professedly studying even Latin! and that only to understand *law terms!* The rest are literally in the R. R. R. and Jogerfree! Indeed, in a population of some twelve thousand *bodies*, we can count but twelve *souls* as classical scholars in any of the schools, public or private! So much for utilitarianism. It pulls down; it never *has*, it never *can* build up! It will hardly go to heaven if not *paid* for it! Carlton! are we out of the woods? Has that impudent far famed Theory of Practical Education, made us, as was promised, happier and better? After all, are there not very many *illiterate* fellows worth immense estates, who can barely 'read, rite, and sifer?' and who are vastly richer than the best utilitarian school system ever made any body? After all, an education in mental discipline, in the *good old* way, is the best for practical uses; and if a disciplined man fail in making money or gaining worldly honours, he *never* can fail, if virtuous, in possessing his intellectual superiority and its concomitant joys; but my paper is out. Farewell."

Yes, Clarence, you were right and we wrong. Well do I remember your lectures and conversations, in which you insisted it was wrong to appeal so exclusively to the selfish and political feelings and views, and thus coax men to have schools. How you argued that whole communities, if disappointed in immediate and profitable results, came soon to ask "cui bono?" not only as to the classics, but even as to the sacred R. R. R. themselves. For what was else to be expected, when *virtue* itself was valued as it was found useful; and *honesty* practised and tolerated, because the best policy?

Yes! yes! thy mantle is fallen upon me! the puerile picture book, the question and answer, the no-studying, the cheap as dirt, and nearly as worthless systems, shall all themselves come in due time to be neglected!

Our professor, however, did persuade a few to lay the proper foundation of mental discipline in the proper union of classical and abstract mathematical studies. And so well did he cause to appear the few thus persuaded, in contrast to equals restricted elsewhere to the beggarly elements of a good (?) English education; and so manifest had it become, that the R. R. R. and other common and even uncommon English branches could all be acquired, while pupils were laying the proper foundation, that not only were some of the Woodville commonwealth induced to try "the high and big-bug larnin," but pupils for the same purpose began to come from abroad. And these were styled Foreign and Strange Students.

And then, dear reader, as moneys came in, you have no idea how converts increased to the doctrine of College-utility! for none could deny the utility! It was tangible, visible, audible! With our own eyes we saw Cash! handled it with our fingers! heard it jingle with our ears! And all at once "high larning" became as popular as common schools. It was equal to a productive system, or grammar! It raised the wind! It brought the rhino! Only show that a school, an academy, a college, or, *a church*, will advance the value of town lots—bring in more consumers—create a demand for beef, cloth, pepper and salt, powder and shot; then, from the vulgar plebeian dealing in shoe-leather, up to the American *nobleman* dealing in shops, and who retails butter and eggs, we shall hear one spontaneous voice in favour!

But wo, Pedagogue, if all are not speedily benefited by your school! Wo! if town lots rise not! if boots are not worn with dandy heels! if every body that has one spare room and two garrets, obtains not boarders! if cloth sells not ever so many hundred per cent above cost! if, in short, you enrich not all your *dear* fellow-townsmen!—then shall you hear the growlings of swine-like selfishness, and be asked "what's the use of learning?" Then shall you be complimented with many honorary titles, as "pitiful schemer!"—"book worm!"—"idle rascal!"

The star of Clarence was, however, on the ascendant; and he that had introduced "the Yankee trick" of exacting written excuses, was suddenly discovered to be "a powerful and mighty clever feller!" And his "high larn'd idees" had more good in them than one could have conjectured! But when two gentlemen from a slave State appeared in Woodville, at the opening of this summer's session, and not merely with three boys as new scholars, but with the avowed intentions of buying town lots and living with us till the education of their sons should be completed; and when these gentlemen were seen in broadcloth coats with yellow buttons, and canton crape pantaloons, walking round and examining sites for dwellings—then was the college extolled to the very heavens! And Clarence! what did he *not* become? If not a demi-god, at least within a fourth of it—a veritable semi-demi-one, a genuine terrestrial quarter-deus!

Poor fellow! he was a little inflated by the popular breath; and mistaking the *vox populi* for the *vox dei*, he said the college was safe! and that Providence had some remarkably excellent things in view for the great valley of the Mississippi in general, and for our portion of it in particular! Ah! enthusiast! how you made us thrill with your paintings of our future! How you thanked heaven for casting your lot among us! and dreamed of sumptuous edifices for colleges! and libraries! and apparatus! and crowded recitation rooms! You lost sight of your own principles, and thought pyramids could be built on air! Happily, my friend's day-dreaming was soon dispelled, or he would have been ruined. As it was, he increased his own library many fold. He bought Minoras, and Majoras, and Homers, and Ciceros, and lexicons, and concordances, and antiquities, and anthologies, and architectures—and would have ordered the whole stock of the Harpers' and Appletons' of the day—as if selfishness in a community was the basis for a large library, any more than for a liberal, manly, gentlemanly, and Christian education!

In these pleasing circumstances, our Principal relaxed not the reins of wholesome discipline. And at this very juncture, our Faculty had promulged a decree against something; but on finding both public and private admonition unavailing, they advertised that the next transgression would be visited by a brief suspension. On the very next day two pupils were seen by both masters, and in the very act of disobedience; and of course Crabstick and Thorntree were suspended for—twenty-four hours!

Many things create surprise in our mysterious world, which are followed, some by contempt, others by indignation and rage. A tom-cat exquisite leaps lightly on a toilette before a glass, and for the first sees a rival waving a taper tail, arching a velvet back, and purring with the most provoking complacency—all where he had reigned alone! His eye dilates with amazement! yet in a moment he intrudes his nose behind the mirror and the antagonist cat is vanished! And Tom ever after treats such semblances with the coolest indifference.

Not so Haw-Buck, who came into town to see the battle of Bunker Hill. His surprise was followed with indignation at the reckless chaps that handled fire-arms so carelessly. "Why *darn* 'em," as he took off his ram-beaver and saw a hole in its cylinder, "why darn 'em! if they hain't a firin bullits!"

The surprise of Woodville, in its consequences, was analogous, not to that of pussy, but of Haw-Buck. The pupils generally heard the sentence with a look that said—"we allow the masters don't know what they are doing!"—while Crabstick and Thorntree left the room in manifest indignation! And then, in a few hours, the *fama clamosa* was conveyed to every man, woman and child in all Woodville; and in a few more, to every one in our whole settlement!

At first, our community was *dumb!* Yard-sticks were arrested in admeasurements! Needles stood with thread in the eye! Wax-ends stuck in awl-holes! Planes, hammers, axes, saws, and other industrious implements ceased operating! and our folks hurried forth to unite wonders! Every store became crowded; and every bar-room and doggery! Knots of wise persons gathered at every corner; and all places were full of winks, shrugs, elevated eyebrows, puckered mouths, and quivering noses!

It was soon rumoured that Thorntree, a foreign student, had hired a horse from Liebug, and in an uncontrollable fit of dudgeons gone home to his father, Major Thorntree. And then, if our regulators had, like the ass in one of his phases, been *dumb*, they now imitated him in another; for no unanimous braying of a herd of donkeys could equal the hideous outcries of my townsmen!

My store was always a head quarters, for I was a leading trustee; beside we were liberal in the nut and apple line; and also gave, often, third-rate raisins to women and children, and fragments of lead, or a second-rate flint to a chap. But above all "Carltin was the feller to play the flute and the fiddle, and his ole woman, the body what could rattle the pianny!" For some days, our store was now jammed with representatives *extra* from all the arts, trades, and professions; yes, and ages and sexes; and I was worn down with talking and hearing, but without selling a dollar's worth. I took some revenge, indeed, by giving away no goodies, and hinting to some of the most violent and abusive a settlement of accounts.

Specimens of Talk

"I say, Mr. Carltin, ain't you goin to put the fellers out?"

"Put out! why?"

"Why!—why it's plain enuf they've gone on like 'ristecrats—and won't it take away a poor man's livin?"

"Just the other way, if all was understood——"

"Didn't Thorntree get boots of me?"

"Yes—and cakes and candy at our shop?"

"And what's more to the pint, Carltin, won't the Major go agin us next legislatur?"

"Well—arter all, what did the studints do? only break a paltry Yankee reg'lashin for five minits or so?"

"Yes—and the master down our settlemint says he never heern tell of sich a rule; and he's sentimentally of opinion it's a robbin a boy of his money by keepin him out a school for nothun no how ——"

"I tell you what, I heern Bob say he expects Squire Brompton is goin agin 'em—Clarinse and all ——"

"That's my sentiments, 'cos Major Thorntree ——"

"No—that's not the why; but Bob thinks the Squire won't sell his lots to them what's to be new comers ——"

"Have the gentlemen given up the bargain?"

"Well, I don't know as they has; but Bob says he expects the Squire will think so ——"

"What's Sylvan say, Carltin?"

"I have not heard him say any thing."

"You ain't! well, Jake says ole man Hazel told his son's wife, that the doctor tell him the Fakilty had been too quick ——"

"I do not believe it; for the Faculty acted with the utmost deliberation, and ——"

"Yes—you always stick to thar side; but darn my leggins, if I ain't powerful glad they did something to turn them out."

"Why?"

"Bekase they're sectarians and rats; and it's high time the rest on us had a chance. 'Rotashin in offus,' as ole Hickery Face says—'rotashin for ever!'"

"Pick my flint! if *I* didn't always say they'd do some high-hand something some day, as soon as Clarinse made Polly's step-son bring excusis on paper in hand-rite!"

"Joe Patchin, is Crabstick and Thorntree goin to come back —did you a sort a hear?"

"Crabstick is, maybe—but not tother."

"Why?"

"'Cos he said to Liebug when he hired his hoss, says he, 'I hope I may be rowed up Salt River if ever I cum back agin to school any more, if the trustees don't turn out Clarinse and Harwood!'"

* * * * * * *

"And so, Mr. Carltin, your Board's a goin to meet!"

"Yes, the Major is here with his son, and they insist on a meeting to see who is to blame ——"

"Bust my rifle! we'll dog out the rats now!"

"Yes, Ned, but if the Faculty have done right ——"

"Carltin!—you're a honest sort a feller—but bust my rifle! if I ever run up a 'count agin in your 'are store, if you vote for the fakilty-fellers."

"Ned!—I'm sorry you would bribe me to do wrong; but, Ned, a man's bribe is not very powerful, as long as his old account is not paid ——"

"You needn't a be a hintin round that a way, Carltin—I'll pay you now, if you'll take all trade—and bust my rifle! if I'll ever buy a pound a lead in this 'ere store agin, no how!"

* * * * * * *

Such are selections from our many long, boisterous, and angry dialogues. But pass we to the next chapter, which narrates the meeting of our Board.

CHAPTER LI.

☞ Vox populi!

"Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And, as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the likeness of your common men!"

Major Thorntree having come a wearisome journey, from a love of justice and to promote the welfare of Woodville—and so he always insisted—our Board could but consent to a meeting; especially when the Major expressed his fears that certain statesmen might unhappily influence the next Legislature to remove the College, unless the Faculty were better watched and governed. Beside, from the report of his son, who was a very honest boy and never said anything to a person's prejudice, and from what had been stated to himself since his arrival, by some worthy citizens of Woodville, the Major really believed—so he said—that there had been gross mismanagement in general by the Faculty, and much shameless partiality, and at the expense of his son particularly. He thought, too, his son's punishment was for a very trivial offence, and had been rash, and perhaps, malicious; at all events, it was excessive and arbitrary, aristocratic and unconstitutional; hence, such things must be crushed and resisted now, or there would be a speedy union of Church and State.

We, therefore, met. And, first, were canvassed and rejected many propositions suggested to us by different ones of our numerous lobby-members. Among these proposals were some remarkable for boldness, simplicity and ingenuity; such as "turn 'em rite out!"—"send 'em packin!"—"pay 'em and have done with 'em!"—"don't pay 'em no how!"—"sue for damejis!" But it was finally determined by our honourable *visitor*, the Major, that we should summon the Faculty and *hear their defence!* Nay—he was even willing to have a trial; as he said witnesses were in attendance from the citizens, and he thought it proper also to call on all the students for their opinion and testimony!

About the same time, Charles Clarence was employed in castle building; or what was the same sort of architecture in the Purchase—in College building; being seated on "a cloud capt tower" of sublime and solemn view! But awaked by the braying discord of Woodville, he started from his dream! and spite of all past experience he was momentarily amazed! He had caught a new glimpse of a many-headed monster! and its enormous tail! He became sick at heart! He seemed in a *vacuum*—as if all the air was blowing from around him! Yet, soon he recalled important truths, such as—"cease from man, whose *breath* is in his nostrils!"—"put not your trust in princes!"

And when the first bitterness of the soul was past, he remembered his Divine Master; who did good to the wicked and thankless! yea, to enemies! And he thought the very folly and ignorance and malice and idleness of a community, were the very things Christ's servants must strive to enlighten, remove, correct, instruct! Ashamed then of his momentary alarm, he recalled the noble saying of an ancient statesman and warrior, who builded a wall in troublesome times; and he resolved to imitate, and like him said—"What! shall such a man as I flee!"

Meanwhile, rumour had been tramping about with her *crescit eundò;* and, long before the Faculty received our Scytala, they had heard her cry—"The Board has told Major Thorntree, the Faculty shall be tried and turned right out, and shall be sued for damages done the school, the State, and—*Woodville*, by their unconstitutional, high-hand, big-buggish, aristocratic yankee notions!!"

The accused had nearly a mile to walk to the place of execution; and along the path were strewed the sovereign people to see "the fellers go along to git it!" Yet instead of beholding "two fellers" sneaking along, like office-holders trembling about their bread and butter, they saw two gentlemen proceeding with a slow and somewhat studied gait, with heads erect, countenances serene, and not rarely illuminated with smiles of mingled pity and contempt, benevolence and indignation! Sneers, therefore, ready to curl on noses, and looks of vulgar triumph, with which *οι Πολλοι* intended to greet their victims, were changed into remarks and looks of vexed admiration; for barbarians of all kinds pay involuntary honour to calm and fearless conduct in those destined to the torture. Indeed, the crowd to-day, was at a loss to say, whether the Faculty were going up town to be tried; or as lords and judges to give and interpret the laws.

On entering the court our gentlemen bowed, and then took stations where such could be found; for all the stools, backless chairs, and even bedsides of Dr. Sylvan's room, where we had convened, were filled; and like all ultra fashionables at a jam, some of us stood, till politeness, necessity, or whim in those seated and reclined, gave others a temporary seat.

A dead calm ensued; we, of course, not knowing how to proceed with our prisoners, as we were in the predicament of the Pro-consul, who felt the awkwardness of sending a State prisoner to Cæsar without any good accusation. But Mr. Clarence himself kindly relieved our embarrassment by breaking the ice thus:

GENTLEMEN—We are here, though not as delinquents. We come, however, not merely willing, but even desirous that our whole official conduct may be subjected to the most rigorous and minute investigation. We are confident, if popular clamour be disregarded, and improper interference be disallowed, we are confident we can *make* the College; and, if it must be a reason for the aid or silence of some, we can *make* the town. We are ready then, to give ample and minute explanations to the Board; or answer any question of any of its members about our plans, rules, maxims—in short—our whole discipline; and are sure that the more ———"

Here the Major, and without rising, broke in—"this is all very fair, Mr. Clarence, but the Board—(the Major was *no* member)—think you have been hasty and partial; and *I* myself, think, as my son has been unjustly used, you ought to give some satisfaction ——"

"I question your right, Major Thorntree," rejoined Clarence, "to speak *thus* in the Board; but we waive our objection; and if it will satisfy *you* or the Board, we submit to what you may be pleased to call and consider a trial."

"Well, sir, will you allow the students to appear as witnesses?"

"Willingly even—*that!* And yet I know not that such a request ought to surprise us more than all the proceedings. Yes, call in all the students—let them say what is true—we invite the truth."

Some one here asked if the boys should take an oath!!

"No, sir! no, sir! no!"—said Clarence—"by no means—every consideration is against it! No! let them speak on honour what they know or even believe to be truth! And beside, we pledge our honour that we will never remember to their prejudice whatever disparaging things may be said by them as witnesses."

A whisper of approbation began to buzz around our lobbies; which sussurration reaching the People without, was answered by a gentle "hurrah! for the Fakilty!" At this the Major was a *leetle* disconcerted. But as he had a *little* modesty that was natural. He, then, remarked:—

"You seem in good spirits, gentlemen,"—(Clarence and Harwood,)—"yet if I am allowed to bring in *all* the testimony, your confidence may be weaker. But how shall the boys give their testimony, sir?"

"I will tell you, sir," replied Clarence: "place a chair there:—now call in every boy, without exception, and in any order deemed satisfactory—do not omit even the two suspended boys. Then, let the boy in the chair for the time, first tell an uninterrupted story; then let the Major, or any member of the Board, ask any questions, leading or otherwise, that he may wish; and then let Professor Harwood and myself have the same privilege, and ——"

"That's fair! if it ain't, bust my rifle!"—was heard from without, manifesting a change in favour of the right. And that, as was always the case, had a corresponding effect on matters within. Hence I ventured now on no injudicious interference. The Major, too, was evidently awed by this voice of *his* masters: and, perhaps, certain of our young folks were thus aided in speaking the truth, or at least in not suppressing it. Whether Clarence designed to be so politic is not for me to say;—but we lived in a log-rolling country—and even the best of men will *manage* in emergencies. Indeed, our Board and its Major, only wanted the *vox populi:* and Clarence only contrived to make *their* god speak—*ass* though it often be.

The students, introduced one by one into the chair—with a few exceptions—gave a united testimony in favour of the Faculty: and even young Crabstick said nothing against them, save that, they ought not to have suspended him—and yet, as it was over, he said, he intended to return to school! The other sprout, Thorntree, refused to appear.

The Major, thus far disappointed, now proposed to call in the citizens as witness, as "wrong *had* been done by the Faculty! but that boys stood naturally in awe of their teachers!! and, therefore, they did not like to tell all they knew!!!"

Clarence then remarked:—"Had not our amazement all been used up, gentlemen, we should certainly be aghast at this!—but, be it so—let our fellow-citizens all come in; *and* without an oath! We know ten thousand idle rumours are afloat:—but, if every honest man will honourably and fearlessly, like a backwoodsman, state exactly, and neither more nor less than what he himself personally has seen, heard, and knows about Mr. Harwood and myself, in all our dealings and intercourse with them as citizens, as men, as teachers, as Christians—I say, call them in—call them in—we are ready ——"

(*Outside.*)

"Pick my flint—if I know any thing agin the fakilty men arter all ——"

"Nor me nuther—bust my rifle if I do!"

"Well—all I know, I heern Patchin's ole womun a sayin' she heerd say they was powerful ristocratty ——"

"I'm sentimentally of opinyin, Ned, thare ain't no use a-goin' in, if a feller dosen't know nothun of himself."

"Bust my rifle, if we're quite sich fools!"

"Agreed—them's my sentiments!"

"Me too!"

This thunder on the proper side from the politicians' god, was operating to the immediate and honourable discharge of our prisoners; and, perhaps, with an apology for the trouble caused them; when the Major announced one citizen as ready to state on his own knowledge, things adverse to the Faculty.

"Who is it, sir? demanded Clarence.

"Mendax Liebug."

"Mr. Liebug! and does Major Thorntree ask this honourable Board to believe *without* an oath, a person not admissible in yonder court-house as a witness even *with* an oath? No Atheist shall ever testify semi-judicially either for or against me: and I trust, gentlemen, this will not be permitted—but, if otherwise, be the consequences what they may, the instant Mr. Liebug enters *that* door as a witness, I take my departure out of *this*."

Several members of the Board expressed approbation of Clarence's sentiments: and the people, led by the Hoosier that swore by his rifle, all allowed "it would be most powerful onfair to ask folks to believe any body without swearin', who couldn't take a legal affidavy." And Mr. Mendax Liebug was not admitted.

As a last attempt to demolish the Faculty, the Major said he would rest the whole on one question and answer, if Mr. Clarence was willing.

"I am willing, sir,"—said Clarence,—"proceed."

The people crowded to hear, won by our Principal's candour and readiness—two things all potent with genuine woodsmen:—and then the Major, with a triumphant flourish, went on:—

"Mr. Clarence, you are a preacher; and the Bible directs us to do to others as we would be done by:—well, sir, recall your boyish days, and put yourself in my son's place; and, how would you have acted, in view of what you deemed small laws, and how would you have regarded a Faculty, that had acted as you have just acted towards my son?"

"Why, sir," said Clarence, in reply, "I should have acted just as thoughtlessly as your son has acted, and as most young men every where occasionally act:—I should, then, probably have broken the laws and abused a Faculty; and, of course, merited and received what your son merited and received—discipline. Thus I thought and should have done when 'a child;' but having become a man, I have put away childish things, and have dealt with your son now, as *men* ought to have dealt with me then."

"Hah! haw!—perttee powerful smart feller! if that ain't a fair answer, bust my rifle! Come, boys, let's be off—I allow Clarinse and t'other fakilty man kin manudge collige better nor us. Who's goin' squurrillin'—no use wastin' time here no longer no how!"

And so away went the people; and away went the Trustees; and away went the Faculty. But the Major and they first shook hands, in sign of forgiveness and amity: yet young Thorntree was not sent back to school, and the Major was ever more suspected as an enemy, than loved as a friend.

The next day, honest Rifle-bust walked into my store, and began as follows:—

"Well—bust my rifle, Carltin, if I wa'rn't most teetotally and sentimentally wrong 'bout that fakilty thing. Here, I've brung a dozen squurl for your ole woman—and I want the worth on 'em in lead. I'll not settle our whole 'count now—but next week I'll get that hoss-beast for you, and in sang time I'll likkefy all ——"

"Oh! no odds, Ned! I didn't fear an honest man:—only use your own eyes and ears, and you'll do people justice—here's your lead. Now just step in and see Mrs. Carlton, and she'll play you a tune."

Accordingly, in went Ned; and directly up struck the piano —not with any of your new-fangled fandangos, but with those primitive movements—"Polly put the Kettle on," and so forth: and soon could be plainly heard Ned kicking to pieces my rag carpet, in what he called a dance; and then Mrs. Carlton's merry laugh, as Ned gave a vernacular version of "the rumpus 'tween Clarinse and the Major, and t'other fakilty-man," and ended with his "sentimentul opinyin that the Majur was most teetotally discumflisticutted, and near about as good as chaw'd up."

Our Board, after this disturbance, met and enacted a code of laws for the guidance of the Faculty, and ordained, among other matters, that for a *first offence*, should be *private admonition:* for the second, public admonition; and for the third, suspension! This beautiful gradation had been mentioned in some venerable old woman's Prize Essay on education; and was supposed to embody the quintessence of all experience in the art of government. It was not, indeed, stated whether the *same* offence was to be committed three times; or three *different* offences; or if the *same* must be done by *three* different pupils in succession, or by *one* three times, to secure the benefits of suspension. Nor was any thing said about the age, the understanding, the knowledge, the temptations, the aggravations of an offender and offence. And no notice was taken of looks, words, gestures, etc., etc.—any or all of which often accompany *one* offence, and make it equal to *three*—and even to three times three!

Hence our skilful application of patent *gum and gammon* for the teaching of teachers, wrought as the Faculty predicted—two offences of the same kind were repeatedly committed by the boys collectively and individually, and private and public admonitions were as plenty as beech-nuts; while the *ingenuous* youths, instead of doing an old sin once more, did a new one twice! Indeed, nothing was more sport than to get admonition No. 2; for the "fellows" had come to see plain enough, that the Faculty were not really masters unless the pupils should be silly enough to give them that advantage.

In this state of affairs, a relative of Liebug's entered the school and *purposely* committed offence No. 1. Now, No. 1 had been *twice* committed by other boys, and had been duly rebuked—and so No. 1 was decided by the Faculty, in this case, owing to the great effrontery of young Brass, to be really No. 3. And, therefore, Mr. Brass, jun. was promptly suspended for one week.

Immediately Mr. Brass, Sen., determined to have a meeting of our Board. But we, now convinced that the old woman's or the impertinent Mr. Boston's patent twaddle rules, could not be made to measure into all the sinuosities, and around all the angles of behaviour in merry and cunning lads; and that, after all, well qualified teachers were as competent to judge of things as pert writers or Taylorian lecturers, or persons that have conducted infant-schools, or short-hand schools, or steam schools of ever so many horse power—we now refused to be called. Whereupon Mr. Brass, Sen., in order to spite the rats, went and established a Sunday-school in his own house, and taught there gratuitously, male and female, Owenism! And not satisfied with this revenge, he once, in my store, tried to overcome Professor Harwood in an argument on the truth of the Christian religion; but in this attempt he was utterly discomfited, and, to the amusement of the auditors, seated on my counters. Wherefore, Mr. Brass, Sen., advanced to where Mr. Harwood reclined, and, calling up the late suspension of young Brass, he said he had now "a powerful d—— mind to thrash him for it."

This was quite a favourite mode of arguing in the Purchase, and required much bodily strength and agility. How learned men, of slender bodies, pale faces, small hands, and green spectacles would have felt, in prospect of rencontre with such a bear, is doubtful; but our professor, although dressed in store cloth, and rather dandy-looking, betrayed no emotion, and never altered his half-recumbent attitude. Yet plain was it, from the flash of his gray eyes, and the hard compression of his lips, he was ready to ward off his antagonist—perhaps, even to spring on the threatening brute. This Bruin Brass perceived; and when Mr. H. coolly replied "very well, sir; try it—but maybe you'll find your mistake in *that* argument, as quick as you did in the other"—he affected to laugh the whole off as a joke! And happy! if he valued sound bones; for my friend Harwood was a fine, square built, muscular young Kentuckian, from early life used to every feat of strength and agility, and able now to lift a barrel of flour in his unaided arms, and carry it before him, and without trip or pause, full fifty honest yards!

Even the Spiritual Church *may* put defensive and carnal weapons into her children's hands to keep at a distance the sanctimonious assassins and murderous snivellers of a canting and unholy apostacy; and so cases do arise, where scholars may, and ought to repel club-logic with knock-down argument. Yea and nay, an atheistic bear when about to use violence, must be, if possible, resisted with *physics*, even as the veritable shaggy-coat himself; metaphysics, here, *may* come *afterwards*.

My friend Harwood had conducted the debate as a Christian and a gentleman; and the double rebuke given the atheist, while it had no tendency to change his heart, quelled his beastly spirit, and controlled its ferocity; and ever after our Faculty were free from all fear of Mr. Brass, Sen., and all trouble from Mr. Brass, Jun.

CHAPTER LII.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public, on the stage!"

A GENERAL truce and cessation of arms had taken place, and our Faculty began to drill the quiescent pupils for a grand exhibition to come off this fall.

This was to be, as is everywhere usual, of speeches, debates and compositions. Amendments may be necessary; but all experience, and reason itself, favour generous emulation and honest rivalry in schools; and nothing better prepares for the stormy conflicts of life than the literary sham fights of college societies. It is preposterous to train children for a world of romance, or for a state possible—IF all were good. Beside, manly competition is intrinsically right; and is promotive of many virtues—and all ought early to be inured to arduous and noble contests for masteries. The opposite doctrine is hateful for its puling effeminacy; and at war with our nature—as God made it—and with the Scriptures. Thus thought our Faculty; and so they acted—although evils incident to their course, as to all other excellences in this life, were not wanting.

In due time, then, came the week of examinations and exhibition; and all was turned into bustle and merriment, in fitting our Court-house for the great occasion!

How joyous such times to boys—ay, to men who retain the fresh and healthy feelings of boyhood! But to our half-reclaimed young savages—oh! it was a time of exuberant joy in all its phases of fun, frolic, raillery, joke, and expectation!

And soon all Woodville caught the infection; and all were desirous of sharing the work and speculating on its progress. As for Carlton, he *could* not "tend store;" and so leaving his boys to sell what they could, and devour the remnant of the raisins and candy, away went our dignified author, and soon contrived to be elected by the boys Grand Master of Ceremonies in general, and Stage Fixings in particular! Then what a hauling of boards, and planks! What a streaming over to the Court-house of rag-carpets, and calico window curtains! Oh! the clatter of candlesticks!—the pitching of these and other articles on pounds of tallow candles done up in brown paper and tow strings! Gemini! the thundering of plank a-throwing down from two boys' shoulders, or a-upsetting from a cart! Cancer! the whacking! the pounding and nailing! the sawing and hammering and jerking! the talking! laughing! screeching! tearing! stamping! quizzing! It was a glorious chaos!

Soon, however, from confusion, came order; and in less than two whole days, all was ready! a short time considering; for though we were thirty persons, only half worked, the rest being occupied in making the fun and hindering.

The work was, first, the stage. This was erected between the doors of entrance into the court-room and opposite the forum or judges' seat—that honourable place being transformed into an orchestra, our music *being* to be three fiddles and one triangle. The stage-floor was spread with rag-carpets, and the boxing of the stairs ascending each from a door to the second story was adorned with calico curtains tastefully festooned—the special performance of some young ladies just returned from *being finished* in a boarding school of the far East! Front of the stage, in a row, were candles in appropriate stands; the tallest candles at the ends, and the shortest in the centre, thus presenting a graceful curve of light! And all the stands were decorated with fancy papers, curled and cut and frissled most fantastically;—the work of Miss Emily Glenville's boarding-school misses!

Under the calico festooning stood *Windsor* chairs for the Faculty and the two rival Societies! And near Professor Harwood's seat, was a cow-bell of a very soft and mournful voice, whose use was to ring out signals for the fiddles and the triangle—not a classic signal truly, yet one to which our musicians were accustomed, and not wholly at variance with the harmonies produced. Indeed, even to our own cultivated ears never came sounds so delicious as those of a cow-bell, which once ravished us with its sudden tinkle when lost in the woods! Hence as associations like utilities render things pleasant, our cow-bell signal was not unacceptable to our woodsmen. It was, also, a peculiar link connecting rough and softened life; and it forcibly reminded us of the *milk* of human kindness!

Our seats. These were of doubled planks, resting on joists, logs, benches, or other planks placed edgeways. Of these, not one cracked, split, or tumbled over during the exhibition: hence, considering their loads and the stamping they endured in the applauses—and *every* thing was applauded—we have proof that our work was well done, if not expeditiously.

On the evening preceding the exhibition, the Rev. Principal Clarence entered my store to obtain a pair of pumps, wishing to tread the stage in elastic style; and nothing so conduces to this ease and grace as a handsome stocking and a becoming shoe. Yet in vain was every drawer, trunk, or box containing either shoe or shoe-leather rummaged and re-rummaged, no pump turned up: and the gentleman was about to withdraw and make up his mind to walk the boards in a shapeless two-soled pair of calf-skin boots. But just then I had mechanically opened a drawer of female shoes; when some very large and coarse moroccos appeared, with straps to be joined by a steel buckle, and Clarence exclaimed:—

"Stop! Carlton, the very thing!"

"Where?"

"Why, those machines of the softer sex."

"Ha! ha! he!—what! wear a woman's shoe?"

"Certainly—If I can find any *small* enough—"

"Buckle and all?"

"Oh! no: my wife will razee the straps, and then the affairs will look masculine enough; and we can tie them with ribbon, pump-fashion."

"That will answer, I *do* believe: sit down and try."

A pair was selected, yet perversely bent on spreading sideways, when pressed with the foot; but that tendency, it was hoped, would be corrected by the new mode of tieing: and hence the man of learning departed with his bargain. That night the shoes were cropped; and the Principal, by way of rehearsal, was walking in them in his parlour, when in came several senior pupils to make some inquiry about the exhibition. In a moment the transmuted articles caught their eyes, and so captivated their fancy that they must ask whence were procured shoes so light and tasteful? On learning, and being taught how the sex could be so readily changed, off set they for my store: and the consequence was, that soon all the students came for morocco non-descripts, and we sold during the next day about thirty pairs! Hence I became a more *decided* friend of the college than ever. Yes, academies *are* useful! I cleared by this one speculation just thirty dollars! True, I lost about five dollars by not charging the usual New Purchase per centage: but then we must sacrifice something for the advancement of learning, and virtue is not always *profitable!*

The grand evening came at last: and long ere candle light, our young gentlemen—*gentlemen*, surely, when about to speak in *ladies'* shoes—could be seen running into and out of and around the court-house, busy as bees, and with sundry bundles and packages. For, rain being threatened, it had been concluded to dress and put on the fine shoes up stairs, one society occupying the jury room, the other the council chamber.

Finally, the signal for assembling was given by the school bell, half a mile distant, and by a tin horn in the centre of Woodville, being the sacred trumpet lately blown to convoke us to the exhibitions at the camp-meeting: and then in rushed all Woodville to fill the *vacant* seats. But strange! the vacant seats had been filled an hour before; enough girls and young ladies having been smuggled in by the gallant students and a few Woodville bucks. And among the number there sat the ladies of the Professors' families—and all the girls of Miss Glenville's establishment—and that important personage herself—and Mrs. Carlton—and even Aunt Kitty Littleton herself done up in a bran new crimped cap and pink ribbon!

As to Mr. Carlton, in consideration of his superintendance and his musical penchant, he was honoured with a windsor chair in the orchestra, and adjacent to the fiddles and triangles! Indeed, Dan Scrape had invited Mr. C. to play: although the honour had been declined, first, because J. Glenville, who had borrowed our flute and fiddle, had come over to the exhibition and forgotten to bring back the instruments!—(*sub rosâ*, he left them behind purposely)—secondly, Mr. C. could not play any instruments but his own; and thirdly, Mr. C. was afraid, as he had never practised with Dan, that he could not "keep up," and so on. When we and the fiddles and triangles entered a little late and through a back window, behold! a dozen of the "rabble" were crowded into our sacred enclosure!—(Notice here, in public places all that cannot get into *seats* are *rabble.*) However, after I had squeezed into my windsor chair, along side the leading fiddle, Dan whispered for my consolation, and with a smile and a wink—"Nerver-a mind, Mister Carltin, we'll fix it afore long."

As if by magic, at a private signal, forth blazed the candles in front of the stage; and some two dozen others stuck to the walls by double pronged forks: and then to us was displayed the whole audience, and to them the stage and its fixins. In some points this audience was similar to others; but it contained more gems in unpolished and dull caskets than *some* eastern congregations. Hoosiers, Woolverines, Buckeyes, and the like, were present, and of the most unbrushed, unpomatumed, unadulterated sorts—purer than are there now: for, like the red aborigines, the white and brown sorts are fast disappearing! Poor fellows! that very night they witnessed the entrance of what would become their ruin!

Unused to the glory of polished candlesticks, and cut and frizzled papers, all eyes momentarily gazed upon the stage in silent wonder! In the next instant, and with one consent, burst such a hurrah, as cracked the ears of the groundlings—yea! shook the glass in the windows! It did seem the very walls would be split! Nor was it mere hurrah; for many an Indian fighter was present that night; and these sent out such yells and war cries as made one instinctively clap his hand to his head to ascertain if the scalp was safe!

Following the uproar came the modest buzz of individual wonderments and critiques, such as:—"Look at that yallur one, Joe!"—"Most powerful shiney them are!"—"Ain't them are red things rity-dity poseys?"—"Law! no, Dick, them's paper fixins!"—"Well, I never!"—"I say, Jake, ain't them danglins up there like Carltin's ole woman's curtins!"—"Pick my flint!"—"Darn my leggins—it's powerful big buggy!"—"How'd them lite so quick?"—"Dipt in tarpentine—don't you smell it?" But in the midst appeared descending, the rival societies, each by separate stairs; each headed by a Professor; and entering simultaneously each at opposite parts of the stage! And when all were seated, the Faculty in the centre, and the students right and left, the smallest next and the largest at the extremities; all in new suits of store cloth, and with appropriate badges gracefully inserted through button holes, and waving triumphantly from their arms also; all in starched collars and black neck ribbons; and all in female slippers, and so altered as to pass for males—the yells of greeting were absolutely terrific!

Professor Harwood was now seen shaking the cow bell: but though its mellow tinkle was inaudible, the fiddles and triangles, seeing the pendulum motion, knew what was needed: and hence they essayed to strike up Hail Columbia! Still nothing of a tune could be heard; although from the bewildering activity of *bows* and *elbows*, it was manifest something nice was doing; till by dint of sight in some, and bawlings out of "Silence!" by others, the audience in the pit became quiescent. In the interim, we of the orchestra began to have more room: for most of the rabble near the fiddlers, especially near Dan, the Primo, had got hints to make room, in the form of hits, some in the stomach, some in the face and eyes, and some under the lugs—all of course naturally required by the laws of motion and melody! Indeed, it was plain enough that there was more danger in standing so near good fiddlers than folks had ever imagined! And, therefore, our uninvited soon compressed into one corner; and from a sincere wish not to incommode the music! And thus, by the kindness of Dan, whose wink and smile were now understood and his mode of "fixin it," I enjoyed my windsor chair in ampler space; at least while tunes were *executed.*

For this kindness, and because our *executioners* were so essential to the exhibition, we shall hand them down in history—they shall be immortalized!

Dan Scrape, the fiddle primo, was by far the prince of the New Purchase catgut and horsehair men. Like Paganini, he could play on *one* string, if not an entire tune, yet parts of nearly two dozen tunes—his whole stock! And like that maestro, he played without notes, and with endless variations and embellishments! Ay! and he played no worse on one shift or position than another! Still, Dan differed from the Italian in some things; for instance, he held his fiddle against his breast—perhaps out of *affection*—and his bow in the middle, and like a cart-whip; things enabling him, however, the more effectually to flog his instrument when rebellious; and the afflicted creature would scream right out in agony! Indeed his Scremonah bore marks of premature old age—its finger-board being indented with little pits, and its stomach, was frightfully incrusted with rosin and other gummy things, till it looked as dark and care-worn as Methusaleh! Dan was, truly, no niggard of "rosum," for he "greased," as he termed it, between his tunes every time! and then at his first few vigorous jerks, fell a shower of dust on the agitated bosom of his instrument, calling out in vain for mercy under the cruel punishment!

Dan's main difference from Paganini was in using his left hand to bow. And yet this better enabled him to make room; for persons going to the left for safety, met the *accidental* hits where least expected, and got what English bullies call the *gruel*, from the wrong quarter!

Let us not, however, do Dan injustice. He certainly did, out of benevolence, administer some wilful and hard blows, and yet keep an unconscious phiz; but when Dan was fairly possessed with the spirit of fiddling, he never even dreamed he had an elbow! Then his arm was all elbow! The way it jumped up and down! and darted back and forth!—the velocity was too dizzy to look at! But then, if a spectator valued his eyes, let him stand clear of the bow's end!—not the point, that was always safe enough on the strings—but the heel or slide end, which never visiting the fiddle, was ever flourishing about almost invisible, with reckless indifference and the force of a bullet! In truth, Dan always fiddled like a race-horse; and if he got one bar's start, no body could ever have overtaken him! But some favourite tunes he played like a tornado; such as "the Irish Washerwoman,"—and above all, that satanic rondo, "the D. among the T's." And I know this is not exaggeration; for once on my asking Hunting Shirt Andy, who was a good judge, what he thought of Dan's playing, he unhesitating declared that "Dan Scrape played the fiddle like the very ——"

The second fiddle was a pupil of Dan's. And the master had evidently taken great pains with his—finger-board; it being crossed with white paint to guide the pupil's fingers, who still usually hit wide of the mark in his haste to overtake his teacher! He is called second fiddle, not because he did alto or tenor, but because he was usually *behind* the first fiddle in time; nay, he was sometimes so utterly lost, that Dan would tell him to stop, and "start in when the tune kim round agin!"

Some may think these defects made discords; but then this was compensated by the two fiddles never being tuned alike, accuracy of stop being thus rendered less important; and above all, because the exquisite triangle completely obliterated, filled up, and jingled into one all mistakes, vacancies, and discords!

I shall only further remark, that the professor of the triangle was actually *self-taught!* and yet he could outjingle any thing of the sort I ever heard, even if aided by the cymbals and musical bells!

"But what of the third fiddle?"

Let Dan answer, who, after the execution of Hail Columbia, thus whispered me:—"Tim Scratch know'd better nor to come!

he's not sick no how—it's all possum! *He's* no fiddler! I kin out fiddle him if he lives for ever and a day longer—and plays on Sundays!"

And so it was: and neither Mr. Carlton nor any other man who values reputation ought to play with Dan Scrape.

The Reverend Principal Clarence now arose, and in pumps and silk stockings advanced and made something like the following address:—

"Ladies and gentlemen"—(a kind of don't-gentleman-me-look of certain hearers, made him add)—"and my respected fellow-citizens, we rejoice to meet so large an assembly and so full of good spirits, come to attend our first exhibition. It is natural you should be here: it is your own school, and these are your own sons and relatives who are now to show before you their improvement to-night. We are here, fellow-citizens, to witness what Western boys can do; and let me say, that while far from perfection, our boys, if not embarrassed, will not disgrace our wooden country. We say embarrassed; for any confusion or noise accidentally made by our respected fellow-citizens present, in time of a speech or other exercise, will hinder our unpractised speakers from doing themselves justice. We depend, of course, on the honour of our hearers, not giving any order on the subject, or making even a request, as is often necessary in the East; because here, in the free West, where all do as they please, Backwoodsmen *naturally* behave according to the maxims of good sense."——("Bust my rifle! if that ain't the truth," interrupted Ned,—"we'll show 'em how to behave, Mr. Fakilty!")—"Just as I said, stranger,"—resumed Clarence—"and, therefore, we shall say no more, but will instantly proceed with the exercises."

This was ferociously clapped and stamped; and then the exercises proceeded, the cow-bell being duly rung, first for the music to begin and then for it to cease. In the latter case the bell owed its efficiency to Mr. Carlton, as Dan was always more ready to begin than to finish a tune. And hence, and as the orchestra was louder than the bell, we went by sight; but Dan never could see the wag of the bell, till Mr. C. gave him a hunch on the off-side; and then his Scremonah hushed up, like a cholicy child that had screeched itself to sleep! Had Mr. Carlton been on the bow-side, he must have poked Dan with a stick, or met something tragical; but like the fox in Æsop, he had learned from the hits of others.

It is unnecessary to detail the events of that memorable night. All the students were applauded; and not a few with the admixture of Indian yells, so like the savage-savage, that the animals could, like the ass-lion, be detected only by the skin! Certain speeches, too, political in their nature, and admirably delivered, caused the audience to lose sight of the exhibition, and hurrah for Jackson or Clay as on the election ground. And these speakers, with one exception, became politicians, and are even yet, most of them, figuring before the world. The people generally behaved as Ned Stanley—our friend Rifle-Bust—promised, and as Western folks always *do* behave, if one shows a disposition to conciliate and will employ a little innocent flattery; not that they *are deceived* by such, but that they take it as a sign of your desiring to please and put them on honour.

Let, however, a self-complacent gentleman, full of city importance and strut, essay, in a dictatorial way, to manage a free and wild assembly in the world of woods and prairies—and if he is not shut up in a manner that shall clean wipe the conceit out of him, then is my opinion a mistake. He may order a hackman, or a porter, or a quill-driver, or a sawyer—but if he dare *order* freemen of the forests and the meadows, they will ride him on a rail; and, in spite of his stocks, brick houses, fine equipage, whiskers and curled hair!

The speeches, excepting a few humourous ones, were all original; and equal to the best in our schools and colleges concocted from the living and the dead. Generally the young men of a New Purchase are superior to the young gentlemen of old settlements, in both scholarship and elocution; and for the following reasons:

1. The young men come to learning as a novelty. It is opposite to the monotony of woods, cabins, pork, corn, and axes. Hence nothing exceeds their interest and curiosity; and it is

long, under a judicious teacher, before the novelty ceases; and afterwards the habit of hard studying supplies the place.

2. The young men regard learning as the lever to elevate them—or by which the New World may cope more fairly with the Old. Hence, day and night, they work *vi et armis* at the machine; until they even get higher than the young gentlemen who work lazily and feebly.

3. The young men have more energy than the young gentlemen; and this directed by enthusiastic masters in learning produces great results.

4. New Purchases have few temptations to idleness and dissipation. Indeed, as war among the Spartans, so Colleges out there are to the young men recreations, and more delightful than anything else.

5. Ten dollars a year—the tuition fee—was too hard for our young men to obtain, lightly to be squandered. And ten dollars with us would buy ten acres nearly; hence they who value land as a great *earthly* good, spend not a small farm once a year for the privilege of being idle. Young gentlemen often waste two such a year on sugar candy!

6. Young men are inquisitive like yankees; and hence, they ask endless questions not contained in Parley-books. And by this method of *torturing professors*, more is often extracted than by *torturing nature.*

7. Young men out there are in more immediate contact with professors; hence, if the professors be themselves *men*, the advantages of the old Roman way of education may be combined with the modern ways.

We have seven more reasons, which, however, we shall not inflict; but to fortify the seven and to conclude the exhibition, we shall present minute accounts of two young men, who were among our stars. And as these stars shall shine, the one fixed, the other wandering, in the political firmament, we may only designate them as the George and the Henry.

George possessed not uncommon talents; unless perseverance be a talent, and that he did possess in so great a degree as to make it a substitute for genius. He is our fixed star. Many knew of his untiring patience and plodding diligence, and were impressed with a belief he would, after all, make something; but none expected him to shine forth to-night a star of the first magnitude. Not only was he great compared with himself, but with all others; and his composition on the life, character, and writings of Cicero was admirably written and most happily spoken. I was myself amazed, fired, captivated, and even instructed; and, after the exercises ended, I sought him, for he was one of my favourites, and said:

"Why, George! you did nobly! surely that composition cost you no small labour?"

"Thank you, Mr. Carlton. As to the piece—(I have no desire to pass for a genius)—it did cost me thought and labour—*I carefully studied and re-wrote it thirty-six times.*"

Well! that was one young *Man*. The other, Henry, although never among my favourites, will even more forcibly sustain our reasons. In a pecuniary sense, he was a poor boy even for the Purchase; and lived, in homely phrase, from hand to mouth. Indeed, the loss of a day's job, made his *mouth* that day debtor for its food; and *hand*, on the next occasion, did double duty. He was, however, rich in expedient, and hesitated at no job, odd or even; although, it is to be regretted, he did not sometimes refuse employments not strictly honourable. And yet even *that* may be palliated.

No sooner, however, had the Seminary been organized, than Henry determined to obtain a good education. He had credit enough to procure some decent clothes and necessary books; but as five dollars, cash, and in advance, were to be paid to our treasurer, Henry was forced to look for a few lucrative jobs; and hence, he one morning presented himself at my store and commenced:

"Well, Mr. Carlton, I've got books and clothes; but I've no silver to pay the session-bill—kin you give a feller no job what will bring silver?"

"Really, Henry, I don't know that I can—but stay! we've lost our cow—will you take half a dollar a day in cash to look her up?"

"Ay! will I—when did she put out?—what kind of a crittur is she?—which way, think she went?" etc., etc.

Satisfied as far as possible in his inquiries, away went the lad to the woods. At the end of two days he came back, cowless, indeed, but after a painful search through thickets, along creeks, and over hills; and during which, he had camped out *alone* in the night. Our hero had thus one dollar of the tuition fee.

About this time we had ceased from digging a well, after finding no water at twenty-five feet; although we had employed a great hazel-wizzard; and his rod had repeatedly turned down over the spot, and that so hard as to twist off a little of the bark. Even the diviner was quite at a loss to account for the failure; insisting yet the water must be lower, as "his rod never twisted so powerful arnest if they wan't water *somewhere!*"

Now Henry was of the same opinion; and, therefore, bringing Mr. Hum, the wizzard (or witch, there so called) to me, the two prevailed on me to go only four feet lower—Henry undertaking the job at fifty cents per foot! I had supposed the boy would have a comrade to work his windlass; but no, down went Henry alone with the necessary implements; and after digging, and breaking, and prying, and shovelling, up the ladder he came, let down his empty bucket, descended, filled the bucket, reascended, wound up his load, and so on, till he had cleared out "his diggins!" And away he went again to work with hammer and sledge, bar, spade, shovel, and bucket; till within a week, our well was four feet deeper and Henry two dollars richer! But although water was "somewhere," it had not risen in our part of the world—the bottom of the pit was still as dry and comfortable as an oven!

Our hero in similar ways procured the other two cash dollars; and by the aid of some student mastering in private several elementary studies, he was, at the opening of the next session, matriculated as something more than a Freshman. And now, while attending his regular studies, he still by jobbing maintained his mouth and laid by a few dollars for books and future tuition fees. He contrived even to be appointed sub-deputy librarian of the Woodville Library, adding thus to his information and funds; and, as if all this were not enough, he one day waited on Mr. Clarence to ask if the school-laws would permit him to study law and remain a student!

"Study law!—Henry!"—said Clarence.

"Yes, sir; lawyer Cravings will find me books; and thinks in a year or two I can plead before magistrates. If it is not against the laws ——"

"Why, certainly we have no law against that; such a case was never imagined as probable or possible. Do, however, not neglect your regular college studies; and then, it is nobody's business what else you may study or learn."

Our young *man*, sure enough, went to work at the law, Hoosier-fashion indeed, and still attended well to his regular studies; and in two weeks before the exhibition, he did actually defend and win a cause before Squire Snab, and against and from the redoubtable lawyer Cravings himself—and, with the contingent fee, he paid our treasurer the tuition price of the next term!

Very good, young *gentlemen!* laugh at all this if you please. But had you heard Henry, ranking now about Sophomore, deliver at the exhibition, his Speech on Man, you would have offered, as is usual in here, a price for it, in view of your Senior Speech! Come! I will bet you two dozen racoon skins against a pair of kid gloves, or even a pot of cold cream, that if you *wrote* your *own* speech, when you were graduated, *it was not as good as his!*

CHAPTER LIII.

> "Doublets, I think, flew up—and had their faces
> Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
> I never saw before."

Some may wish to know how our Faculty spent vacations in the woods. As to Clarence, in term time, he preached twice on Sabbath, and sometimes oftener; beside lectures in the week, and the like—but, in vacations, he commonly did *more*.

Clarence, however, would laugh a little: but then, for *this*, Carlton was usually to blame. Hence, we do hope "the brethren," when reading this work, will be careful to condemn the right person—and that, not too severely; as the author, a somewhat ubiquitous man, has had the pleasure of hearing Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, as well as the inferior ministers, preachers, and exhorters, do *secular* laughing, beside "making merry" with friends, according to the Scriptures.

Thus our Faculty, in vacations, did often, what classical people do elsewhere—*nothing!* Sometimes, they did next to nothing—*smoking!* and very often they did—*cutting-up!* And this last consists in cracking nuts and jokes—racing one another, and slamming doors—in upsetting chairs, and even kicking up carpets! Great wisdom, however, and art and tact, and gentlemanly feeling, are requisite for the cut-up; and specially in knowing where and when to cease: and, of all men, to do the thing right, Harwood, Clarence, Glenville, and Carlton, were just "the dandy!" If the affair is not done *up* to the point—it is teasing; if *beyond*—it is horse-play; but if in *medio tutissimi*—it is the most tickling and exhilatory!—better to provoke laughter than all the jest-books in existence. The cut-ups were usually in wet weather.

In dry times our literati strolled into the forests; where mineralogy, botany, and natural history, suggested by dark masses of rough rocks, or curious stones and shells, never before handled by moderns; or by enormous wild flowers, with cups large enough to hold two thimblefulls of dew; or by a startled snake, ringing his warning under prostrate trunks, on or near which the learned stood; or, by crackling brush and whirling leaves, where shone a streak of bounding wolf or glancing deer—became recreations detaining our friends till dinner was deferred until tea, and tea until supper, when all were devoured as one! Perhaps the mind never so marched towards the west, as once when Clarence and Harwood, and several visiting literati, were seen by the author, all in a line, knee-deep, and wading towards the occidental sun, through the fresh-fallen leaves; and thus discussing—at one time, the Greek Tragedians—at another, the Calculus and the Analytical Geometry! It was the only time the author ever witnessed the Grand Abstraction embodied and embattled! And he feels elated as the White Man who talked to the very Indian whose great paternal grandfather had actually heard of the man whose father had seen the skeleton of a Gopher!

Often, too, would we seduce the Faculty into a hunt, by quoting the Greek of Xenophon, where Cyrus the Elder inflames his comrades, by descriptions of wild boars that rushed on the hunter's spear, like warriors in battle, and of deer that leaped—oh! how high! But this vacation we proposed a party, to visit and explore a cave just discovered by a hunter in pursuit of a fox, that darted down a sink-hole and disappeared, in an opening among some rocks.

In any *village* is it difficult, but especially in a New Purchase one, to keep such intention secret. Soon, then, was it bruited through Woodville, that Carlton was making up a party for the cave; when further invitation was useless, our main art now being to keep out some, whose "room was better than their company." And this must be done without seeming to interfere with people's liberty of going where they liked. The prevention was partly accomplished by fixing on no definite day; and by deferring, till some became weary of waiting, and left town, or so engaged that going would then be impossible. Some, also, were specially asked; but not before it had been ascertained that small chance existed of their obtaining horses. This was the case with the Doolittles; who, as we rode by the morning of the expedition, answered somebody's expression of regret that we should be deprived of the pleasure of their company, with—"Well! thank you all the same for the invite—next time we'll look up nags and critters a smart chance quicker!" This somebody was young Capers Smileal; who was aware, I fear, how the matter was. He would do well in here among his relations, the Smootheys and Glibs.

Unexpectedly, one fine morning, the rising sun shedding horizontals of light and shade over our village, were revealed one dozen horses at Carlton's rack, and about an equal number in other places, accoutred and accoutring—(passively);—and, therefore, shortly after "sun up" where we could see him, a report was spread, that Carlton's party was going to the cave today. But rumour was not long requisite to advertise; since every man, woman, boy, girl, and child of the party became, about eight o'clock, A.M., a notifier, while our cavalcade dashed through the village—talking, cantering, whipping, joking, spurring, laughing!—while some screamed, "come on, thare, behind!" and some, "not so blame fast, thar', in front!" and others in piteous accents, "La! if I aint dropt my ridicul'!"—"Awh! stop! won't you?"—"This ole guth's a-bustin'!" Oh! it was a glorious hubbub!

Alas! how dignity forgot decorum that delicious morning! Even our literati, the teachers of proprieties, and all that, even they lost sight of Lord Chesterfield! Why, reader! they laughed outright like the *vulgar!* They rode with one foot only in a stirrup, and let the other dangle! They jumped down to pick up Polly Logrul's "bag as had her handkichif in!" And more—they pelted the girls at a distance with acorns, beechnuts, and horse-chestnuts! switched Hoosier dandies' horses, to make them kick up! rear! run! and what not! And if the grave folks behaved so—what did the others?

Ah! dear Precise! does happiness consist in skin-tight garments? in a hat or bonnet stuck to the pate in a style? in tying one's limbs to the dull earth by straps under boots? in moving with a graceful and pointed toe, and fingers curved and adjusted, and neck arched in magazine fashion? and in riding-horses with trained gait—in smirking, and simpering, and lisping, by rule? If so, go not to a New Purchase! Above all, go not with the natives to explore a cave! Depend on it—you will break your straps! your corset-string, male or female! and derange your curls! Solemnly—it will spoil your *looks!*—those, at least, your milliner, and tailor, and perfumer gave you! But if no regard for *your* makers' reputations deter you—I tell you it will break your—necks!

One may ride a trained horse, handsomely caparisoned, on macadamised ways, and sit perpendicular and graceful, while the beast does his theatrical starts and plunges at certain secret pulls, touches, and words: but put the same rider on the mischievous, unbroken, wild "crittur" of the woods, moving in a compound of all gaits, and starting, plunging, kicking, and biting extemporaneously; and on a saddle that does not fit, and with a girth that will break; and this in a gully-road, a snaggy ravine, an impeded trace, or a tangled and pathless woods;—and then, if the rider forget not dignity, and grace, and rules, adieu to his seat! and maybe adieu to whatever brains nature, or, more likely, Phrenology, may have given him! Situations occur in both the moral and the natural worlds, where a man becomes a law unto himself—and such are often in the west. But ——

Our party was to consist of one dozen adults;—(children are never counted out there, but go, not as shadows—they are mere accretions)—yet spite of the effort to be exclusive, our select company swelled to nearly thirty! And this before we set out! and then so great was the excitement produced, that some who had abandoned the intention of going, suddenly resumed it; so, that just after our entering the woods, a clatter of hoofs, and uproar of voices and leaves were close in the rear! and there was a handsome addition to the cave party of some dozen more! Among others, was a hunting crony of mine, Domore: and behind, on his horse, he carried two of the Doolittles! Other horses had duplex riders too; and when such all got into Indian file, nothing could be seen except legs on the ground kicking dry leaves, and legs in the air kicking horse-sides—that being answered instantly by a very venomous switching of horse-tails, and an occasional and extra performance of horse-heels.

Perhaps the increased company was also owing to this: several affianced lovers were of the party; and rumour, with more of romance than reality, had said, that more than two couples were to be married in the cave under ground! Oh! what a temptation—a Hoosier wedding in a new found cave! But the sternness of truth forbids; yet the Talemaquers must not steal this idea: when I write fiction I shall make a story out of it myself.

Seven miles from Woodville we reached the cabin of the hunter, who had discovered the cave. Here we got *ample* directions; not, indeed, from the male hunter—he was absent—but from Mrs. Hunter. These are here condensed for the guidance of the reader, in case he may want to visit the cave for curiosity or consumption.

Directions of Hunter's Wife.

"Well, stranjurs, I warn't never at that are cave; but I often heern him tell on it; and I allows I kin a sort a pint out the course ne'er on about as well as Bill himself kin. Now, look here—you must put off ahind the cabin down the branch till you amost about come to ole Fire-Skin's trace—(an Indian once trading there)—and thare a kind a take off a sort a so like—(pointing S. S. West)—and that'll bring you to Hickory Ridge; whare you must keep down like, but a sort a little barin up, till you strike B'ar Waller—(a creek)—and thare keep rite even on strate ahead till you gits to Rock Ford—and some wher strate ayond is near about whare Bill fust seed the wolf or fox, I disremember which on 'em 'twas—but no odds no how—only foller on thare, a turning though left; and a leetle ayond is the sink holes:—and 'twas one on 'em the varmint tuk into—I dont't know the hole, but it is a powerful big one, and about as round as a sugar kittle."

In the party were folks that had killed turkeys on Hickory; fought bruins on Bear Wallow; hunted deer around Rock Ford; yet had we not fortunately encountered Bill himself, near Fire-Skin's trace, and received directions a little different, we should, indeed have found the sink holes—but not the cave. *That* was in a sink by itself, half a mile from the others, in size less than the least, and without any shape whatever—a place none save a fox or a hunter could ever have found!

But that place, by Bill's directions, was reached. And now the nature of the next operation being better understood, our exploring party became *small* if not *select*. Some ten feet down, after *scratching* through briars and bushes, we espied a rat hole, or to make the most of it, an opening thirty inches long by eighteen wide; excepting where sharp points of rock projected and made the aperture an inch or two less. And this hole was the veritable door of the cavern! This was manifest from the worn trace of some kind of beasts; but mainly from Domore's report, who crawled in backward, and in five minutes crawled out head foremost, saying—"He backed in a rite smart chance, yet arter a while he finded he could a kinder sorter stand up—and then he kim out to sartify the kumpine."

Immediately commenced a metaphorical backing out: most of the ladies declared at once they never *would* crawl into such a place! Some also refused out of cowardice; and some were *bound* to refuse by tight corslets and other bandages. Yet some half dozen, and among them Mrs. Clarence and Mrs. Carlton, —who usually kept together—defying natural and conventional objections, said they would follow the preacher, as he could exorcise foul spirits; and as to other inhabitants, they would leave them to Domore and the other brave hunters with us. Some gentlemen that wished to go in, had to remain with the recusant ladies: and some hardy bucks, with rifles, preferred hunting an hour or two "to crawlin on all fours under the airth like brute critturs!" But this was "possum"—these latter feared to be cut out, and intended to stay above ground and improve the time in sparking.

One affianced pair were so determined on the descent, and so resisted all dehortations, that some of the *hide-bound* were tempted to go along with us, under a suspicion that the lovers, if they went into the cave two, would return one: curiosity being nearly as strong as corsets!—but not quite.

To all, however, it was strange *poor* Polly Logrul obstinately refused to go down; although her sweetheart was making ready to do so, and her rival, Peggy Ketchim, was to be of the crawling party! And when all knew Polly was neither nice nor timid; and would not hesitate to seize a wolf natural by the ears! But, reader, I was in the secret:—Polly was too large for the aperture! Hog and hominy had enlarged her physics till poor Polly, who had hitherto triumphed in her size, now wished herself a more ethereal sprite: for I accidentally saw her, when she supposed all at a distance, standing near the cave door, and convincing herself by a total blocking of the aperture by a part only of her form, that Peggy Ketchim would have Jesse—ah! in what unseen part of the underworld, that day, all to herself!

At length all was ready. Then we formed in Indian file, faces outward and backs towards the entrance, and began slowly to retrograde from the sun-light. Domore *led* the *rear;* then came the braves; then backed in Professor Harwood, then Mr. Carlton, his wife following *before* him, and then Principal Clarence, with wife ditto: and then—

"What then? How did the young ladies and gentlemen come down?"

I could not see beyond Mr. Clarence. It was arranged, however, that the ladies should come in a line in front of Mrs. Clarence, and the young gentlemen bring up the van—like going up and down stairs in monuments and steeples to the east. Doubtless all backed in judiciously, as we heard no complaints: although there was incessant laughter, screeching, squealing, and the like; and an occasional exclamation, as—"You, Joe!"—"Awh! now Sam, let me *be!*"—"Go away—I don't want none o' your help!"—"Take that now!"—which last was followed by a hard slap on somebody's face, and instantly answered by—"Peg! if you ain't a bustur!"

The entrance was the grand difficulty; for on squeezing down a few yards, the rocks went down like irregular steps, and our heads began gradually to rise, till by our torches were seen the rocks above ascending in a similar way: and in about fifty feet from the aperture we could stand erect and look round on a vast cavern, widening in every direction. Here the rear awaited the centre, and then both, the van; and then all the torches being lighted, we could see more distinctly this *terra incognita.*

Deep fissures were apparent in the rocks below, into which one might have fallen in the dark; but we met no accident, and continued now our advance to the Grand Saloon, or as Bill had called it, "the biggerest cave whare he couldn't see the top like." On reaching the entry of this room, we clambered down some rough projecting rocks; and thence passing along two abreast for fifteen yards, we all stood safe in the Saloon itself. Here nothing was remarkable but the size. It was an apartment about eighty feet long and from fifteen to forty wide, the height varying from twenty to sixty feet—although in some places we could not discern any roof.

Near one end, however, was a rock not unlike a pulpit, about four feet high and ascended by natural steps, and encircled by a stony balustrade. The immediate consecration was proposed to our lovers. The gentleman, a store-keeper of Woodville, readily assented; but the mistress, a pretty and interesting young lady, positively declared "she was determined never to marry any where, but to die an old maid"—sure sign of course, that "the day was fixed;" for girls make no such silly and desperate speeches till either mature years arrive or the marriage is secretly arranged. When rallied on this point, she took the other tack and said, "if she *did* marry, it should be above the earth; for she didn't believe a marriage under it was legal; and for her part, when she could find a fellow worth having, she intended to adhere to him till death!"

"Well!"—said Peggy Ketchim—"I'd jist as leef marry the man I lov'd down here as not"—looking tender at Jesse, Miss Logrul's beau. Jesse, however, would not take, being yet vexed at the slap severely done to his face on the crawl-away; but he very ungallantly replied:

"Well, darn it, if I wouldn't like the joke too, if Miss Logrul had only kim down—"

"Poll Logrul!"—(dixit Peggy)—"what's the use a her tryin to go through *life* with a feller, when she couldn't squeeze into a *cave*."

Here were plainly symptoms of a squall, which it was expedient to overwhelm with a storm; hence I proposed to try the effect of a unanimous and vigorous "hurraw!"—and to ascertain if the party outside could hear our shouting. This was agreed; and then at the signal we let it out!—and oh! the uproar! inconceivable before, indescribable now! And the effect so different from noises in the world!—in a few moments hundreds of bats, hitherto pertinaciously adhesive to the rocks, took wing, and flying, with no discretion, they dashed in panic against our very faces and open mouths, and speedily extinguished more than half our torches. Many ladies would have fainted, and most would have screamed; but ours, knowing that *noise* had brought the evil, remained quiet; and hence the bats soon withdrew to their clinging, and our torches were relighted; and—

"Hark!—what's that!?"

"What?"

"Listen!"

We did, and heard an indistinct and peculiar noise—now like whining—now like growling—and then it seemed a pit-pat sound like padded feet! and it then died away, and we were left to our speculations.

"Huh! haw!—it's them blasted fellers outside a trying to sker the gals down here."

"Who knows if it ain't Bill's fox?"

"'Spose it was Bill's wolf—hey?"

At this ingenious suggestion, the ladies all in unaffected alarm, proposed an immediate retreat. Yet Domore and Jesse and half a dozen other chaps, said "they did want most powerful bad jist to see into the next room a little down like, afore goin back;" and hence the ladies kindly agreed to wait in the saloon, with a guard, for their return.

The explorers, then, set off; and for a time were heard their footsteps and merry voices, till all were hushed in the distance; and we in silence remained striving to catch yet some faint sound—when forth on a sudden came the burst of terrific screams and outcries from the exploring party! and that soon followed by the noise of feet coming back quicker by far than they had gone away! And then into the saloon jumped and tumbled the whole party, a few laughing and jeering, but most bawling out—"a Ba'r! a Ba'r!!"

Our ladies, of course, added at first a scream; and there was some involuntary adhering to husbands' and lovers' arms; a little earnest entreaty to get out instantly; and then a rushing towards the egress of the cave, and then a rushing back, as darkness in that direction became visible, and bats' wings flapped again into faces; yet in no long time order was restored, and we listened to the following account from Domore.

"Well! I tell you what naburs if I warn't about as most powerful near a treadin on a black varmint of a ba'r, as most folks ever was I allow. You see, as we a kind a kim to that tother long hole, says I to Jess, Jess says I, you jist take this here light of mine here, and I'll go fust a head and feel along till we git's to that 'are room Bill tells on, whare he seed a crik a runnin across tother end, says I. Well, so Jess he takes the light and we kim to where you a kinder sorter go down a leetle, and I was *je-e-st* agoin so—(action)—to put down one leg this a way so, a holdin on so—(clinging to the pulpit)—above like, and I sees the rock b'low a most powerful black and dark, and I thinks as may be it mought be a deep hole;—and with that says I to Jess, Jess says I, tote along that light a yourn—and then I holds it down this a way—(using his torch)—whare I was goin to step, and blame my leggins if the hole didn't seem a movinin, and a movinin, till all of a quick up sprouted a ba'r's head! and his eyes a sort a starin so—(imitating)—rite slam smack on mine! Well Jess he seed him too, and the way he let out his squawk was a screecher I tell you! And then all them tother fellers what was a hind, if they didn't squeel as if they was skulp'd!—and put out and make tracks for this here preachers' room! But you see I've fit ba'r afore and I know'd this one warn't agoin to fite—and I seed him a puttin off afore I kim away—and if I'd had one of them chap's rifles above ground, why you see if we wouldn't a cooked ba'r meat down here to-day thar's no snakes."

"But, Domore, suppose the bear had made battle?"

"Well—Mr. Carltin, 'spose he had—do you see this?"—drawing from his jacket a very savage looking scalping knife.

"Yes! yes!—Domore—and I would not have asked you, if I had known you had your knife."

"Well, you see, Mr. Carltin, I don't mean no 'fence—but that a sorter shows you don't know all about the woods yit—albeit you're a powerful feller with the rifle; a hunter doesen't go into timber without his knife, and never no how into sich like caves and holes as this here one."

Fears had now abated; and the ladies professed great confidence in my friend Domore's skill and bravery; still, it was voted to retire immediately *into* the world, and our line of retreat was as follows.

1. Nearly all the males, headed by Jesse, who, wishing to show his spunk and retrieve the disgrace of his "screecher," led the van, now in front.
2. All the females.
3. The Faculty and Mr. Carlton.
4. And lastly, Domore as rear guard.

Without memorable accident our van in due time gained the cave door and crawled out head foremost; then aided by the upper party collected around at the unexpected egress, they helped out the female incumbents; and then, amid united congratulations and derisions, we, the last division were ushered slowly once more into ordinary life.

"But where's Domore, our rear guard?"

"Oh! I hear him, or something else, pushing out—he makes powerful little *head* way tho'—maybe he's draggin a ba'r—he's mighty fussy with something and very onactive."

By this time our whole party had come around the aperture and were with great interest eyeing the spot to greet our hero—when—could it be!—the hole was suddenly blocked up!—

"Goodness! Mr. Carlton—was it the bear?"

"Oh!—no—no—no! dear reader, it was the full disk of Domore's tow-linen posterior inexpressibles! For with proper regard of self-defence, and yet with this peculiar *breach* of etiquette, he was coming out of the aperture wrong end foremost!

Aye-yah! you may hold up your fans, and so forth: but fans themselves would have joined in the universal, uncontrollable, ungenteel, and almost unendable laughter, that for the first and the last and the only time since its creation, startled and shook the grim old trees that day! Laughter like that occurs only once in a life-time! And this is said deliberately, and to enable the judicious critics to remark—"The author on page so and so is again guilty of something like laughing at his own stories."

"Well," said Domore, when, at long last, he made his apology—"well, I know'd it warnt the best manners to back out like; and it warnt powerful easy ither; but you see it a sort a couldn't be helped; for, says I to meself, down thare, 'spose, says I, the b'ar, or some sich ugly varmint, was to kim agin a feller, what would be the use of kickin at 'im. And so I jist sticked my torch in a hole, and drawed out my knife, and kim out as you see, and ready to give it to any varmint what mought kim ahind me."

This was voted satisfactory; and Domore was cheered as the lion of the New Purchase; showing, too, that the race of the Putnams is not extinct.

Our pic-nicery was now ready; and we began to regale ourselves with keen appetites, when a few drops of water made us think some one was playing a prank; but alas! no—it was rain! downright rain. And now if I had the pen of a ready writer, I might tell *how* quick the eatables were deserted—knives, cups, plates, cloths, all stuffed and crammed into saddle-bags—shawls pitched on, and off, too—bonnets tied under chins—horses saddled—mounted—and we away, away, over Rock Ford—up and down Hickory Ridge—on Fire-Skin's trace—and once more snug and spongy behind Bill's cabin.

Bill and his wife pressed us to stay all night—a hunter's heart being always bigger than his cabin—but we all refused except Domore: and he stayed, not to avoid the rain, but to talk over the cave affair and the bear scrape. We took a fresh start, and scampered on fast as ever to escape now the coming darkness: and in process of time reached Woodville, a sad reverse of the gay and dry party of the morning! Yet how we looked none could tell, for it was then a coal black night; but judging by our own plight, when standing by the kitchen fire, our whole party must have been a remarkably shivering and absorporific compound of mud and water!

Upper class and aristocratic gowns, frocks, hats, and broadcloth and silk in general, had encountered melancholy accidents; but none so serious as were met by two bran new second-rate Leghorns, ambitiously sported for the first time to-day by two of our tip-top young ladies. These big-buggeries were not only soaked and stained with water and dirt of divers colours, but even torn by briars and branches: and this utter ruin and loss retarded our civilization a full year! it being all that time before the articles were replaced, and none others presuming to lead our fashions in this respect except the two pretty, but rather vain Misses Ladybook.

CHAPTER LIV.

> "But ye that suffer; who have felt
> The destiny of earth,
> That death, with shadowy hand hath dealt
> Rebuke amid your mirth;
> To you this tribute of a *word*,
> When other sounds have fled,
> Will come like lov'd tones, faintly heard—
> The memory of the dead."—MELLEN.

OUR family was usually very harmonious: yet the surface of our quiescence was occasionally ruffled. For instance, Mr. Carlton believed that Miss Elizabeth Carlton, now nearly four years old, if she *did* spell, ought to do it by sounds of the letters; Aunt Kitty insisted it ought to be in the march of mind way—by pictures of things. And Aunt Kitty carried the day, affirming that the baby could learn to spell in six days!—Mr. Carlton not caring whether she spelled or not, provided she had plenty of air and sunshine, and played all the time with a kitten or a doll. But when he obstinately persisted that the little one could not ever learn to *spell* by pictures, and must do it by the sounds of separate letters, away flounced Aunt Kitty after a caricature book; and then flouncing back she said with a voice of triumph:

"There, Mr. Carlton, spell her anywhere."

"Well, dearee, what does *c-o-w* spell?"—covering at the same time the figure with the hand.

"Cow," said the baby in an instant.

"There! Mr. Carlton—now sir!"—*dixit* Aunt Kitty.

"How do you know, dearee, that it spells cow?"—said Mr. C.

"I sees the—legs!"—replied baby.

Aunt Kitty put out; while echo maliciously repeated—"There! Mr. Carlton—now sir!"

* * * * * *

—Dear one! that was true learning Aunt Kitty gave you daily from the Word of God. She did, indeed, by her living voice, teach in figures about heaven! even as the blessed word itself. And it was to that heaven, dearest! you went, a few months after; when death so strangely quenched the light of those sweetly soft blue eyes!

* * * * * *

Parents! have you children in heaven? The author has six! And shall we not strive to rejoin the loved ones, where day-dreams are no more; and all is glorious, satisfying, unending reality?

CHAPTER LV.

> "There was a sound of revelry by night,
>   And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
>   The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
>   A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
>   Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
> And all went merry as a *marriage* bell—
>   But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

We shall conclude this year with a wedding.

"Who is to be married?"

John Glenville.

"That old bachelor?"

The same.

"To whom?"

Pardon me, I may not tell.

* * * * * * *

The society of Woodville was not yet as refined as it might have been; although steps for the sublimating process had been taken by our gentry, and with some success. Such attempts, however, by many, were regarded with jealousy, and by not a few with feelings of rancorous hostility. Sometimes, too, every attempt had failed, and that owing to the "galls:" for these insisted on mixing with our parties, and also on taking seats at table; or, if not present, it was owing to management, and not a tame surrender of the helpers' rights. Not unfrequently had an embryo lady, or one emerging from the grub and hoosiery form, been compelled by the discontent of her help, who had detected the artifice of her mistress, to soothe the young lady, by saying before the company:

"Betty, child, I do wish you would sit down, and sort a pour out, while I run out and bake the rest of the cakes."

Once a very select party of prospective gentry had assembled at Mrs. Roughsmoothe's, and had become talkative and lively; when the gall-help, wishing to increase the fun, suddenly descended from the loft, into our company, and paraded over the room in her lady's husband's brother's *old buckskin breeches!*

To aid the polishing of society, after long discussions among the ladies, not those only connected with the bride elect, but others intimate with our several families, it was determined to have a sample wedding. To this, indeed, the gentlemen all had objections; but the *weaker* sex, as is always, in such affairs, the case, proved the *stronger:* and so away to work went all hands for the grand display.

And now, the truth of political economy became manifest, that extravagance benefits mechanics, storekeepers, and the like; for we sold broadcloth, and trimmings, and silks, and satins—in short, all things for wedding-suits, dresses and decorations; and every mantua-maker, milliner, tailor and shoemaker was in immediate requisition. Superfine flour, too, was needed—the best teas and coffees—the best loaf sugar—the best, in a word, of all persons and things from the beginning to the end of Woodville. Nay, many articles were required from the Ohio River. Hence, so many messages were sent, and so many packages brought, by wagoners and travellers, to and from, that long before the eventful day, half the State was advertised of the coming ceremony. Indeed, not a few at that time, came into Woodville from adjoining counties: which accounts for the curious external celebration that accompanied the internal one.

Nor were only selling and buying promoted by the affair—it increased borrowing and lending. Many, who "allowed" they would be asked, had agreed to lend one another suitable apparel, from caps and curls upwards, to shoes and stockings downwards: and our bride's folks, not having domestic means enough, had borrowed far and wide every article in the shape of china, proper and mock, and silver, German and real. Consequently, the whole settlement was more or less interested in our wedding: and it was clear as sunshine, we should have as fine a gathering of hoosiers, in all stages of refinement, both inside and outside the house, as the heart of man could desire.

The wedding week had now arrived; and notes, prepared in the best style, were sent round by Wooley Ben, the negro barber, hired as waiter, and to discharge a dozen other offices and duties. Additional waiters would have been employed; but this was the only respectable *black* "nigger" in town: and as to hiring a native, white, red, or brown, you might as easily have hired the Governor.

Well, the grand evening came at last; and about sundown the wedding guests arrived, and were formally ushered into the parlour; which, for the first, saw ladies enter without bonnets, and *with* heads—some profusely, but many tastefully—decorated with flowers and curls, artificial and real. And never had that room been so full of seats, varying from sofa to stool, or of so many yards of silk, thread-lace, and bobinette! It had the honour of sustaining the first fashionable jam ever known in the Purchase!

Across the entry was a dining-room; which was now devoted to the supper-table and its fixins. The supper differed, however, in no important point from an eastern affair—except it was twice as abundant. But our furniture was very different. Things went, indeed, by usual names; yet the *plate* and the plates were very unlike modern articles: and they were different from themselves! All were antique vases, goblets, spoons, and so forth, the relics of broken and by-gone sets; and gathered, not merely from all parts of the Union, but from France, England, Nova Scotia, Scotland and Wales. China and silver representatives were on that table, of all the grand old-fashioned dignity once pertaining to the ancestry of the Woodville grandees; and whose pretensions to gentility thus shone forth in a dumb show! Not a bit of plate, pretended or genuine, but what had been borrowed, and several pieces had even been sent voluntarily; so that Ned, one of the company without, very properly said, in his vernacular:

"Well, bust my rifle, if I allowed thare was sich a powerful heap of silver and chanery in these here diggins! I tell you what, Domore! would't them wot-you-callums buy up ne'er about all Uncle Sam's land in these parts?"

It has been said, the incipient attempts to sublimate and crystalize society, were viewed by many with enmity: and hence the male clarifiers had opposed any grand doings now, as the whole might irritate, excite great prejudice, and even *retard* the desired improvements. That such fears were not groundless, will appear in the sequel: but an episode is here necessary.

In many places of the Far West, in those days, was prevalent a custom derived from the Canadians, called *Chevrarai;* or, as pronounced by us in the Purchase, and spelled by Mr. Nonpareil Primer, our College printer—*Shíver-ree.* And that looks and sounds as much like the thing as its echo. Hence we shall follow nature, or Mr. Primer—who was very natural in spelling—and call the thing shíver-ree. The shíver-reeing was done by a collection of all physical bodies capable of emitting sounds, from a sugar-kettle to a horse-shoe; and from the hoarsest bass of the toughest hoosier, to the most acute treble of the tenderest hoosierine—and all, at a signal, let off at once under the windows, and in the very doors, of the marriage-house.

Commonly fun *only* was designed; and the serenaders, good-humouredly, retired after a dram of some alcoholic liquor. Still, a little frolicsome mischief was sometimes added. For instance, the shíver-ree-ers would insist on seeing the bridegroom; and the moment he appeared, he would be transported to their shoulders, and paraded round a few hundred yards, and in the very centre of the music; after which he would be restored to his anxious bride, and the revellers, giving three cheers, would retire. The bridegroom would, indeed, sometimes, be kept too long; as was the case with the young storekeeper, who had been of our cave party: for, the shíver-ree folks, having, by a very cunning stratagem, caught this bridegroom, contrived to carry him away, and keep him locked up in the jury-room of the Court-house till near daybreak, when he was liberated! And all this, without his being able to identify one of his persecutors!

But the Shíver-ree was used, also, to annoy any unpopular person or family. And, then, not even double or quadruple drams could purchase peace. The moment always chosen to begin the concert, was when the parties stood before the parſon. Then the power of his voice, the patience of the groom, and the nerves of the bride, were all fairly tested. The solemnization was as publicly and loudly announced as by the roar of artillery at royal celebrations. The art within was to elude the vigilance of the party without: in which attempt, however, to the best of my recollection, the party within was always preëminently unsuccessful—it being not possible that any movement could escape a dozen practised eyes and ears watching for signs, and usually *aided* by treachery within the house.

Well, to-night, with all experience against us, and although notified, by ominous sounds of rehearsal, that the musicians were ready, we tried the usual ways of eluding—such as dropping the curtains, appointing sentinels for doors and crevices, and specially by keeping up no small noise ourselves, laughing, talking, and screaming, up to the instant when Mr. Clarence suddenly rose and met the bridal party, entering from an adjoining apartment. Without delay, he began with the notice, that, by virtue of a license in his hand, he appeared to unite in marriage the parties named therein, viz.—John Glenville, of Guzzleton, and Evelina B——, of B———: and, as the profoundest stillness yet prevailed without, we began to exchange smiles of triumph, that, for once, Argus had been beguiled. Even the preacher proceeded, with unwonted confidence, and said, *pro formulâ*—"if any one present knows reason why the parties ought not to be united in the bands of wedlock, let such an one now *speak* ——." If anybody inside answered, the voice was unheard in the horrid din from without, that interrupted and replied to the Reverend Gentleman's inquisitorial words.

What the din resembled, the reader, if poetic and fond of music, may imagine, when we run over the instruments of that extra-transcendental quavering, quivering, shivering and roaring uproar!—viz., two corn baskets full of cow-bells tied to saplings;—a score and a half of frying pans beat with mush sticks;—two and thirty Dutch oven and skillet lids clashed as cymbals;—fifty-three horse shoes, played as triangles;—ten large wash-tubs and seven small barrels drummed with fists and corn-cobs; one hundred and ninety five quills, prepared and blown as clarionets;—forty-three tin-whistles and baby-trumpets, blown till they all cracked;—two small and one large military drums with six fifes, blown on D in alt., or *thereabouts*;—add imitations of scalp and war cries;—and inhuman yells, screams, shrieks and hisses of the most eminent vocalists!

The *human* performers were estimated from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty! there being about two hundred extra volunteers from other counties:—the whole mammoth-rabble-rouse being got up to do special dishonour to "'ristocraticul and powerful grand big-bug doins!" There were also *super*-human vocalists!—of these directly.

Temperance had advocates ready to *shoot*, but not be *shot* for her, in our party; hence when the ceremony was supposed to be ended, by the parson's being seen kissing the wife, out started the two groomsmen and several volunteers with buckets, pitchers, and cups, to *molify* the drinking part of the serenaders. But when the customary doses were administered, not only did the musicians not retire with the complimentary cheers, but remained and calling for "big-bug wine—fit for gentlemen!" and letting off at each repetition of the demand peals of shíver-ree; till finding after all no wine forthcoming, they manifested symptoms of more serious riot and abuse.

This awakened an angry spirit in the bridal party; and threats from without were answered by menace from within; while inquiries were made of our host what arms could be furnished for the defence of the castle. At this instant a window sash behind the Miss Ladybooks was cautiously raised from without, and before I could step thither to hold down the sash, in leaped a musician—a *four* footed swine, some six months of age, and weighing some fifty pounds! Master Grunter had evidently entered unwillingly: and although in his descent he availed himself of one lady's shoulder, and another's lap, he trod elastically as an essenced exquisite, and scarcely deranged a collar or soiled a frock!

The feat was cheered by piggy's associates; and the more, as our ladies in avoiding the unclean gentleman, had sprung upon chairs, sofas, and even tables, where their alarmed countenances were visible above the curtains to the bipedalic hogs without. Young Squeal, however, behaved himself just like a pig in a parlour—he sneaked with a tight-twisted tail and vulgar grunt under the grand bridal sofa: and thence, I forget how, he was unceremoniously turned out among his former friends, where he felt himself more at home.

Virginia and Kentucky blood was now approaching the boiling point; and a rush was made by some of us towards the door—but there Dr. Sylvan had, with great wisdom, already taken post to prevent if possible, either ingress or egress. Still the door could not be kept wholly closed; and we thus caught glimpses of performers mounted on the backs of performers—the *super*-human ones being large four-footed hogs, which were held on human backs, by their front legs, advanced hugging fashion, each side a human neck! As the *rational* creatures capered up and down with their riders, those *irrational* ones, in terror and fierce indignation, were sending forth those long, woful, keen, nerve-shaking appeals for release, that we in simplicity had till now imagined masterly imitations of some squeaking even better than piggy himself! Nothing like the true hog after all!

Meanwhile, two thus doing piggy-back in reverse order, had gradually advanced to the door; when the horse-pig essayed to force a wider aperture, intending to incline forward and thus allow the mounted animal to leap into the entry, and thence into the dining-room to upset and demolish the table with its goodies and silver. But no sooner had the hog-ridden serenader thrust his hand into the aperture than Dr. S. aided by Harwood forced the door against the member, and so held the gentleman that he cried out not wholly unlike Mr. Snout but a moment before on his back, yet now let fall! It is wonderful how hard a fellow can pull when his hand is thus caught! Why, spite of all the force against him, he did jerk his hand out—and left nothing behind except the skin of a thumb with a nail attached! —a scalp for the victors!

At the instant word came to the author, that his darling little girl had gone into fits from fright! And when I beheld the blood gushing from her nose, and her face pale and death-like— * * *—yes, I rushed out bare-headed and weaponless, followed by a few bold friends with lights, Dr. S. having left the door to attend the babe! Our design was to catch some in the act of riot, and make them answer at a legal tribunal. Aware of this, the rabble fled as our lights advanced: but soon rallying in a dark corner, they began to salute us with groans, hisses, and stones—and then rose the cry, "Knock 'em down!—drag the big-bug yankees through the creek!" And so our situation was momentarily becoming more and more critical, when a well-known voice thus arose in our behalf:—

"Bust my rifle!—if I'm goin to stand by and see that ither, I say, or my name's not Ned Stanley—no! no! I tell'd you to put off a hour ago, when me and Domore kim up, arter they give us the fust dram. Them folks ain't to my idee, no how, but they've got rights as well as the best on us—and I ain't agoin for to see 'em trampled on no further no how. I say Bob Carltin's a powerful clever feller, arter all, albeit he's thick with big-bugs—and, bust my rifle, if any man knocks him down to-night, or drags him in the water, till he tries hisself fust on Ned Stanley!"

"Them's my idees, Ned," responded the well-known voice of Domore—"and it tain't us Woodill fellers no how, what's carried it so fur—it's them blasted chaps from the Licks and Nobs. And I'm not goin ither to go agin a man what was with us in Bill's cave—and if that leetle gal a hissin is gone in a fit, I'm most powerful teetotal sorry I had anything to do with the fun any how. Come, come, darn my leggins, let's make ourselves skerse—come, fellers, let's be off!"

Mobs, like other flocks and herds, follow their leaders by instinct. After all Virgil's poetical great man's power to smooth down popular swells, this night showed he could have done nothing that way in the Purchase—unless he had a cart-whip like a priest—and drove *tame* jackasses—ours were *wild* ones. For though the grave and reverend Clarence was with us, no subsidence in the boiling sea was visible, till Ned and Domore rose in their majesty; and while two or more schoolmasters were abroad in the land that night, the quelling of riot and preventing of violence and bloodshed, was by radical leaders destitute of learning and gravity, but full of courage, manly feeling and muscular power!

Man may be known from books, but *men* and *boys* are different matters; and the phases of the genus Homo in the Purchase were then different from the phases elsewhere. Even a genuine Hoosier mob is totally unlike a *scum* mob in an Atlantic city: generosity may be found in the former, *none* in the latter. The first loves rather the *fun*, the latter, the *plunder and blood*, of a riot. Fear of the military scatters the city mob, an appeal to manliness disperses the Hoosier one.

Our retreat was left, of course, unimpeded; nor was the annoyance renewed. Yet the spirit of frolic was up; and aided by the spirit of the *still*. Hence, away rolled the tumult to the forest; where the prowling panther and other denizens of the lairs, were appalled by a tempest of sounds, such as never before had disturbed the solemnities of the grand old shades. And the orgies of the drunken-god were celebrated as in primitive times, when Orpheus was hired to lead home the raving wives and daughters of his townsmen.

Next day, Dr. Sylvan and others dreading future results of the Shíver-ree made inquisition for leading rioters. None, of course, could be identified, save the man without the thumb-skin; and he, taking the alarm, became "so skerse" as never again to be seen in Woodville. For a while, therefore, the Shíver-ree was disused; but by degrees it was again introduced, and when we left the Purchase it was there as popular and noisy as ever.

CHAPTER LVI.

SIXTH YEAR.

"Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but killed a *Fly!*
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry—*And thou hast killed him!*"

By a recent charter of our college, it was appointed that the Faculty should oversee the Students; the Trustees, oversee the Faculty; the Board of Visitors, the Trustees; and the Legislature the Visitors—the people in general engaging to oversee the Legislature, and the people of Woodville, the entire whole! The cause of education was, then, well *overseen!* And yet our circle was as vicious as that of the Church Militant and Insultant; which keeps its antagonist foundations in perpetual somerset—top and bottom being always at bottom and top—and yet so circumferential as to be alike destitute of top or bottom, or bottom or top—and bound by its infallibility to roll on for ever in its absurdities!

And now was to be found the *rara avis*—the white crow—a good President. Distant and learned gentlemen had answered our first inquiries, by an earnest recommendation of Mr. Clarence; but so widely did that personage differ in opinion, that he suppressed a letter written to himself urging him by all means to be a candidate. He plead his youth; and his wish to remain in a subordinate post to perfect himself in his favourite studies—languages, history, and mathematics. He insisted, also, that good professors were as important as a good president; and with a little allowable vanity, he added, if he should make so good a president, as his friends' partiality led them to suppose, it would be quite a loss to deprive the college of so good a professor! He, therefore, did—unwisely as *Mr. Carlton* thinks—decline a nomination, and earnestly *entreat* the Board to look out for "*an older man!*"

There were collecting just now reverend gentlemen at Woodville to form a travelling party towards the south to a famous council, of which Clarence was also a member; and I having business, was furnished with the most agreeable associates. Regalists may sneer at dissenting and republican clergy; but I repeat, what can *never* be repeated too often, that such clergy, when evangelical and intelligent, aside from a *spice* of sectarianism—and a man without a *spice* is no *man*, but a sneaking time-server—are the most benevolent, instructive, entertaining, cheerful, and *liberal* of men. They condense and concentrate most qualities, too, essential to good fellowship. They are usually men of the greatest courage. And when and where *duty* calls, whether into jeopardy of property, or character, or ease, or limb, or life itself, no men more fearlessly or resolutely encounter it. A good man fears God—and that absorbs or counteracts all other fears.

Exceptions occur; yet of intelligent and learned folks the true clergy can and do, most easily and naturally, accommodate themselves to opposite lives; and, not to acquire fame or money or power, or do penance—but to do good. Influence is, indeed, thus acquired, yet not more than is right and desirable. Far from my beloved land be that hour, when her own republican ministers shall have no literary, moral and spiritual influence! God shield her from the Egyptian darkness threatening from yonder ominous cloud rising above the distant horizon—shaped not like a man's *hand*, and pregnant with refreshing rains, but like a man's *toe* portending contempt, spurning, overthrow and subjugation. But I smell faggots!—and I court not martyrdom —and none can tell what Hugheous attempts may next be made nor when! Sneer on! antipuritan! if *you* fear not for us, it is high time, as Cato told Cæsar in the Roman Senate, we should fear for ourselves! *Bow* your own base neck—we will *never* bow ours!

Our party was increased at every ferry and cross path till it numbered twenty-two; enough to hold meeting on horseback. The time was mid Spring; and the old woods were glorying in the sylvan splendours of new dresses and decorations. The sun was, indeed, ardent, and rejoicing like one to run a race; but then the dense foliage spread a screen over the pathway, while the balmy breath of zephyrs, rich with perfume of wild flower and blossom, fanned our faces and sported with the forest leaf and spray. Beauteous birds and tribes of unseen animals and insects from every branch and every bushy lair or cavern, were pouring forth choral symphonies of praise.

Was it wonderful, then, that Christians going to a spiritual congress, should be unable to restrain hymns of praise? Out upon rationalism, or any pseudo-ism that makes men *dumb* like—like—"beasts?" No; "insects?" No;—these in the woods God planted and nurtured for ages are vocal. "Like what then?" Like a German or a French Atheist.

Hymns then, as we rode, were sung; and, with heart and voice, in the solemn and joyous words of king David. God was felt to be there! His grand temple was around us! How like sons and daughters going home rejoicing! How like the Church in the wilderness! We have before said, what in religion begins in poetry often ends in prose;—and so would be the result now, if *fanaticism* should get up a *system* of protracted and locomotive meetings on horse-back! The poetry belongs only to the accidental occurrence.

Arrived in due time at the place of the council, I was induced to remain a day and witness its proceedings. The weather being favourable, and no cabin being large enough to accommo date the hundreds of spectators, many of whom had come more than a hundred miles, it was arranged to hold the sessions in the woods. Among the accommodations was a large wagon body placed on suitable timbers, to serve for a pulpit; and here, during the religious exercises, were seated all the clerical members—making with their aggregate weight a half a ton of theologians, if not of divinity. Here, also, during the secular business, was seated the President,—and supported by his scribes on the right and left.

But I was soon hurried from this *Nice* council, by the stress of worldly business; and that accomplished, it was necessary for me to return alone to Woodville, and by a route then very rarely taken by any person, and never before nor since by myself.

On my first day, I was fortunately overtaken by a large company, unlike my religious friends, and yet by no means unacceptable comrades in the vast wilderness I had just entered. It was a Surveyor and his assistants, going to run some line, or lay out some road. In genuine Western style they welcomed me not only to ride with them, but to participate their dough-biscuits and jerked venison. We beguiled the way, of course, with anecdote and story of adventures and mishaps till tired of telling and hearing; and then, recreation came on wings—in the shape of *horseflies!*

The tame or civilized horse-fly of the Atlantic States, is well enough as to size; and, when half starved, can bite reasonably well;—but the ill-bred, barbarian horse-fly, or rather flies, for the sorts are countless,—can't *they* bite! Like all hoosiery and woolverine things, they are regardless of dignities; and hence suck blood from the rider as well as the horse! They even make no distinction between *merchants* and men! or between the "brethren" and "the misters!!" Very probably they would suck blood from the President of the United States!—the greatest of all earthly potentates—(in breeches, of course!) Ay! from Uncle Sam, and Brother Jonathan:—although their blood so much excels that of the Russian Bear, or John

Bull! Nothing like the Great-Grand-North-American-Republican Horse-Fly! ten of them can kill a dandy!

Now, a *man* can endure a single fly: but a cloud pitching at once on him and his horse, requires some patience and no small activity and diligence. The best antidote is a duck's bill. This, however, is inconvenient to administer, as it requires a cessation of motion and a recumbent posture. Indeed, to be fully benefitted, one must lie down, as we saw a cow to-day at a squatter's cabin, and permit, as she did, six active ducks and one drake, to traverse the whole body, and gobble up and down the flies at the instant of alighting, and make repeated successful snaps at them on the wing!

The best defensive armour would doubtless be to have one's whole skin tanned—(leatherwise):—and next, are boots and leggins, as far as they go: but summer coat and inexpressibles are as good as—nothing. Some advantage is found by inserting tops of broken bushes into every crevice of the horse-trappings; into the hat-band and button holes; and at the tops of boots and leggins: yet, with all these, will be lots of work both for the man's hands and the horse's tail.

I do wish Mrs. Trollope had been with us to-day. If *she* had seen nothing to amuse and interest her, I am certain *we* should—although we had enough as it was. To a student of nature, how interesting our appearance—all bestuck with bushes—a grove on horse-back! whence issued human hands slapping hard, as a Catholic self-inflicting penance! Then the madness of a bushman missing a fly! and his triumph and malicious joy in mashing one! The horses, now stopping with one side to stamp and bite! now springing away, to rub off the torment in the bushes! and then their tails!—it did seem they would, sooner or later, switch and swing loose, and fall off!

The grand exhibition, however, was by a poor brute of a horse, with a short tail and a tipsy rider. As to the tail, that had been partly amputated by some barbarian—there being a fashion in horse-tails as in whiskers—and, added to that inhumanity, was the inconsiderate behaviour of a silly colt, into whose *mouth* the tail-stump had fallen—the hair being all eaten away by the said colt, till the denuded thing stuck out six inches only, like a wooden article of the same name, glued to a toy-horse, to show which end is not the head. Think!—to be with such a make-believe tail, in a flock of horse-flies! And the drunken rider had arranged no grove of bush-tops!!

Had the flies infested the human beast! but these sagacious flocks knew what was for their health, and, therefore, *stuck* to the horse; thus causing the animal to endure a thousand fold for the sin of his master. In vain, then, did he wag that stump of a naked tail! in vain halt to stamp, bite, and kick! in vain vibrate his hide and the tip of the ears, till he seemed all over like a church full of moving fans!—there stuck the flies! At every halt, the rider kicked and basted; but never moved the horse away till convinced halting, and biting, and kicking could not dislodge his foes, and then he moved to be sure—but not ahead. He did it sideways, till he reached some tree or bush, along which he rubbed, crushing and sweeping off the flies; and often, very much to our inward delight, barking the skin from his vile master's legs!

At last, the flies, understanding the brevity of the tail, and the defenceless state of the nag, attacked his quarters, head and rear, covering, but not protecting, his entire flanks! What could he do? He reiterated his stamp—bite—vibration; he sidled against trees, rubbing and kicking; and then, under the combined attacks of whip, heels and flies, seizing the bit between his teeth, he, on a sudden, darted away as if borne on wings himself! Pencil of Hogarth! paint that sight! Set forth the trembling spice-bushes, divided, broken, crushed, by a tornado borne on horse-heels! Draw that nag emerging, ever and anon, from thickets of thorn and briar!—a human leg, despoiled of leggin, rising horizontal, this side now, now that, and instinctively, like the scales of justice, keeping the equilibrium of a body recumbent, with head nodding and jerking, amid the dishevelled and raggy mane of a horse-neck!—hands therein clenched! Depict the flocks of surviving flies hanging over in the air, and waiting for the race to end! And, oh! last, yet not least, though so very little—oh! DO that tail!

It had played its part before; now it was worked with more than one-horse power! It spun round as on a patent gudgeon! It multiplied itself—now, a dozen tails—now, no tail at all!—nothing appearing, save a white circumference, a streak made by the bone where the article had been amputated! Its motion was no longer to switch away flies; it was instinctive, and to steer by: yet whether it failed as a helm, or steered as was designed, on our galloping up, there was the fly-bitten pony, wallowing pig-like in a delicious stream of spring water; and the rider wading out about ankle-deep, and dripping! And so ends about the *tail*.

The tender-hearted will rejoice to know, however, that upon this poetical justice administered by the horse, the master, now a cold-water man and sobered, kept a whole wilderness of bushes about both; and, that he abstained, that day at least, from his whiskey-bottle—partly, I believe, though, because it was broken in the fall.

Shortly after this I left the surveyors' company, and, pursuing a solitary trace, reached, late in the evening, my lodging-place; where I learned I had yet forty miles to travel to reach Woodville.

"Stranjer," said my host, "it's a most powerful woody country, and without no road, nor even blind trace worth naming—it being a sort a kiver'd with ole leaves; and thar's no cabin nearer nor King's—and that's more nor fifteen miles. Howse'er, I'll set you over the river afore sun-up—and if you don't *miss* the trace, then you kin git to King's for breakfast."

Almost devoured by flies, and then frightfully flea-bitten in bed, my dreams were naturally fantastic; and I had visions of howling wildernesses, tangled thickets, prowling panthers, and great swollen, fiery serpents. Woodsmen, also, I knew had been lost in that unsettled region; and even last summer two persons had wandered about three days. Yet, I longed to be on my journey, and to know the worst; and, with a hope my case would be different. Beside, I had a secret ambition to appear well as a woodsman in Domore's and Ned's eyes; and I was aware Sylvan would even think better of me, if I crossed such a wilderness alone. It was something of a task with such men.

Accordingly, by early dawn I was ferried over the river, and sat in my saddle, while my host, standing in his scow, and ready to pole back, thus issued his final directions:

"Ride strate up-bank whare you be—then keep spang a-head, across the bottim, without no turn at all, and, in a short quarter, you'll strike the d'sarted cabin. It's burnt now—but the logs are some on 'em a-lyin' in a heap—that's whare the poor squatter was murdered and skulp'd in the war time, by the injins. Well—arter you git thare, ride round to the west ind of the ole clerein, and you'll find the trace, sich as it is, if it aint kivered—and, if you get once fair on it—I sort a think you'll go safe enough to King's."

That said, good-bys were shouted; while the scow swung from the shore, and my noble creature ascended the bank; and we began to go ahead for the burnt cabin. Some declination was, indeed, necessary to get round unleapable logs, impassable thickets, and the like; yet, prior to such deviations, having placed myself in a line with several objects before and behind, I easily regained my course, and, in a short time came to the cabin-ruins. Here we paused an instant to contemplate the scene—so like what I had pictured in reading border-tales! But, haste and anxiety allowed only short delay, and I rode quickly round to the west of the clearing; where, after a narrow search along the edge of the forest I discerned the only semblance of a trace; and, into this, dashing with trembling confidence, I was soon hid in the shades of a true wilderness.

However romantic such a wild may be in print, my thoughts in the wilderness itself, were all concentrated on one object—the path. And long time what seemed the path, dim always, and sometimes obliterated, as it led far away into the gloom of impervious shades, now turning almost back to skirt an impassable thicket, now tumbling almost perpendicularly into a deep ravine, and now scaling its opposite side, then mounting a ridge, then circling a pond of dark and dangerous-looking water, and then vanishing for a few moments, as of necessity it passed through patches of weeds and briars—long time this trace occupied all my meditations and excited my intensest watchings, and kept me asking in a mental, and often an audible voice—"I *do* wonder if this *is* the way?" To which, as nobody else replied, I would answer myself—"Well, I guess it *must* be—if this is *not*, I'm sure I don't see any *other!*"

And then, as though poor Kate shared my anxiety, would I say, "Come, Kate!—cheer up! you shall soon have your breakfast—let's hurry on to King's!" When, gayly tossing her fine head, and shaking her flowing mane, she would, with her hoofs, redouble the echoes; and away, away, with thrilling hearts, we bounded onward and onward, and farther and farther into the solemn grandeur of those primitive wilds!

In some two hours the trace, owing to the nature of the ground, became better defined, and less interrupted; hence, waxing confident, we indulged in a colloquy, self-congratulatory and maybe self-laudatory, thus:

"Well, we're safe, after *all*, Kate, I *do* believe!—wonder what *Ned* will say?—*hey?*"

To this Kate switched an answer with her magnificent tail, and evinced increased eagerness to be going ahead; and so with a real "hurraw! my noble Kate!—hurraw!" on my part, and an additional snort on hers, we were streaking on at the rate now of seven miles to the hour! And then, in about four hours from the burnt cabin, we caught sight of King's cabin, crowning a mound on the far side of a small stream.

Advancing to bespeak refreshments, I was met at the door by a portly lady, who proved to be that King's wife; and though no queen, was large enough for two queen patterns of the Victoria-Albert-size.

"Is this Mr. King's, ma'am?"

"Well, I allow so; but my ole man's from home—he's went to a rasin two miles off ——"

"You keep public, don't you, ma'am?"

"Well, I allow so; but King's tuk the bakun with him to the rasin ——"

"Ay?—can't I get something for my nag?"

"Well, I allow so; jist go round to yan crib, and git what cawn you like."

This done, and Kate left to enjoy as much "*cawn*" as was wholesome, I entered the cabin and our conversation was renewed.

"Well, but Mrs. King, ain't you got nothing at all a hungry fellow can eat?"

"Stranjur—I'm powerful sorry—but we're teetotally out—he tuk every bit of food with him —— "

"What's that—up there?"

"Law, bless you, stranjur! that's a piece of most powerful rusty flitch—tain't fit for a dog to eat —— "

"Oh! ma'am, let's have it—why I can eat your dog himself I'm *so* hungry."

"Ha! ha!—well you ain't proud like the Fakilty big-bugs across thar at Wood'ill, that's sarten. How I do wish King hadn't a tuk the food! But you ain't in arnest about the yaller flitch, are you?"

"To be sure!—clap on your skillet, Mrs. King!"

"Well—I do sentimentally wish it was better like. Let's see, here's a handful of meal in the bag arter all—and I'd a got it afore, only I allowed you was proud like. But I see you're none of that 'are sort—'spose I do the meal?"

"Thank you, ma'am! I know you would give me the best if Mr. King hadn't gone to the raising."

The skillet was soon hot; and then received as many slices as could lie in comfort on the bottom. The colour of the dainty had been originally amber, the fat being *then* semi-transparent, as it was *mast* fed, i. e., fed on acorns and beech nuts. Time, however, fatal to beauty, had incrusted the flitch with an oxide of wonderful thickness and peculiar dirt colour, and turned its lovely amber transparency into a decided and opaque yellow. Something of the kind I had often seen in cot-days; when, on being importunate for buckwheat cakes in the kitchen, Betty often threatened my face with "the griddle-greaser!"

Mrs. King had shaken her bag into a large wooden bowl; and the deposit was, one pint of second chop meal, *minus* half a gill something else, and a few horse hairs; for, bags in attending mill are used as saddles and pommelled between inexpressibles and perspiring horsebacks. Water then was poured into the compound; and the lady, after *handling* the mixture *without gloves*, produced a handful of good chicken feed. Then the hissing flitch being hastily turned into a pewter plate with a damaged circumference, the feed was splashed in, like mortar into chinking, to be converted into corn bread. This transmigration over, the bread was associated with the flitch on the cloudy pewter, Mrs. King remarking that, "her man had tuk the crokry to the rasin;" and then, after wiping each thumb on her woollen petticoat, she invited me with the formula, "Well—come! set up."

I was soon seated on my rickety stool at the board, or rather *boards*—as the table was of two such and a piece—and began to flourish my blade—the knife belonging to that irascible class that had flown off the handle—and, also, I began to look for its partner, the fork. But that had flown off *with* the handle, for, said *she*—"*He* tuk all thar knives and forks but this poor bit of a thing, and that was left 'cos it had no handle!—but, stranjur," continued she, "jeest lend me that a minit, and I'll git you a fork."

Out, then, darted Mrs. King; and soon returned manufacturing as she came a fork, and saying thus: "Thar, stranjur, this 'ere I split off a rail, and cut down a sort a so to a pint, it'll do for a fork better nor your fingers—albeit, I'm powerful sorry for our poor fixins."

"Thank you, ma'am! all the same—you've a kind heart; and that's meat and drink in this world of ours, *sometimes*."

Yet these and other speeches were continually interrupted by the rapid ingress of lumps of flitch and balls of bread. I regret to record, however, that while I used my fork to pin down the fat till its reduction to mouthfuls, I was compelled to eat, like a democrat, with my knife! I made, indeed, some amends to a violated good-breeding, by sopping my gravy with bread in my left hand—like a gentleman eating fish and other things, with a leaky silver fork. Singular! how the extremes of refinement and hoosierism do meet!

Dialogue Continued.

"Well, I'm powerful rite down glad you kin eat sich like food! what mought your name be—if it's no offence?"

"Carlton, ma'am; I live in Woodville—"

"Well—that's what I suspish'nd. Ned Stanley was out here last winter a huntin, and I heerd him tell on you—as how you was a powerful clever feller—albeit a *leetle* of a big-bug. But *I'll* take your part arter this—and *King* shill too."

"Oh! Mrs. King, if we were all better acquainted with one another, we'd all think better of our friends and neighbours. But I must be off—what's the damage?"

"Bless me! Mr. Carltin, I don't take nothin for sich a meal! Put up that puss, if you want to be friends—I'm powerful sorry King's away—call here next time, sir, and I allow you'll git somethin good enough for a white man."

"Thank you! Mrs. King, thank you. Well—please give me directions—I'm not much of a woodsman."

"Well, you're comin on. Howsever you've kim the wust ind of the trace, and won't find no diffikilty till about fifteen miles on at the next settlement, Ike Chuff's—whare you mought foller a cow path—and so you'd better stop thar and axe."

In due time, and after a hard ride of thirty miles from the burnt cabin, we came in sight of Ike Chuff's clearing. As the trace ran plain and broad round the fence and across a small ravine, I was unwilling to waste time with needless inquiries, and, therefore, followed the line of path with undiminished confidence.

The trace, indeed, narrowed—it once or twice vanished—all that was no novelty; but at last we seemed to reach the vanishing point, for now, after the last vanish, the path never reappeared! In place of the one however, were seen four! and those running in as many different directions and evidently, like Gay's road—to no places at all! And so, for the neglect of inquiring, Kate and I had been judiciously following a cow-path!

"Why not steer by the sun?"

That is easy enough, my friend, in a country where there is a sun. I had, indeed, seen little of that "Great Shine" all day; and for the last two hours nothing, a rain having then commenced which lasted till our reaching Woodville.

"What *did* you do then?"

Trusted to Kate to find the way back to Chuff's;—as we had hardly gone two miles astray—and that she did in fifteen minutes.

"What then?"

You shall hear for yourself—"Hilloo! the house!"

"Well—hilloo! what's wantin?"

"The trace to Woodville—I missed it just now."

"Sorter allowed so, when I seed you take the cow-path to the licks—"

"Well, my friend, why didn't you hollow to me?"

"'Cos I allowed you mought a axed if you ain't a woodsman, and if you be, you know'd the way to the licks as well as me."

"Thank you, sir; will you show me now?"

"Take the path tother ind of the fence."

Neighbour Chuff's settlement differs, you see, in suavity from King's. Still, the Hoosier's direction was right; and with nothing more romantic than our *feed* in the morning, we arrived pretty much used up to a late dinner in the evening at Woodville—having done more than forty *wilderness* miles in about twelve hours! For the whole, however, I was rewarded, when Dr. Sylvan that night called at our house and said with an approving smile:

"Pretty *well* done! pretty well *done!* After this I think we may dubb you a backwoodsman."

CHAPTER LVII.

"Ha! ha! ha! D'ye think I did not know you, Hal?"

DR. SYLVAN's visit was to announce the favourable reply of Dr. Bloduplex to the letter of the committee. But the people were in a new tumult; and a petition to the next Assembly was circulating for signatures, praying that the Trustees be ordered to expel either Clarence or Harwood, or both; and that while Bloduplex should be elected as President, the professors should be taken each out of different sects. For, reader, the two existing members of the Faculty were both Rats; and Dr. Bloduplex was of the same denomination! This, however, was *then* the natural result of circumstances—that sect being twenty-five years since preëminent in learning, talent and enterprise. And this I am bound as a true historian to declare, although Dr. Bloduplex and myself do not belong to the same sect!—an impartiality to be remembered to my credit hereafter.

I perceive we have thoughtlessly given a clue to the sect meant. For when it is found by the reader what sect twenty-five years ago was preëminent in the respects named, my secret so nicely kept is out—he has discovered the Rats! But if such sect cannot be found, then among the *fictitious* things of this book will, I fear, be placed our worthy President, the Rev. Constant Bloduplex.

In this emergency, it occurred, that another petition in aid apparently of the other, and yet subversive, by reducing its principles to an absurdity, should be sent to the Legislature, as the proper way for "Hoosier to fight Hoosier." Something must be done, because our magnates at the Capitol would certainly essay something disastrous to the college. Hence, the suggestion meeting Dr. Sylvan's approbation, the framing of said petition was committed to Mr. Carlton; when in a few days the following *able* paper—hem!—was submitted, corrected, approved, and adopted by our friends:

"*To the Honourable the Representatives of —— in General Assembly convened at Timberopolis, this Petition of the People of Woodville and the New Purchase generally, is respectfully submitted:*

"First, that the existing Faculty of *our* College be requested to resign before the election of a President, that all denominations may have a fair and equal chance for places:

"Secondly, that, there being nine religious sects in our State, and three of philosophers, viz: the Deistical, the Atheistical, and the Fanny-wright-dale-owen-istical—three members of Faculty be annually elected out of each and every of these twelve sects and bodies—each set of three to serve one month, till the year ends, and then to recommence with other sets of three, and so on till the end of time.

"Among many unanswerable reasons for this petition, we urge only four:

"1. It is the true Anti-federal Democratical and Pure Republican course, founded on rotation: for it is useless to assert that all have a right to become Professors, unless it can be shown possible and practicable:

"2. It will promote learning: for, when manifest that everybody, in turn, can be Professor, everybody will go to studying to get enough to last him at least a month:

"3. It is said, confidently, by some sectarian leaders, that if they were in, their sects would each send one hundred students to College. Hence, all sects doing the same—as *all* will when *one* does—our College flourishes at once with twelve hundred students!!

"4. The amazing cheapness of the plan. It will cost nothing, except travelling expenses! Your petitioners have been repeatedly informed, that no Democratic Republican and patriotic Citizen will charge a dollar for his one month's professional services!—but that all will serve for the honour! and hence our Transmontane Commonwealth shall show to the Whole Admiring

World, the noble sight of the Greatest, Most Wonderful, Most Powerful Free School System in the Universe!!!!

"This petition, and reasons, are respectfully submitted, and your petitioners—all, at least, that acknowledge a Supreme Being—will ever pray," etc.

This petition was copied by James Sylvan, the Doctor's nephew; who, being a *talented* young man, the paper was generally attributed to him. When circulated, it soon had the proper number of signatures—a few signing with a full understanding of its nature, and *not* a few believing it auxiliary to the other, and already signed by them! These latter thought, if one petition would do good, two would do more.

Sorry am I to say, both Ned and Domore signed both papers! Yet, afterwards, Ned insisted, with the most awful "busts of his rifle!" that he had signed the first only to please his neighbours! and then ours, to counteract the other's evil tendency!! Ned had a little of the Falstaff in him—and Shakspeare drew from life.

Well, the petition was forwarded about Christmas: and a waggish member, who affected to be a very Adams in defence of the right of petition, contrived to present our paper before the appearance of its enemy. And the effect, *they* say, was such on the risibilities of our "grave and reverend seignors," that William Cutswell, Esq., who had charge of the other paper, did himself join heartily in the laugh—he always laughed if the *majority* indulged—and never took the true people's-people's petition from his pocket! In justice must it be said, that, while that petition had been drawn up by himself *ad hoosierandum*, he was secretly glad to have it defeated. Still, he condoled with the signers, by lamenting and condemning the "unhappy state of indecorum at the time too prevalent in the House, which rendered it unadvisable to submit grave and important matters to their consideration!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

"In vain, alas! in vain ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your vollied thunder flew!"

"——————— never did I hear
Such gallant chiding, for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry!"

This autumn was remarkable for wild pigeons. The *mast* had failed elsewhere; while with us, the oak, the beech, and all other nut-trees, had never borne more abundant crops. The woods, therefore, teemed with hogs, squirrels, and all other nut-crackers, that, like the primitive men of poetry, preferred this acorn-life.

How many swine were slaughtered this fall, I never learned: but, within six weeks, our upper and lower regiments of hunters, and simply by shooting occasionally around their clearings, on counting, at the muster, their squirrel scalps, found the sum more than thirty thousand!

As to pigeons, the first large flocks attracted no unusual notice: and yet, were they mere scouting parties from the grand army! For, within a week, that army began to arrive, as though flocks had never before been seen! and all the birds under the whole heavens, had been congregated into one company! Had the leaves of our trees all been changed into birds, the number could have been no greater!

With a friend, I stood in an open space in the woods, two miles east of Woodville, from ten o'clock, A. M. to three o'clock, P. M.—five hours—during which, with scarcely thirty seconds' intermission, a stream of pigeons, about two hundred yards wide, and averaging two layers, flowed above us, and with the rapidity of thought! It was an endless hurricane on wings, rushing innoxious, yet with such an uproar as seemed to be prostrating the forests: and the deep reverberating thunder, in the distant wilds, seemed to announce the fall of their ponderous and ancient trees! Never had I felt the awe and solemnity of sound thus; even in beholding the wind-tempest pass over the same wilds, bowing the submissive woods, and bearing onward their wide tops, as if mown off with an angel's scythe!

It will readily be thought, our hunters and sportsmen were in all places firing away at the living torrent: and yet with but small loss to the pigeons. Rifles are useless in firing at very distant and flying troops; and we had not more than a dozen Leather-stockings in the Purchase, able to single out and kill a bird at a time.

"Why not use shot-guns?" What a question! "Well—but why?" Why, first and foremost, that toy could not be found in twenty houses in the whole Purchase. Secondly, our *men* could hardly be coaxed to use the thing, both out of contempt, and, what may seem strange, out of a little fear; for, as Ned said, "the spiteful critter kick'd so powerful." Beside, it is unfavourable to rifle-shooting to acquire the dodge taught by a shot-gun. But, lastly, the pigeons usually flew twenty yards above *our* trees—and that rendered the Mantons, or any best shot-guns, as efficacious *nearly* as—a quill and a slice of potato.

However, all the shot-guns and horse-pistols were sought and fixed, so feverish became the excitement, and since there were half-cut backwoodsmen enough, and some degenerate natives to use them. But here was the next difficulty; powder was plenty,—yet, who had shot? In our store was not a pound; and it was the same almost in the others. Still, a few pounds were ferretted from lurking places, and readily sold at thirty-seven and half cents for a scant pound:—whence was proved, that a pound of lead in shot-shape, is not even as *heavy* as a pound of feathers!—the air-pump to the contrary notwithstanding.

With immense persuasion, Ned and Domore consented to shoot horse-pistols: but they both utterly refused to fire off "store-shot." And, like some others, they hammered bullets into bars; which were then cut into cubes and triangles, this being "a sort a shootin bullets, and no inkuridjment to storekeepers to bring out their baby shot!"

In justice to my own manhood, it must be told, I stooped not to the shot concern till after several days' failure in hitting with my rifle, a single bird, at one hundred and forty yards, and moving as near like "the greased lightning" as possible: nor then, before the following accident showed there may be danger in firing a rifle as well as a shot-gun. Satisfied that the rifle must be fired now by the doctrine of chances, and not of "the sights;" and that the chance with one bullet was a "slim chance," it seemed better to multiply chances, and load with two balls instead of one. And yet the spaces between the flying birds were as plentiful as birds; and, into these spaces the two balls chanced to go when they parted company, or, if they stuck together, it was, after all, but one chance. Therefore, we at last ventured on *patching* the balls separately; and then, indeed, the effect was considerably different; not, however, upon the pigeons, but at my end of the gun: for, at the flash, I was suddenly driven partly around, and with a tingling in the fingers supporting the barrel, while about me, for several yards, lay the silver mounting and ornaments of my rifle!

"What was the matter?"

The piece had burst; and the stock was shattered up to the spot sustained by my left hand! and, yet, had I received no material injury! On the same day, and from the same cause—air intercepted between the patched balls—another rifle burst; and, although the owner remained with its butt only in his hand, he too was unharmed midst the scattered fragments of wood and iron. Ned's remark about the accidents, was paradoxical, for he "*Bust* his rifle, if he allowed a rifle would a-*busted* no how!"

After this, I descended to the shot-gun. But, while I took my station in the opening already named, and, furnished with two and a half theoretic pounds of different sized shot, fired away till all was expended, I was rewarded with only two pigeons—these being from a small cloud that, by some accident, flew a few yards below the tree-tops, and being both killed at one fire.

One evening, shortly after sunset, Ned Stanley brought a report into the village, that the pigeons were forming an encampment for the night somewhere to the south-east. And, not long after, this was confirmed by Domore, who had surprised an out-post, nestling in the woods within a mile and a half of Woodville.

Had a scout brought intelligence of a hostile Indian band, our town could not have been more effectually roused and speedily armed. And now, verily, shot-guns and shot rose a thousand per cent.—like caterpillars' eggs in the mulberry fever: and every where *some* body met *any* body and *every* body, legs and all, full tilt in search of the article! Turkeys, sang, coon-skins, ven's'n-hams, and even *cash*—hoarded to buy land!—were offered for guns, pistols, and shot!—and, all round, could be seen and heard men and boys hammering, rolling, and cutting shot! Indeed, many intended to fire this extemporaneous shot out of —rifles! And when hunters, or even semi-hunters, can so demean these—the temptation and excitement must be prodigious!

Some could not procure even rifles; and these persons, by the aid of Vulcanus Allheart and his boys, had old pistol and gun-barrels hastily mounted on rude stocks, to be fired in partnership, one holding the matchlock, and the other "touching *her* off" with an ignited stick or cigar.

"What was all this stir about?" Why, for a *night* attack on the Grand Roosting Encampment! For, since the Purchase became a purchase, never, in the memory of our oldest and most respectable squatters, had such an occurrence happened, as for the pigeons to roost so near Woodville! Now, some had read in Ornithology, and others had been told by people from Kentucky—oh! such wonders about roosts and encampments! how pigeons covered all the branches! and then perched on one another, till the trees became living pyramids of feathers! And how, then, all tumbled down and killed themselves, till the ground was covered with dead pigeons, oh! as much as two feet!—like quails round the Israelitish camp! Yes! and the pigeons slept so sound, and were so averse to flying in the dark, that you could walk up and gather birds from trees like wild-plums in a prairie! Yes, indeed, and that the farmers used to camp near a roost, with droves of hogs; which—after the farmers had barrelled up enough birds for winter—were driven in every morning to be fattened on dead pigeons!

"Did *you* believe all that, Mr. Carlton?"

Well—I was but mortal—beside, every body said it would be such a most mighty powerful smart chance to get such a heap of pigeons! I did not, indeed, go as far as some; for I never expected to find them two feet high, already dead, and, maybe, picked and ready for the skillet. Besides, I *wanted* to go, and "who knows," says I to myself, "if there mightn't be some truth in the account after all." Hence, after five minutes cogitation, I hurried down after Clarence and Harwood—but, mark it, reader, I was *met* by those learned gentlemen, hastening up to Carlton's store, to consult on the same subject! For these persons, living in the edge of the forest, knew well enough that the pigeons were camping, from the thunderings, like the deep and solemn mutter of an earthquake—although the nearest point of the camp proved nearly three miles distant—and hence, quite as excited and credulous as we small fry, they were posting up town to join a party:

"Which way? Which way? neighbours!"

"Coming up to your store—are you going down to College?"

"I was—did you hear what Domore and Ned say?"

"No—but, hark! don't you hear them?"

"What!—is that the pigeons?"

"To be sure!—Carlton, won't you go?"

"That's what I was coming down for ——"

"That's your sort—agreed. Going to take a gun?"

"No—guess not: all Woodville is out with guns—pistols—rifles—match-locks—and big keys, with touch-holes filed in—let's only take things to carry back birds in."

"Agreed—they say you can pick a barrel under a tree—what shall we take?"

"Bags?"

"Yes—and a long string to tie them by the legs, and carry back on a pole!"

"Ready now, Carlton?"

"Yes—yes—yes! let's keep on."

"Well, stop at my house," said Clarence, "and there we'll fix a bag and some twine, and so lose no time."

All was done quick as a squirrel's jump. Then guided by the sound, we put out, regardless of a course, and unable to discern objects dubious in the dim light of a waning moon, and partly obscured by clouds. We were in Indian file,—now trotting, now running, and occasionally walking—here stumbling over logs—there scrambling up and down gullies—then diving into sink-holes—then ripping through briar swamps! The conversation was monosyllabic and suggestive, performed with no little blowing and palpitation, and broken abruptly by exclamation, thus:—

"Hark!"

"Ye-e-s!"

"Like—ooh!—thun-der!—hey!"

"Ve-ry! Got—bag?"

"Ooh!—yes! You—ooh!—got—string?"

"Oho! *ouch!*—no! he's got it—ooh!"

"What now? oho! *ouch!*—bad briars here!" etc., etc.

In about two miles, even this laconic dialect was difficult to use, being lost in the roar of pigeon-thunder—mingling with which was heard, however, the artillery, the outcries and shouts of our gallant village troops!

"Yes! hark!—they're pelting away! Come! come *on!* Get that *bag* ready—pull out those *strings—hurraw!*"

And yet it was curious—we had come to no outposts!—had caught no drowsy sentinel pigeons on their roosts! What on earth made the thunder so late at night? How could pigeons, packed on one another, and with heads comfortably stuck under wings, keep up such an awful noise? Was it snoring? Ay! maybe it was the noise of pigeons tumbling down, and trees breaking——

Hark! a storm rushes this way! How sudden the moon is hid! Is that a cloud? Yes, reader, it was a storm—but of pigeons rushing on countless wings! It was a cloud—but of careering and feathered squadrons! The moon was hid—and by a world of startled birds!

In vain our search that night for pigeon bearing trees! In vain our bag and three strings! We might have filled a bolster with feathers; but no bird living or dead burdened either our sack or lines! The myriad hosts for miles and miles were on their wings! and guns were flashing away in hopeless vengeance and idle wrath! Neither shot nor ball could reach that world of wild fowl safe mid the free air of Heaven! Pitiful our bag and string!—pitiful our very selves! and all Woodville gazing from the dark depths of the woods upward on that boundless canopy of sounding, black, and rushing pinions!

To remain was worse than useless—it was hazardous; at every flash of gunpowder, showers of shot foreign and domestic fell like hail on the leaves around us—and we fancied rifles cracked as if speeding balls, and that we heard the peculiar whistling of their death dealing music! And we turned to go home. But the way thither had now become a question. That we were about three miles distant was probable; yet after turnings and windings in the dark, our puzzle was no wonder. Besides the moon, as if unable to penetrate the clouds of wings, had never re-appeared; and clouds of another kind had succeeded, whence heavy and frequent rain-drops now pattered on us!

At last we decided our course by instinct; in which we satisfactorily learned that human instinct is inferior to brute: for after a trot of ten minutes, sudden torchlights crossed our way at right angles, and a voice from one carrier thus hailed——

"Hilloa! whar're you a travellin?"

"To Woodville—who's that?"

"To Woodville!—bust my rifle if you ain't a going a powerful strate course on it—"

"Why Ned, is that you?"

"That's the very feller; why Mr. Carltin if you keep that course, you'll reach the licks about sun-up!—why this here's the way—foller our trail."

"Ha! ha! Ned, I thought I was a better woodsman—keep a-head, we'll follow."

"Well, you're puttee smart in the day-light, Mr. Carltin—but it's raythur more hardish to strike the course of a dark night."

"Where's Domore, Ned?"

"Foller'd arter the —— pigins ——"

"Don't swear, Ned; the preacher's here. Did you get any?"

"Git any! Nobody didn't git none. Bust my rifle if this aint a judgmint on the settlemint for firing shot-guns and shot out o' rifles!"

"I think myself, Ned, shot-guns had something to do in scaring the birds so. But how far yet to Woodville?"

"Well, I can't jist about say sartinly—it taint more nor four miles no how—'spose we a sorter stop talking—it hinders runnin; and here goes for a fresh start."

And start fresh did Ned and his party, and at a rate extremly prejudicial to easy conversation, and giving us genteel folks work enough to keep in sight of the torches. In little more than an hour, however, we stood in the edge of the clearings; when our course being pointed out by Ned, the parties separated, and I went with Harwood and Clarence to take supper at the house of the latter—a supper ready to greet our arrival with a bag and string of pigeons!

* * * * * * *

I acknowledge it—this is a very tame and spiritless end of our pigeon-tale—a very bad dove-tailing! Yet is it as natural as our flat and unprofitable feelings, when we sat down about twelve o'clock that night at Clarence's to an overdone, burned-up, tasteless supper—our poetry and romance all flown away with the pigeons, and washed out by the rain! However, we may add, that many followed the pigeons all night; and once or twice small flocks were found settled on trees, where about one hundred in all were killed—but the grand body was never overtaken. It continued, perhaps, on the wing till a favourite roosting-place, some hundred miles south, was reached, that being their direction. Domore got back at eight o'clock next morning, having done twenty-five miles, and obtained twenty-two pigeons, with his hand, however, much injured by the recoil or bursting of his horse-pistol. Hence shot-guns were in worse odour than ever, and no light curses heaped on "all sich spiteful bird-skerers and them what made and shot em!"

Domore, indeed, soon recovered: when his first rifle-shot afterward was so melancholy in its consequence, as to make him abstain from his favourite weapon and hunting for many months. With that account we conclude this chapter.

He went out several hours before daybreak, and lay in wait at a salt-lick for a deer. Here he waited patiently till the dawn; and then, opposite his station his keen eyes discovered, in the bushes, the cautious approach of an animal, and soon he caught a glimpse of its body. To flash his eye through the sights and to touch the trigger was instinctive—and then came the cry, not of a wounded deer or bear, but of human agony! Domore flew to the spot; and what was his horror there to see bleeding on the ground, and apparently dying, poor Jesse Hardy, his intimate friend, and the honest fellow who had been with us in the cave!

He, too, had come to watch the lick; and had Domore been later than Hardy, their fates, perhaps, had been reversed! Generally great precaution is employed by our hunters to prevent such mishaps, yet sometimes with all, they do occur. Happily in the present case, the wound, though severe, was not mortal, and Hardy in a few minutes so recovered as to speak; when Domore, after doing what seemed proper, left his friend for fifteen minutes, and then was again on the spot with the assistance of a neighbouring family. The wounded man was carefully removed to the cabin; and Domore mounting a horse, darted away full speed for Dr. Sylvan. The doctor came; and being a skilful surgeon, as he had in that capacity served in the war a regiment of mounted riflemen, he used the best means of cure; and in two months, by the divine favour, poor Jesse was able to return to his domestic duties. During this confinement Domore did all he could for his friend, and also for the widow-mother, supplying as far as possible the place of a son; and although after Jesse recovered, Domore hunted again with his rifle, he never again, while we were in the Purchase, went out to watch a lick.

CHAPTER LIX.

"Like other tyrants death delights to smite
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud,
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb."

Scarcely had the gloom from the late melancholy occurrence been dispelled, before our settlements were trembling at reports of a coming, resistless, unpitying, destructive foe—the Asiatic Cholera!

Innumerable were our schemes to turn aside, evade, or counteract, this fell disease; and all fear of other sickness and death was absorbed in fear of this! As if God had only one minister of vengeance, or of chastisement! As if He was to be dreaded in the thunder and tempest, and forgotten in the calmness and sunshine! Indeed, that only dreaded death *then* came not;—God sent another messenger of terror and of mercy—The Scarlet Fever!

This disease appeared first, and without apparent cause, in the family of Dr. Sylvan. Thence, in a few weeks, it spread, carrying death and mourning into most of our habitations. It followed no known law, sometimes yielding, and then refusing to yield to the same treatment, and in the same as well as different families: and often in other places resisting the established, or different, or even opposite treatment, and sweeping all into the grave! The cholera then had no alarms! The King of Terrors was among us in forms as frightful and destructive!

Then was it, dear one! after days and nights of ceaseless and anxious watchings, and after fitful alternations of hope and fear, we saw those eyes, so soft, and yet so brilliant, suddenly and strangely quenched—as though life had retreated thither to a last refuge, and death, having long before triumphed over thy dear, *dear* form, did there, as a last act, put out that most precious light!

* * * * * * *

What didst thou mean by those mysterious words in the dying strife?—"Father! father! how tired I am!" Was it so hard to die?— * * Didst thou hear, in answer, the wailings of bitterest anguish?—or feel on thy cold cheek the last kisses—while tears wet that face, changing and passing for ever? * * * Sleep, dear babe! in thy bed under the forest-leaves, amid those lone graves—we shall meet, and, *never* to part—no! never!

* * * * * * *

Clarence had buried two children in the far east: he was now called to lay another in the far west. That Sabbath morning can never be forgot! Among others, who suffered most, was our fellow-citizen, Mr. Harlen. His four children were all deaf mutes. Two of these had died in succession, at an interval of eight days: and, when the second lay in its little coffin, in front of the pulpit in the Methodist chapel, the third, a fine boy, nine years old, distressed at some supposed error, stole from his weeping parents in the church, and, advancing to the coffin of his dead brother, placed the bier as to him seemed suitable and decorous! Poor darling one! on the next Sabbath he lay in his own coffin on that same bier, and before that same pulpit! And another coffin, and another bier, were there—and the chief mourner was Clarence! The heartbroken parents of the mutes—ay! mute, indeed, now!—had entreated him to pray for themselves, if possible, that day in public! He did so. And over the coffins of their dead children, he spoke to others and himself too, words of consolation; and offered prayer to Him that can, and did bind up the broken in heart, and raise up them that were bowed down!

Mournful train! The vision is before me ever—as it emerges from the house of God! It slowly ascends the hill!—the two coffins!—the two stricken households! The train is entering the Forest Sanctuary! They are separating, some to lay the deaf one with his kin—some to see the stranger lay his babe near my buried one! ——

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——— Reader! I now write many things in playfulness—none in malice—yet, years of my life passed, when sadness only was in my heart; and words and thoughts of pleasantness were impossible! Ay! the gloom of hell, if not its despair, possessed my soul! But, I have found religion not inconsistent with great and habitual cheerfulness. Nay, thoughts of death, judgment, and eternity, may be ever present, and ever dominant in a mind taught by many sorrows to make light of the things of time and sense!

How do these solemn words and things sort with *thy* cheerfulness? For, remember, by the agreement or disagreement, your *character is:* and that thine most certainly, as mine, are—Death—Judgment—Eternity!

CHAPTER LX.

SEVENTH YEAR.

"I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserved friend:
But in the way of *bargain*, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

* * * * * * *

"Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?"

Cheer up!—reader!—after the Barbecue, at Guzzleton, we'll soon be out of the wood.

Before his marriage, John Glenville had located on the river; where, being part owner of a tract of land, it was determined to make the village of Guzzleton. And of all places in the world this was a—place. It abounded in wood and water, and was convenient to the river, or—could be so; the county road went within half a mile, and if desired would, no doubt, come right through the town; and there might be rail-roads and canals across it, in every direction. Nay, all the advantages of Paperville itself would in due time concentrate in Guzzleton! Yea, it would eclipse Woodville! Indeed if some folks did not look sharp, the Legislature would remove to Guzzleton the State College, or at least create there a branch College!

Hence, in the tremendous excitement, lots at the first sale, were *bid* off at fine prices, to be *paid* afterwards; and then the settlers began to pour in and build! But after Glenville's own dwelling and store-house, Tom Beecher's tannery, and two cabins, one for a cobler and the other for a tailor, had been erected, the rage for improvement ceased; and as yet the place was only Little Guzzleton!

The Patroons, however, thought if a Fourth of July could be got up, and the place become a centre for stump-speeching, electioneering, horse-jockeying and other democratical excellences, a fresh start would be given to its growth, and the town become Great Guzzleton. Hence this summer, on the Fourth, was to be there a grand Barbecue, with the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and great speeches from Robert Carlton of Woodville, and other fellow-citizens!

On the third of July, Harwood and myself went over to indulge in a prefatory "cut up" with Glenville, and to witness the arrangements for the Barbecue. And as such an affair may be novel to some, we shall confine ourselves to that; taking for granted most have once or twice heard the Declaration and also the patriotic orations of the season.

The spot for the Barbecue was an enchanting plateau below the cliff on which Guzzleton stood, and yet sufficiently above the river, to be considered table land. It was about one hundred yards long by fifty yards wide, and covered with fine luxuriant grass, usually cropped by cows and horses, but now smoothly and evenly mown with scythes. The hackberry, the buckeye, the sycamore, and other trees, less abundant than elsewhere, were, yet, plentiful enough for ornament and shade; and this had led to the selection.

Near the centre of this sylvan saloon was the table. This was eminent for strength more than elegance; but still for the place, the occasion, and the company, was the very table. Cabinet work would have sorted poorly with the wildness. The table was one hundred and fifty feet long; and consisted of two-inch planks in double layers, resting every ten feet on horizontal pieces of saplings; which in turn were supported by strong forked saplings planted several feet in the earth. Neither nail of iron, nor peg of wood, confined the planks—they reposed by their own gravity. Yet an unphilosophical arrangement of fixins, or an undue resting of plebeian arms and elbows did, now and then, disturb the *gravity* of the table in places; and that disturbing the *gravy* upset also the *gravity* of the company—specially the *ungreased* portion.

Seats differed from the table in being lower and not so wide. They ran pretty near parallel with its sides; and were low enough, that our mouths be as near the food as possible—so that if the legs were judiciously disposed under the table, and the head properly inclined above, the contents of one's plate could be shovelled into the masticating aperture with amazing dexterity and grace.

On each side of the table, ten feet distant and at intervals of five feet, were planted in the earth small trees with all their green and branching tops; and these tops forced together and tied with bark-twines over the table, formed a romantic arcade seemingly of living trees evoked by the wand of enchantment to adorn and shade!

Far as possible from the arcade, was the place of the Barbecue Proper. And that was a truly gigantic affair! It was no contemptible smoke-jack, steam-spit, rotary-stove contraption to cook a morsel of meat and a half a peck of potatoes with an apron of chips! or two hands full of saw-dust! or a quart of charcoal! It contemplated no fricasee for two or three guests beside the family! No! no! it was to do whole pigs! whole sheep! whole calves! whole turkeys! whole chickens! and for a whole settlement—and all other settlements invited as guests!

A trench was cut in the ground some twenty feet long, four wide and three deep! And that trench was full of logs lying on brushwood, all to be set on fire that night, that a mine of living coals be ready for the morning's cookery! On the Fourth, about day-light, fresh logs and brush were added; and thus in due time this whole kitchen was a glowing and burning mass!

Strips of nice white hickory were, at cooking time, laid at intervals across the fiery trench; their ends resting on stones or green logs along the edges of the range, and thus constituting a clean, simple, and most gigantic *wooden* gridiron. And then the beasts and birds, properly cleaned, skewered, peppered, salted and so on, were all and at once, spread out *whole* over the mammoth hickory iron; each creature being divided longitudinally on its *bosom* side! And each was kept spread out by hickory pieces or stretchers, and seasonably turned by two men, on opposite sides, with long hickory forks and pokers! Never such a cooking! It seemed as all the edible creatures of the Purchase had taken an odd fit to come and be barbecued for the mere fun of it!

Nor was this wholesale barbecuing deemed sufficient! During the evening of the third, and early on the fourth, backwoodswomen were hourly arriving with boiled hams, loaves of wheat, pones, pies, tarts, sorrel-pies, Irish potato-pies—and things unknown to fashionable gourmands and confectioners;—also, meal in bags, and baskets, till provisions were piled in kitchen, and arbours, and carts like—oh! like—everything!

Our Fourth was ushered by the roar of Hoosier artillery—log-guns done by boring solid trunks with a two-inch auger. These filled with powder, and stopped with a wooden plug, were fired by means of an enormous squib, or slow match; and made a very reasonable noise considering they could rarely be fired more than once, being wonderfully addicted to bursting! The day itself was bright and cloudless; and during the greatest heat we were so sheltered under the grand old trees, and our enchanted arcade, as not to be oppressed; while the river flowed below, its waters now smooth and deep, now leaping and rustling over shoals, and now whirling in eddies around the trunks of fallen trees! its pure white sands looking like granulated snows —till the very sight was refreshing!

At last, three beech-cannon, our signal guns, were fired and burst; when the procession was formed on the cliff and in the very centre of Guzzleton—*in posse;* and this—the procession, not the *posse*—consisted not only of men-bodies, but of women-bodies also; since true woodsmen wish their ladies to share in all that is pleasant and patriotic. Then headed by a drum and fife, aided by the triangle already celebrated, and with as many flags flying as were pocket-handkerchiefs to spread out and wave on poles, we took up the line of march; we, the *leading* citizens, who were to read and speak; and then the common and uncommon citizens; and then certain independent ladies: and then young ladies with escorts; and then the boys; and then finally the rabble. After showing ourselves in the woods and bushes along the future streets of Great Guzzleton, and passing the store, and the tannery, and the two cabins, we descended the cliff and marched to the speakers' scaffold to the tune of Yankee Doodle—or something tolerably like it; although to-day the drum *beat* the other instruments *hollow!*

The literary feast ended, we again formed the procession, and marched to the head of the arcade, while the music very judiciously played "Love and Sausages." There halted, our lines were separated, and duly marshaled, each proceeded along its own side of the table; when at a signal we halted again, and now opposite one another, to perform "the set up." And this delicate manœuvre was very handsomely executed by all that wore trowsers; but the wearers of frocks and petticoats showed want of drill, making an undue exhibit of white thread stockings and yarn garters. In some places, however, active and skittish maids stepped first on to the seat, and then with an adroit movement of one hand, as in going to milk a cow, held affairs in a very becoming tuck till the blushing damsels were safe between the table and the seat.

We may not recount our jokes, and raillery, and tilting of tables, and sinking of seats, and spilling of gravy, and upsetting of water; only all such were on the same large scale that best sorted with the inartistical and undisciplined world around! Tit for tat, and even *butter* for *fat*, was largely done that day—and in a way to demolish nice bodies. But never was more good humour! never heartier fellowship! No drunkenness, however, and no profanity! No breaking of wine glasses—no singing of nasty songs—no smoking of cigars—no genteel and polished doings at all. We were then too far west for refinements!

"No reflections—Mr. Carlton. But what did all that cost and what did you pay for a ticket?"

Cost!—pay for a ticket! why don't you know? And yet how should anybody brought up where they sell a penneth of salad! and pay a fippenny-bit to walk in a garden and buy tickets to hear sermons, and eat temperance dinners!—and everything costs something, whether to eat, or drink, or smell, or touch, or look at! everything, *every* thing except *preaching* and *teaching!* Cost! why nothing in the sense you mean. All was a contribution—a gift—everybody did it—and everybody ate and drank that was invited, and everybody that was *not* invited!

"But it was a great labour!"

To be sure it was. But what to a woodsman is labour with the rifle and the axe? A single shot killed each victim for the hickoryism; and a few flourishes of the axe felled trees and saplings for fuel, seats, tables, and arcades.

"What's the use of a Barbecue any how?"

Well, its uses to Guzzleton may be mentioned in some other work. But we answer now by asking:—Has not a man, who ranges in a wide forest untrammelled by artificial forms, an invincible love of freedom?—Will not he who feasts like Homer's heroes despise the meannesses of a huckster's life?—Can he be content to live on alms of broken meat and filthy crumbs?—Is there much hope of subduing men whose pastimes are to the effeminate, labours!

And, dear reader, out there the noble Declaration of Independence itself, when properly read and commented on, as to-day by John Glenville, has an effect on backwoodsmen, such as is rarely felt *now* in here! Oh! could you have seen Domore, and Ned Stanley, and ole man Ashmore, and Tom Robinson, rise at one or two places and clench their rifles convulsively—and with tearful eyes and quivering lips stand intently gazing on the face of that reader!—oh! could you have heard the enthusiastic cries, at the close, that came warm bursting from the very hearts of our congregation, men, women and children—then would you have deemed perilous the attempt to put, by force, a yoke on such necks! Vain the belief that our native woodsmen can be tamed! Numbers may, perchance, have destroyed their forest bulwarks—but in the doing, woodsmen and their foes would all have fallen down slain together!

I only add that notwithstanding the continuous feasting of many hundreds for four or five hours, large quantities—nay, *heaps* of provisions, were left; and that these in the spirit of *native* western hospitality, were divided among the poorer of the guests, who carried away with them food enough for a week.

The day passed without any important accident or lasting anger. It was, indeed, very like the colour and thrill of visions in my dreaming age! I have pic-nicked in pretty places, and with amiable and excellent people—I have heard sweet music and merry laughter in the graceful and dwarfish groves of the east—but the thrill came not there! My poor, foolish fancy wanders then far away off to that wild plateau of the Silver River, and sighs for the sylvan life of that rude Barbecue!

CHAPTER LXI.

CONCLUDING SIX MONTHS.

"He that is surety for a stranger, shall smart."

—— Ha! I see the light of a Clearing! a little further, and we are through this Romance of the Forest!

Beautiful the fresh green of our opening spring! Glorious the wild flowers and blossoms, exhaling their odours to the air! Grand as ever the dark, solemn, boundless forest! Full of awe, yon swollen water! bearing through the desert wood, on its raging bosom, an hundred branching trees, and, here and there, the shattered fragments of a rude cabin!

Hark!—ah! it is the piteous cooing of our wood doves! And hark!—there!—yes, scamper away, you little gray gaffer, and peep from the dense foliage of that lofty sugar-top! I knew it was you squealing your cunning song. Fear not! shady-tail—my rifle is at home—I have no heart to shoot you now! There! cracks the brush!—I see you—leap not away! bounding, timid deer! Stay and graze on the early buds and tender twigs of yon thicket—I am no more your foe!

Yes! there is a clearing ahead! A short moment more and I leave you, oh! deep and dark ravine, where I have been so often buried in solitude!—and you, oh! beetling cliff, with dizzy brow, frowning over the secret waters so many hundred feet below! And am I so soon to leave you all—and, for ever? Ah! if I revisit the Purchase, you, enchanting trees, will be prostrate!—you, merry squirrel, and timid deer, will have fled!—you, solemn ravine, will be desecrated with wide and beaten roads! Alas! the secret waters will lie open then to the public gaze!—the tall cliff be stripped of its grove!—and the solitary cabin there of Ned Stanley, be supplanted by the odious, pretending, and smirking house of brick and mortar!—alas!—

"Mr. Carlton!—*Mr. Carlton!!*—MR. CARLTON!!!"

Sir!—Sir!!

"We shall never get out of the woods at this rate."

O! thank you, dear reader! I forgot myself—I was away in the spirit amid the apparitions of innocent joys long dead.

We must say a word however, of what happened some weeks ago to the firm of Glenville and Carlton: and which dissolved our partnership, and sent Glenville to the Farther West, and Carlton —— alas! whither?

My partner, in early days, had "put his name to paper;" a security, as he supposed, but making himself liable as a partner.

Notes were given to pay for *produce*: and this was loaded and floated to Orleans, and there sold at a fair profit. But, by a singular negligence, the gentleman entrusted with the boats, and pork, corn, lard, tallow, and hoop-poles, never came back with the money! And hence the merchants failing, the holders of their notes got nothing for their paper! For many long years, this paper lay quiet and slumbering—till a lawyer suddenly appeared in the woods—and the repose of the notes was broken. And so was that of Glenville! The holders were now taught for "a consideration," how to come upon the security—especially as he, after a long and doubtful struggle, had got above the waves, and was swimming in comparative comfort.

The security was, therefore, advised very unexpectedly of his insecurity: and, in the next moment, stripped of all his hard earned possessions, he was soused naked into that very figurative and deeply poetical sea—a Sea of Troubles! Now, folks intimately connected with others, rarely take that metaphorical plunge, without ducking their associates: hence, down went Mr. Carlton into the deep waters, from which emerging for a sniff of air, he saw most of his external good things swept away by the torrent!

Mr. Carlton's work, therefore, for the six months under consideration, was that most vexatious and profitless kind of twisting called winding-up.

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Reader! here falls the curtain! And we stand before it, not to announce a new Drama—but our Farewell:—We bid you adieu in the next and—last chapter.

CHAPTER LXII.

"Nay then farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more."

About the middle of October, a small Christian chapel was, one night, filled to overflowing; and deeply impressive was the sadness and solemn hush of the congregation! They were listening to the farewell address of Charles Clarence! while the voice of the wind moaning in the dying woods around, came upon our hearing in fitful gusts like passionate gushings of lamentation for the fading away of their glories! Our injured and persecuted friend concluded thus:—

Extract.

"—— —— But I must cease, and that with no expectation that I shall ever more preach to you; or you ever again listen to me. This is sufficiently solemn and mournful; yet other things exist here to deepen now *my* sorrows. For some years this has been my home—nay, why conceal it? I had once cherished the hope it was to be my home for years to come! It was in my heart to live and die with you! I came to be a Western Man—but God forbade it. I have shared your prosperity and adversity; and in your hopes and fears, your joys and griefs. We have interchanged visits of mutual good-will; we have worshipped in the same temples; we have solaced each other in afflictions! We have met at the same house of feasting,—alas! oftener at the same house of mourning! Yes!—my children lie together, in *their* little graves, amidst the graves of *your* children—that moaning wind is stirring now the leaves over them!—dust of mine is mingling with yours! * * * Can these and other ties be so unexpectedly sundered without pain?—without emotion? But the hour is come—we part! Come, fellow citizens and Christian friends, let us mutually forgive one another. If I have aught against the misled I have forgiven it; if any have aught against me, I pray such forgive me! Kindly do I thank many for past kindness, and more especially for the healing of their balm-like sympathy: and now let us say, not in indifference, much less in anger, but in manly, hearty good-will—Farewell!"

* * * * * *

In the morning his house was tenantless—Clarence had gone very early away with his family—and Woodville with its pleasures and pains was to him as all *other dreams* of this life—*past!*

* * * * * *

Soon after, the fragments of my shattered fortunes being collected, we too were ready to bid adieu to our home—home! did I say? Yes; had we not *graves* there? Alas! we had them elsewhere too!—

* * * * * *

It was a rainy morning; but, notwithstanding, our little wagon and horses were at the door. All had been arranged and prepared for this morning, and all farewells, as we thought, had been spoken; and why should rain delay those that had endured so many storms? Emily Glenville was to go and share our fortunes—but Aunt Kitty—poor Aunt Kitty was to stay; for we were wandering forth we knew not whither, and she in her old age must remain till we found a resting-place. *Home* we expected to find no more—nor *have* we ever—and we had then the desolate hearts of pilgrims—as now and often since!

Farewell!—*dearest* Aunt Kitty!—ah! break not our hearts by that convulsive sobbing!—Farewell! * * * * —and then we were all in our wagon—but just as we moved, a well-known, a rough, yet softened voice in a tone of melancholy reproach, sounded at our side:

"Bust my rifle! Mr. Carltin, you ain't a puttin off without biddin me and Domore good-bye!?"

"My honest old friends! no, never!—but I could not find you yesterday when we went round bidding all the citizens good-bye——"

"Well, we was out arter deer, for, says I to Domore, Domore, says I, let's git a leg or two for Mrs. Carltin afore they goes—and we've fetch'd 'em along in this here bag—if you kin find room for 'em in this here waggin."

"Thank you, my kind friends, with all our very hearts!—I do wish we could make you some return—we should be so glad to be remembered when we are away——"

"Bust my rifle—if I ever forgit you—and Domore wont nither ——"

No, indeed, Mr. Carltin—and if you chance to come our way like, Domore's cabin will be open as in old times——"

"Yes!—Mr. Carltin—and me and Domore and you'll have some more shots with the rifle—good-bye, Mr. Carltin—God bless you—good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my friends!—I have *no* home now—but cabin or brick house, wherever you find us—I say to you and all other frank-hearted honest woodsmen, as the old General said to you—'you will never find the string pulled in!'"

Here I started my horses; and then the last we ever heard of Woodville was something very like—"Poor Carltin!—God bless him—poor feller!—he's most powerful sorry—and don't like to go back to the big-bugs!" And then through the uproar of the increasing storm came the voice of the two hunters united in a loud, cordial, solemn, last Farewell!

* * * * * *

Many years after this, on the pinnacle of the Great Cove Mountain of the Alleghanies, and leaning against a tree, stood a solitary traveller, who, after contemplating for some minutes the setting sun, thus broke forth into a soliloquy:

"Yes! O Sun! thou art unchanged!—melting away to rest amid the same gorgeous clouds, piled on those distant mountains! I remember thee rising in the brilliancy of that Spring morning! Here Clarence stood and looked towards the Elysium of that Far West—and *she* was in his thoughts! There is the rock where Brown, and Wilmar, and Smith rested a moment! ——— Sad remembrances!—bitter emotions! O! Sun! as glorious thou as ever! those sumptuous curtains of woven cloud around thy pavilion as matchless!—*I* am changed—alas! *how* changed!

"Far West!—that name has power to heave the bosom with sighs—but it can call up no more for ever the illusions of the dreamy days! I *know* what is in thee, land of the setting Sun!

"A world of shadows is coming over yon vallies—darker ones are on my soul! That Spring Morning! The comrades of that day—where? The scenes!—the sufferings!—the disappointments!—in that far away forest land! Graves of my dead!—why need I care to weep, where there are none to mock. * * * * * *

"World of Spirits!—around and near me! No dreams—no shadows there! Sun, farewell!—thy last rays are falling across those graves in that leaf-covered resting place! But they shall see thee fall, to rise and set no more! Home!—I have none now—but there *is* a home!

"Awake! from this dreamy life! True, perfect, uninterrupted happiness is neither in the far East, nor in the far West—it is in God, in Christ, in Heaven!"

Reader! *dear* reader! the lesson in that soliloquy is for thee! Ponder it; live according to it; and thou wilt not have read this work in vain!

THE END.